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LADY EDITH VILLIERS.

ENGLISH COURT BEAUTIES.

By T. CUNLIFFE-OWEN.

“FLEETING flummeries” is the somewhat contemptuous expression which I once heard applied by an American acquaintance to the elaborate ceremonial and strict etiquette of the court of St. James. Yet it is thanks to these “fleeing flummeries” that the court of St. James to-day

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enjoys a greater degree of prestige on both sides of the Atlantic than any other court of the Old World. There is something distinctly shoddy about the Quirinal, where, in spite of the protests of Queen Margherita, people are constantly securing a presentation which would be refused to them elsewhere. The court of Vienna has been deprived of most of its brilliancy since the tragic death of Crown-Prince Rudolph.

There is a certain amount of parvenu atmosphere about the court of Berlin, owing perhaps to the facts that barely two hundred years have elapsed since the Hohenzollerns possessed themselves of the crown of a king, and that their imperial diadem is less than thirty years of age. The court of St. Petersburg suffers from the fact that it is crowded with people of inferior birth and breeding

who are indebted to their rank in the military or civil service of the state for their admission to the presence of the Czar; while the supper scene at a court ball in Madrid or Lisbon must be witnessed in order to conceive the spectacle, and can be compared only to the irruption of a wild horde of voracious travelers into the restaurant of some wayside eating-station on the transcontinental lines of the United States or Canada.

At the court of St. James, however, an atmosphere of dignity and ceremoniousness prevails which practically has the effect of putting every one on his or her very best behavior, while the mere circumstance of having been admitted to the honor of presentation serves, if not as an entrée to society, at any rate as a diploma of perfect respectability and of social status, not only in England, but likewise in every capital of Continental Europe.

The ceremoniousness and etiquette that my American friend described as "flummery" are indispensable to the monarchial system. They serve to constitute the barriers that hedge royalty, and to maintain distinct the various gradations of rank. Without the existence of etiquette, the anointed of the Lord would be unable to keep the proper distance be-



THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

tween themselves and their friends, acquaintances and followers of less illustrious birth and station. This etiquette was relaxed for a time during the reigns of Queen Victoria's two uncles, with most disastrous results; for the English court under King George IV. and King William IV. sank to so low a level of respectability that its prestige was almost on a par with that of the court of Spain during the most

evil days of Queen Isabella. Queen Victoria, with her husband, the late Prince-Consort, realizing this condition of affairs, at once set to work, not only to reorganize the entire royal household but likewise to reestablish a system of etiquette calculated to purify the atmosphere of their court, and to restore its good name and grandeur. At the same time both her Majesty and the Prince showed themselves possessed of a spirit sufficiently progressive and enlightened to refrain from restoring laws of etiquette that were no longer in keeping with the spirit of the age, and while modernizing many of the rules of ceremony, and devising new ones, retained of oldtime customs and traditions all those that were characteristic and picturesque. The guiding motives of the Queen and of her consort in this matter were the determination to place their court upon a footing of respectability and stately grandeur commensurate with the importance of the British empire, and the necessity of repressing that extraordinary familiarity on the part of nobles, commoners, and even menials, in their dealings with royalty, that had developed during the reign of the Georges and of that King known as "Silly Billy"—a familiarity that naturally brought the throne into contempt.

The principal ceremonial functions of the court of St. James, that is to say those that bring the ordi-



MRS. RICHARD CHARTRES.



THE COUNTESS OF DUDLEY.

nary court circle into contact with royalty in an official sense, are the so-called drawing-rooms, the levees, the state concerts and the state balls. The former two have to be attended as a matter of duty by the foreign diplomatic corps, by the Ministers of the Crown, and by the dignitaries of the royal household, while they enjoy by prescriptive right invitations—or, as they are styled, “royal commands”—to the state balls and state concerts. The drawing-rooms and levees are peculiar to the English court, and differ from the ceremony of presentation at foreign courts. Drawing-rooms are held for the presentation of ladies and invariably take place at Buckingham palace, while in the same way the levees are organized for the purpose of enabling men to make their bow to the royal prince delegated to represent the sovereign. Nor are the levees and drawing-rooms solely held for the purpose of introducing strangers and *débutantes* to the monarch. They are likewise designed to enable people already presented to royalty to pay their respects, a sort of formal call to the sovereign. To English people the presentation at a levee or at a drawing-room confers no prerogative, except the right of presentation by English

envoys at foreign courts. In the case of foreigners presented at the court of St. James, the embassy which sponsors them is responsible for their respectability. Where English people are concerned, the presentee, no matter how great the importance and prestige of the personage who does the presenting, is subjected by the Lord Chamberlain and his officials to a species of strict investigation, which sometimes results in a refusal to permit the presentation to take place. Admission to levees is refused to bankrupts, to men who have been involved in public or private scandals, and to actors; the barrier against those connected with the stage being a relic of Elizabethan times, when members of the dramatic profession were officially rated as “menials” and as “vagrants.” Women are denied presentation at drawing-rooms if they have figured in divorce-court proceedings, even as petitioners; and the Queen likewise objects to titled ladies who are in trade, and to actresses—though once the latter have quitted the boards for good and all, her Majesty is quite ready to welcome them to court, provided, of course, their conduct has been free from reproach. At all of these court functions the men present are obliged to wear uni-



PRINCESS DHULEEP SINGH.



LADY BEATRICE BUTLER.

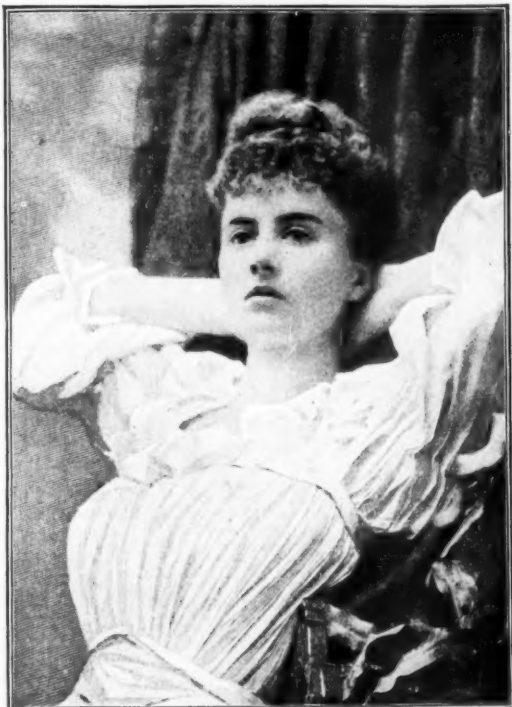
form of one kind or another, the only exception made being in favor of the American ambassador and of the members of his staff, who are in plain evening dress. The ordinary court dress takes two forms, the selection of which is at the disposal of the wearer. The one consists of a single-breasted dark-blue dress-coat, adorned with gilt buttons, gold-embroidered straight high collar, gold-embroidered cuffs and pocket-flaps; blue trousers striped with gold braid, a white waist-coat, white tie, blue cocked hat and gold-hilted sword complete the costume. At court balls and drawing-



THE MARCHIONESS OF ANGLESEY.

rooms, white knee-breeches and white silk stockings take the place of the gold-laced trousers; a preference being, however,

shown for the more picturesque old court dress, comprising shoes with silver buckles, black satin or black velvet breeches and black silk stockings, black velvet coat of eighteenth-century shape, with diamond-paste or cut-steel buttons, lace ruffles and jabot, a black-scabbarded sword with a hilt of cut steel, and a black satin cocked hat. Strictly speaking, a bob-wig ought to complete this costume, but nowadays is left off.



LADY HELEN VINCENT.

Levees are ordinarily held by the Prince of Wales, who on his arrival in the throne-room of St. James's palace, first salutes the other princes, and then greets the members of the foreign diplomatic corps, who pass before him in single file, being named as they do so by the Lord Chamberlain. Then follow the Ministers of the Crown, and they subsequently all assemble at the farther end of the throne-room, and opposite the Prince and his brothers, being joined by those peers and dignitaries who regard it as a duty to assist in maintaining the splendor of the ceremony of the court.

Thereupon the remainder of the company are admitted—that is to say, the people who have already been presented and merely wish to pay their respects to the



THE MARCHIONESS OF
WATERFORD.



COUNTESS BERCHTOLD.

Prince, and those who are being presented for the first time. They pass in single file before the Prince and his brothers, making low bows to each, and receiving in return either a handshake or a nod of acknowledgment. On entering the throne-room they hand to one of the gentleman-ushers in waiting one of the two cards with which they have been furnished and on which their names are inscribed, and this is read out to the Prince by the Lord Chamberlain as they make their bow.

At drawing-rooms, as at court balls and state concerts, knee-breeches and silk stockings are de rigueur for all men who attend, and do not happen to be entitled to wear a military or a naval uniform. The drawing-rooms, as stated above,

take place at Buckingham palace during the afternoon, and the ceremonial possesses many points of analogy with that of the levee. That is to say, the ladies who have already been presented and who merely wish to pay their homage, and those presented for the first time, pass in single file before the sovereign, or before the royal princess delegated to represent her, the names being read out by the Lord Chamberlain. When the Queen is present, the lady, in addition to the low court-courtesy accorded to the royal princesses, is required to kiss her Majesty's hand, or rather to touch it in the lightest possible fashion with the lips, raising her own hand underneath back upward as if to support the hand of the sovereign. And if the lady happens to be a *débutante* and either a peeress of the realm or the daughter of a peer, she has a traditional right to a kiss from the Queen either on the cheek or on the forehead by way of acknowledgment. But the hand-kissing by the lady, and the kiss accorded by royalty, are omitted when the Queen herself is absent, and her place is taken by one of her daughters or daughters-in-law.

Buckingham palace presents a singularly brilliant spectacle on the occasion of these drawing-rooms. For the costume de rigueur for all ladies present is a very décolleté and sleeveless dress, with a long court train, and a head-dress composed of a long



LADY HELEN STEWART.

flowing tulle or lace veil, and three ostrich feathers. The dresses are all of the costliest description, and as their wearers literally blaze with jewels, the spectacle is exceedingly picturesque. In fact, it is difficult to witness anywhere a more gorgeous scene than on a drawing-room day in the throne-room at Buckingham palace. At one end is the aged sovereign surrounded by all the splendidly uniformed great dignitaries of her court,

and with all the princes and princesses of her family beside her, while at the other extremity of the throne-room are assembled exquisitely arrayed court beauties, such as the lovely Princess Henry of Pless, the Countess of Dudley and the Countess of Warwick; young Lady Anglesey with her red hair and unrivaled complexion; the American-born Lady Grey-Egerton; Lord

Coventry's daughter; Princess Dhuleep Singh; young Lady Waterford, whose boyish husband is the chief of the great Irish house of Beresford; Lady "Birdie" Stewart, the charming daughter of Lord and Lady Londonderry, whom gossip persists in assigning as bride to Arthur Balfour, and many others. Up to the time the ladies reach the throne-room they carry their trains over one arm, and, generally speaking, flowers in the other

hand, but immediately on entering the royal presence one of the Lord Chamberlain's officials takes the train from the lady's arm and spreads it out behind her, and it is only when she emerges from the royal presence that it is once more laid over her arm. The drawing-rooms, let me add, were originally held in the evening, and it is only during the reign of Queen Victoria that the custom of holding them by daylight has prevailed.

Some odd scenes occasionally occur at the drawing-rooms. On one occasion a rather portly lady, in courtesying before the Queen, in some way got the heels of her shoes caught in the laces of her dress in such a manner that she actually could not rise, and had ultimately to be carried out of the throne-room much in the position of a trussed fowl. On another occasion a lady, who



LADY MOORE.

shall be nameless, absolutely forgot all the instruction which she had received on the subject of etiquette, and seizing hold of the Queen's hand gave it a hearty shake, adding that she was "real glad to see her." A couple of years ago a fair debutante actually had the audacity to take a snap-shot at the royal group, as she was retiring courtesying from the dais, having smuggled a camera into the throne-room among her flowers. The Queen was

so indignant at this piece of impertinence that she caused the young lady's presentation to be canceled. The Queen is very particular about the décolletage of the dresses of the ladies attending the drawing-room, and applications for permission to wear high bodices are almost invariably refused, even when accompanied by doctors' letters. Nor will the Queen permit any modification of the head-dress, and when some time ago a titled lady of renowned eccentricity requested a royal dispensation from the wearing of plumes and of veil at a drawing-room, in consequence of her hair being cut quite short, she received a reply from the Lord Chamberlain's office to the effect that her Majesty would dispense with her presence until her hair had grown again.

It is a great mistake to imagine, as so many people appear to do, that everybody who is admitted to presentation at a drawing-room or a levee becomes ipso facto entitled to invitations at court balls and state concerts. The lists of invitations for these entertainments are annually super-



PRINCESS HENRY OF FLESS.



LADY GREY-EGERTON.

vised by the Queen herself, who goes through them most thoroughly, introducing each year radical alterations and additions. Thus the Queen disapproves of semi-detached married people of either sex who roam about society alone, and indeed all her Majesty's prejudices and views on social matters are strongly illustrated in these lists of invitations. On one occasion the name of a lady of high rank was struck off the invitation-list on account of a journalistic indiscretion. Another young lady met with a similar fate because her excessive "modernity" was displeasing to the Queen. Again, a third lady was refused the invitation that she had annually received until then because she was personally engaged in managing a millinery shop.

As at drawing-rooms, full court dress is de rigueur on the part of ladies at state balls and state concerts, the only difference being that the trains worn are somewhat more moderate in size. The royal party makes its appearance only after most of the guests have assembled. Everybody will be chatting, when suddenly the band strikes up "God Save the Queen."



LADY MAUDE KEITH FALCONER.

From a side-door the royal pages of honor, in their liveries of blue and silver, move slowly in upon the dais of the great ball-room. Everybody rises at once. The great doors are flung open and the grand officers of the household, namely, Lord Hopetoun, the Lord Chamberlain, and the tall and stately Lord Pembroke, who is the Lord Steward; Lord Coventry, Lord Curzon, and the others, enter, wands in hand, walking backward like acrobats with their faces turned toward the Prince and Princess of Wales and other royal personages who follow in procession. Amid deep obeisances from all, the royal party move to the dais, and once they are seated there the concert begins, or the state ball opens.

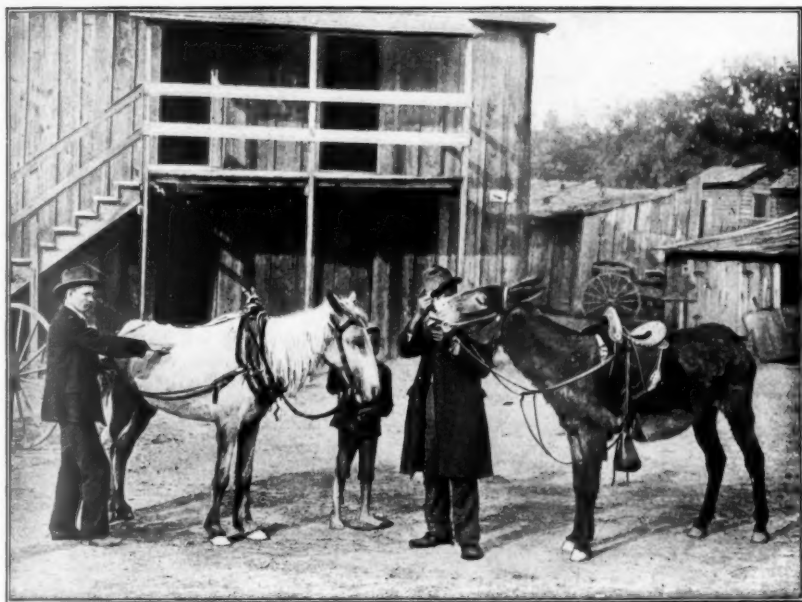
The dais is situated at the western end of the ball-room, with a number of chairs of state for the royal family. The Princess of Wales, as representing the Queen, invariably occupies the middle chair. On either side of the dais are scarlet- and gold-upholstered benches, those at the left being reserved for the foreign diplomatic corps, while those on the right are re-

stricted to British duchesses. State balls and state concerts are usually brought to a conclusion by supper, the royal personages and their immediate party being served in a separate apartment, to which they are conducted with the same amount of ceremony and of pomp as characterize their arrival. Not until the royal procession has quitted the ball-room, are the doors of the supper-room for the remainder of the company thrown open. This portion of the royal entertainment is on the same magnificent scale as every other feature of these court functions. Both the viands and the wine are absolutely unexceptionable, while the display of gold and silver plate, representing millions of dollars in value, is such

as can be seen at no other court in the world.



THE HON. MISS HILL



A HORSE-SWAPPING CONVENTION.

BY WILLIAM M. BREWER.

"AIR you 'uns got no tradin' critters, Hennerly? Them's powerful sorry nags you 'uns be a-drivin', but I reckon as how they'll do to trade on."

"Wall, Pink, we 'uns thought as how we would come to the hoss-swappin' an' brung a few mules along. How is it—is thar' much tradin' gwine on to-day?"

"Right smart o' folks up here, Hennerly, but they hain't a-doin' much in the way o' tradin'. Reckon as how a little later in the day when they start up the singin' and the picnic doin's, the boys will get to jugglin' around and a-swappin' o' their hosses and mewls, some for shore."

It was the Fourth of July; the place, a town in western Georgia. The anniversary was to be the occasion of the district. The jollification was to be fourfold, including the horse-swapping convention to be held at the court-grounds, a singing convention at the Baptist church, a barbecue picnic at the springs near the Methodist church, and a dance at night in a brick building some four or five miles distant.

The Southern mountaineer is a born trader. No matter how neglected his education may have been, he is endowed by nature with a shrewdness which more than enables him to hold his own end in a trade or swap, and a casual glance over the stock which had been led or driven to the swapping-grounds disclosed some of the shrewdness which he possesses. Nearly every creature, mule, horse or pony, included in the term "swappin' critters," was a very poor representative of its class. Evidently each man had, when he started from home, made up his mind to bring such a poor animal that there was no possible chance of his being beaten in a trade.

Many characters of local distinction arrived early on the grounds, and among these was Col. Nicodemus Green, usually designated as "Old Nick," whose face had been seen at every "convention" for years back and who had become famous by swapping off "Old Bob" for a well-conditioned young horse. Old Bob had been swapped and swapped until he had established such a reputation

that when he at last fell into the hands of Old Nick the entire country-side wondered what would happen next. Bob's great fault, next to his age and ugliness, was his antipathy to work. He would balk going uphill, on a level, or even going downhill. None of his numerous owners ever tried to drive him after a first attempt. Under the saddle he had a habit of squatting down every time he was struck with the spur, and in order to urge him out of a walk a good deal of spurring was necessary.

Old Nick, discovering this trait the

Just then he cunningly touched Bob with a spur, and down went the horse almost on his knees.

"Sh! sh! Squire!" exclaimed Nick, as he brought his gun to his shoulder and shot the squirrel. "I knowed as how Bob weren't fooled."

"What do you mean?" said the squire.

"Why, sah, this yere hoss is a setter; he never misses settin' game, as good as a dog."

Soon the keen eyes of Nick espied a movement in the leaves by the roadside and his ready gun brought down a par-



A MUSICAL "CRACKER" FAMILY AT THE GATHERING.

first time he saddled Bob, hit on a novel expedient for trading him off. Some distance away a planter resided who always kept some good horses and was a thorough sportsman, rarely leaving home without carrying his shotgun. Colonel Nicodemus knew of the old squire's love of hunting; so, with a shotgun on his shoulder, he rode Old Bob into the settlement and took an early opportunity of finding himself up beside the squire.

Keeping his eyes wide open as they rode together through the woods a little later, the colonel soon espied a squirrel in a tree.

tridge, after he had caused Bob to squat again. Such intelligence in a horse was so gratifying to the squire, that after the usual juggling the trade was made and the mounts were exchanged.

All went well as the two men continued their ride side by side, until a rather deep stream was reached, which had to be forded. In the middle the squire struck Bob pretty hard with his spur; down went the horse nearly to his knees, and the squire, taken unaware, went over his head into the water. With a good deal of sputtering, and uttering plenty of "cuss"-

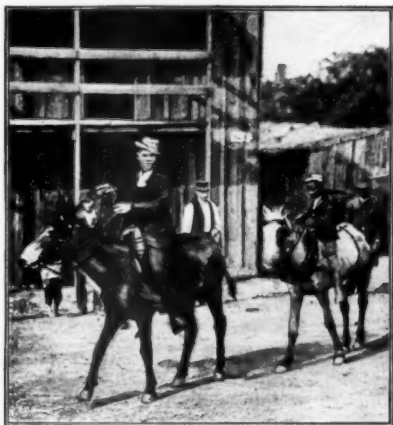
words, the squire demanded of Nick the cause of the horse's actions.

"That's all right, Squire; thar's fish in that creek and the horse has been trained to set fish as well as game; of course, I orter had tole you, Squire, but I clean forgot hit, shore."

This slick trading, as his neighbors termed it, won for Old Nick the admiration and respect not only of his own settlement but of all places to which the news traveled.

There were, besides this trading stock, a large number of good horses and mules which the owners had ridden or driven over to the gathering, but which they did not calculate to trade on, unless they saw a sure chance of making money.

The professional horse-trader in the South—and nearly every mountaineer may be considered as belonging to this class—takes much more time to negotiate a trade or swap than would be occupied by the average Eastern or Western man. In the first place, the greeting at the meeting will occupy from five to ten or fifteen minutes. In this, not only are the compliments of the day passed, but nearly all the topics of general interest in the settlement in which



TRYING THEIR PACES.

the traders reside are given consideration, before any attempt is made by either party to negotiate for an exchange of animals.

Often one or the other of the parties in the prospective trade of animals will have in view some horse or mule he wants, and his natural trading abilities lead him to make four or five exchanges before he considers it diplomatic to approach the owner of the animal he desires. Generally, at



READY FOR THE HARBEQUE.

the commencement of negotiations for an exchange each one will ask the other a cash consideration in addition to the animal. At this point trades will usually be very far apart, and after juggling with each other, sometimes for hours, the men gradually begin making concessions to each other, get closer together, and usually leave the convention each riding or driving equally as poor an animal as he brought.

Among the men who found the horse-swapping grounds to possess the greatest interest on the occasion I am describing, were several who belonged to the nonde-

to provide their living from month to month and from year to year without their being compelled to touch their principal, as represented by the few head of horses and mules of a very uncertain value.

Although the gathering receives the title of "horse-swapping convention," yet on such occasions the swapping and trading is not confined to horses and mules, but includes almost every conceivable article of personal property from a broken-bladed jack-knife to a cotton-gin, and it is not a rare thing for two young boys to swap their coats or hats, just to be "a-doin'."



JUGGLING BEFORE A SWAP.

script class usually termed gipsies, because of their nomadic habits and the fact that their homes are in covered wagons. The only means of subsistence of this class is horse-trading, and the method they pursue is that of trading good-looking horses for sorry nags and obtaining besides a cash payment of boot-money. The poor stock obtained at one convention is carefully nursed and fattened by the gipsies, and in turn traded off at the next locality for other animals which require nursing and fattening. So expert do these men become that the cash received as boot is sufficient

To hear some of the crowd relate their experiences after the convention has closed, is really very amusing, as is also the experience which some of them have with the stock. Every man, to hear him tell it, got the better end of the bargain in the trades, because, no matter how badly he may have been beaten, pride would not permit him to acknowledge it, consequently every one who has made a trade during the day relates to his neighbor how much better off he is; and many, I believe, actually persuade themselves that this is so.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE AND THE BOOK OF MRS. EDDY.

BY MARK TWAIN.

"It is the first time since the dawn-days of Creation that a Voice has gone crashing through space with such placid and complacent confidence and command."

I.

THIS last summer, when I was on my way back to Vienna from the Appetite-Cure in the mountains, I fell over a cliff in the twilight and broke some arms and legs and one thing or another, and by good luck was found by some peasants who had lost an ass and they carried me to the nearest habitation, which was one of those large, low, thatch-roofed farm-houses, with apartments in the garret for the family, and a cunning little porch under the deep gable decorated with boxes of bright-colored flowers and cats; on the ground floor a large and light sitting-room, separated from the milch-cattle apartment by a partition; and in the front yard rose stately and fine the wealth and pride of the house, the manure-pile. That sentence is Germanic, and shows that I am acquiring that sort of mastery of the art and spirit of the language which enables a man to travel all day in one sentence without changing cars.

There was a village a mile away, and a horse-doctor lived there, but there was no surgeon. It seemed a bad outlook; mine was distinctly a surgery case. Then it was remembered that a lady from Boston was summering in that village, and she was a Christian Science doctor and could cure anything. So she was sent for. It was night by this time, and she could not conveniently come, but sent word that it was no matter, there was no hurry, she would give me "absent treatment" now, and come in the morning; meantime she begged me to make myself tranquil and comfortable and remember that there was nothing the matter with me. I thought there must be some mistake.

"Did you tell her I walked off a cliff seventy-five feet high?"

"Yes."

"And struck a boulder at the bottom and bounced?"

"Yes."

"And struck another one and bounced again?"

"Yes."

"And struck another one and bounced yet again?"

"Yes."

"And broke the boulders?"

"Yes."

"That accounts for it; she is thinking of the boulders. Why didn't you tell her I got hurt, too?"

"I did. I told her what you told me to tell her: that you were now but an incoherent series of compound fractures extending from your scalp-lock to your heels, and that the comminuted projections caused you to look like a hat-rack."

"And it was after this that she wished me to remember that there was nothing the matter with me?"

"Those were her words."

"I do not understand it. I believe she has not diagnosed the case with sufficient care. Did she look like a person who was theorizing, or did she look like one who has fallen off precipices herself and brings to the aid of abstract science the confirmations of personal experience?"

"Bitte?"

It was too large a contract for the Stubenmädchen's vocabulary; she couldn't call the hand. I allowed the subject to rest there, and asked for something to eat and smoke, and something hot to drink, and a basket to pile my legs in, and another capable person to come and help me curse the time away; but I could not have any of these things.

"Why?"

"She said you would need nothing at all."

"But I am hungry, and thirsty, and in desperate pain."

"She said you would have these delusions, but must pay no attention to them. She wants you to particularly remember that there are no such things as hunger and thirst and pain."

"She does, does she?"

"It is what she said."

"Does she seem to be in full and functionable possession of her intellectual plant, such as it is?"

"Bitte?"

"Do they let her run at large, or do they tie her up?"

"Tie her up?"

"There, good-night, run along; you are a good girl, but your mental Geschirr is not arranged for light and airy conversation. Leave me to my delusions."

II.

It was a night of anguish, of course—at least, I supposed it was, for it had all the symptoms of it—but it passed at last, and the Christian Scientist came, and I was glad. She was middle-aged, and large and bony, and erect, and had an austere face and a resolute jaw and a Roman beak and was a widow in the third degree, and her name was Fuller. I was eager to get to business and find relief, but she was distressingly deliberate. She unpinned and unhooked and uncoupled her upholsteries one by one, abolished the wrinkles with a flirt of her hand and hung the articles up; peeled off her gloves and disposed of them, got a book out of her hand-bag, then drew a chair to the bedside, descended into it without hurry, and I hung out my tongue. She said, with pity but without passion:

"Return it to its receptacle. We deal with the mind only, not with its dumb servants."

I could not offer my pulse, because the connection was broken; but she detected the apology before I could word it, and indicated by a negative tilt of her head that the pulse was another dumb servant that she had no use for. Then I thought I would tell her my symptoms and how I felt, so that she would understand the case; but that was another inconsequence, she did not need to know those things; moreover, my remark about how I felt was an abuse of language, a misapplication of terms—

"One does not *feel*," she explained; "there is no such thing as feeling: therefore, to speak of a non-existent thing as existent is a contradiction. Matter has

no existence; nothing exists but mind; the mind cannot feel pain, it can only imagine it."

"But if it hurts, just the same——"

"It doesn't. A thing which is unreal cannot exercise the functions of reality. Pain is unreal; hence, pain cannot hurt."

In making a sweeping gesture to indicate the act of shooing the illusion of pain out of the mind, she raked her hand on a pin in her dress, said "Ouch!" and went tranquilly on with her talk. "You should never allow yourself to speak of how you feel, nor permit others to ask you how you are feeling; you should never concede that you are ill, nor permit others to talk about disease or pain or death or similar non-existences in your presence. Such talk only encourages the mind to continue its empty imaginings." Just at that point the Stubenmädchen trod on the cat's tail, and the cat let fly a frenzy of cat-profanity. I asked, with caution:

"Is a cat's opinion about pain valuable?"

"A cat has no opinion; opinions proceed from mind only; the lower animals, being eternally perishable, have not been granted mind; without mind, opinion is impossible."

"She merely *imagined* she felt a pain—the cat?"

"She cannot imagine a pain, for imagination is an effect of mind; without mind, there is no imagination. A cat has no imagination."

"Then she had a *real* pain?"

"I have already told you there is no such *thing* as real pain."

"It is strange and interesting. I do wonder what was the matter with the cat. Because, there being no such thing as a real pain, and she not being able to imagine an imaginary one, it would seem that God in his pity has compensated the cat with some kind of a mysterious emotion usable when her tail is trodden on which for the moment joins cat and Christian in one common brotherhood of——"

She broke in with an irritated—

"Peace! The cat feels nothing, the Christian feels nothing. Your empty and foolish imaginings are profanation and blasphemy and can do you an injury. It is wiser and better and holier to recognize

and confess that there is no such thing as disease or pain or death."

"I am full of imaginary tortures," I said, "but I do not think I could be any more uncomfortable if they were real ones. What must I do to get rid of them?"

"There is no occasion to get rid of them, since they do not exist. They are illusions propagated by matter, and matter has no existence; there is no such thing as matter."

"It sounds right and clear, but yet it seems in a degree elusive; it seems to slip through, just when you think you are getting a grip on it."

"Explain."

"Well, for instance: if there is no such thing as matter, how can matter propagate things?"

In her compassion she almost smiled. She would have smiled if there were any such thing as a smile.

"It is quite simple," she said; "the fundamental propositions of Christian Science explain it, and they are summarized in the four following self-evident propositions: 1. God is All in all. 2. God is good. Good is Mind. 3. God, Spirit, being all, nothing is matter. 4. Life, God, omnipotent Good, deny death, evil, sin, disease. There—now you see."

It seemed nebulous; it did not seem to say anything about the difficulty in hand—how non-existent matter can propagate illusions. I said, with some hesitancy:

"Does—does it explain?"

"Doesn't it? Even if read backward it will do it."

With a budding hope, I asked her to do it backward.

"Very well. Disease sin evil death deny Good omnipotent God life matter is nothing all being Spirit God Mind is Good good is God all in All is God. There—do you understand now?"

"It—it—well, it is plainer than it was before; still——"

"Well?"

"Could you try it some more ways?"

"As many as you like; it always means the same. Interchanged in any way you please it cannot be made to mean anything different from what it means when put in any other way. Because it is perfect. You can jumble it all up, and it makes no

difference: it always comes out the way it was before. It was a marvelous mind that produced it. As a mental tour de force it is without a mate, it defies alike the simple, the concrete and the occult."

"It seems to be a corker."

I blushed for the word, but it was out before I could stop it.

"A what?"

"A—wonderful structure—combination, so to speak, of profound thoughts—un-thinkable ones—un——"

"It is true. Read backwards, or forwards, or perpendicularly, or at any given angle, these four propositions will always be found to agree in statement and proof."

"Ah—proof. Now we are coming at it. The *statements* agree; they agree with—with—anyway, they agree; I noticed that; but what is it they prove—I mean, in particular?"

"Why, nothing could be clearer. They prove: 1. God—Principle, Life, Truth, Love, Soul, Spirit, Mind. Do you get that?"

"I—well, I seem to. Go on, please."

"2. MAN—God's universal idea, individual, perfect, eternal. Is it clear?"

"It—I think so. Continue."

"3. IDEA—An image in Mind; the immediate object of understanding. There it is—the whole sublime Arcana of Christian Science in a nutshell. Do you find a weak place in it anywhere?"

"Well—no; it seems strong."

"Very well. There is more. Those three constitute the Scientific Definition of Immortal Mind. Next, we have the Scientific Definition of Mortal Mind. Thus. FIRST DEGREE: *Depravity*. 1. Physical—Passions and appetites, fear, depraved will, pride, envy, deceit, hatred, revenge, sin, disease, death."

"Phantasms, madam—unrealities, as I understand it."

"Every one. SECOND DEGREE: *Evil Disappearing*. 1. Moral—Honesty, affection, compassion, hope, faith, meekness, temperance. Is it clear?"

"Crystal."

"THIRD DEGREE: *Spiritual Salvation*. 1. Spiritual—Faith, wisdom, power, purity, understanding, health, love. You see how searchingly and coördinately inter-

dependent and anthropomorphous it all is. In this Third Degree, as we know by the revelations of Christian Science, mortal mind disappears."

"Not earlier?"

"No, not until the teaching and preparation for the Third Degree are completed."

"It is not until then that one is enabled to take hold of Christian Science effectively, and with the right sense of sympathy and kinship, as I understand you. That is to say, it could not succeed during the processes of the Second Degree, because there would still be remains of mind left; and therefore—but I interrupted you. You were about to further explain the good results proceeding from the erosions and disintegrations effected by the Third Degree. It is very interesting; go on, please."

"Yes, as I was saying, in this Third Degree mortal mind disappears. Science so reverses the evidence before the corporeal human senses as to make this scriptural testimony true in our hearts, 'the last shall be first and the first shall be last,' that God and His idea may be to us—what divinity really is, and must of necessity be—all-inclusive."

"It is beautiful. And with what exhaustive exactness your choice and arrangement of words confirms and establishes what you have claimed for the powers and functions of the Third Degree. The Second could probably produce only temporary absence of mind, it is reserved to the Third to make it permanent. A sentence framed under the auspices of the Second could have a kind of meaning—a sort of deceptive semblance of it—whereas it is only under the magic of the Third that that defect would disappear. Also, without doubt, it is the Third Degree that contributes another remarkable specialty to Christian Science: viz., ease and flow and lavishness of words, and rhythm and swing and smoothness. There must be a special reason for this?"

"Yes—God-all, all-God, good God, non-Matter, Matteration, Spirit, Bones, Truth."

"That explains it."

"There is nothing in Christian Science that is not explicable; for God is one, Time is one, Individuality is one, and may be one of a series, one of many, as an indi-

vidual man, individual horse; whereas God is one, not one of a series, but one alone and without an equal."

"These are noble thoughts. They make one burn to know more. How does Christian Science explain the spiritual relation of systematic duality to incidental deflection?"

"Christian Science reverses the seeming relation of Soul and body—as astronomy reverses the human perception of the movement of the solar system—and makes body tributary to the Mind. As it is the earth which is in motion, while the sun is at rest, though in viewing the sun rise one finds it impossible to believe the sun not to be really rising, so the body is but the humble servant of the restful Mind, though it seems otherwise to finite sense; but we shall never understand this while we admit that soul is in body, or mind in matter, and that man is included in non-intelligence. Soul is God, unchangeable and eternal; and man coexists with and reflects Soul, for the All-in-all is the Altogether, and the Altogether embraces the All-one, Soul-Mind, Mind-Soul, Love, Spirit, Bones, Liver, one of a series, alone and without an equal."

(It is very curious, the effect which Christian Science has upon the verbal bowels. Particularly the Third Degree; it makes one think of a dictionary with the cholera. But I only thought this; I did not say it.)

"What is the origin of Christian Science? Is it a gift of God, or did it just happen?"

"In a sense, it is a gift of God. That is to say, its powers are from Him, but the credit of the discovery of the powers and what they are for, is due to an American lady."

"Indeed? When did this occur?"

"In 1866. That is the immortal date when pain and disease and death disappeared from the earth to return no more forever. That is, the fancies for which those terms stand, disappeared. The things themselves had never existed; therefore as soon as it was perceived that there were no such things, they were easily banished. The history and nature of the great discovery are set down in the book here, and——"

"Did the lady write the book?"

"Yes, she wrote it all, herself. The title is 'Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures'—for she explains the scriptures; they were not understood before. Not even by the twelve Disciples. She begins thus—I will read it to you."

But she had forgotten to bring her glasses.

"Well, it is no matter," she said, "I remember the words—indeed, all Christian Scientists know the book by heart; it is necessary in our practice. We should otherwise make mistakes and do harm. She begins thus: 'In the year 1866 I discovered the Science of Metaphysical Healing, and named it Christian Science.' And she says—quite beautifully, I think—'Through Christian Science, religion and medicine are inspired with a diviner nature and essence, fresh pinions are given to faith and understanding, and thoughts acquaint themselves intelligently with God.' Her very words."

"It is elegant. And it is a fine thought, too—marrying religion to medicine, instead of medicine to the undertaker in the old way; for religion and medicine properly belong together, they being the basis of all spiritual and physical health. What kind of medicine do you give for the ordinary diseases, such as——"

"We never give medicine in *any* circumstances whatever! We——"

"But, madam, it *says*——"

"I don't care what it says, and I don't wish to talk about it."

"I am sorry if I have offended, but you see the mention seemed in some way inconsistent, and——"

"There *are* no inconsistencies in Christian Science. The thing is impossible, for the Science is absolute. It cannot be otherwise, since it proceeds directly from the All-in-all and the Everything-in-Which, also Soul, Bones, Truth, one of a series, alone and without equal. It is Mathematics purified from material dross and made spiritual."

"I can see that, but——"

"It rests upon the immovable basis of an Apodictical Principle."

The word flattened itself against my mind in trying to get in, and disordered me a little, and before I could inquire into

its pertinency, she was already throwing the needed light:

"This Apodictical Principle is the absolute Principle of Scientific Mind-healing, the sovereign Omnipotence which delivers the children of men from pain, disease, decay, and every ill that flesh is heir to."

"Surely not every ill, every decay?"

"Every one; there are no exceptions; there is no such thing as decay—it is an unreality, it has no existence."

"But without your glasses your failing eyesight does not permit you to——"

"My eyesight cannot fail; nothing can fail; the Mind is master, and the Mind permits no retrogression."

She was under the inspiration of the Third Degree, therefore there could be no profit in continuing this part of the subject. I shifted to other ground and inquired further concerning the Discoverer of the Science.

"Did the discovery come suddenly, like Klondike, or after long study and calculation, like America?"

"The comparisons are not respectful, since they refer to trivialities—but let it pass. I will answer in the Discoverer's own words: 'God had been graciously fitting me, during many years, for the reception of a final revelation of the absolute Principle of Scientific Mind-healing.'"

"Many years. How many?"

"Eighteen centuries!"

"All-God, God-good, good-God, Truth, Bones, Liver, one of a series, alone and without equal—it is amazing!"

"You may well say it, sir. Yet it is but the truth. This American lady, our revered and sacred Founder, is distinctly referred to and her coming prophesied, in the twelfth chapter of the Apocalypse; she could not have been more plainly indicated by St. John without actually mentioning her name."

"How strange, how wonderful!"

"I will quote her own words, from her Key to the Scriptures: 'The twelfth chapter of the Apocalypse has a special suggestiveness in connection with this nineteenth century.' There—do you note that? Think—note it well."

"But—what does it mean?"

"Listen, and you will know. I quote her inspired words again: 'In the opening

of the Sixth Seal, typical of six thousand years since Adam, there is one distinctive feature which has special reference to the present age. Thus:

"Revelation xii. 1. And there appeared a great wonder in heaven—a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars."

"That is our Head, our Chief, our Discoverer of Christian Science—nothing can be plainer, nothing surer. And note this:

"Revelation xii. 6. And the woman fled into the wilderness, where she had a place prepared of God."

"That is Boston."

"I recognize it, madam. These are sublime things, and impressive; I never understood these passages before; please go on with the—with the—proofs."

"Very well. Listen:

"And I saw another mighty angel come down from heaven, clothed with a cloud; and a rainbow was upon his head, and his face was as it were the sun, and his feet as pillars of fire. And he had in his hand a little book."

"A little book, merely a little book—could words be modester? Yet how stupendous its importance! Do you know what book that was?"

"Was it——"

"I hold it in my hand—Christian Science!"

"Love, Livers, Lights, Bones, Truth, Kidneys, one of a series, alone and without equal—it is beyond imagination for wonder!"

"Hear our Founder's eloquent words: 'Then will a voice from harmony cry, "Go and take the little book: take it and eat it up, and it shall make thy belly bitter; but it shall be in thy mouth sweet as honey." Mortal, obey the heavenly evangel. Take up Divine Science. Read it from beginning to end. Study it, ponder it. It will be indeed sweet at its first taste, when it heals you; but murmur not over Truth, if you find its digestion bitter.' You now know the history of our dear and holy Science, sir, and that its origin is not of this earth, but only its discovery. I will leave the book with you and will go, now; but give yourself no uneasiness—I will give you absent treatment from now till I go to bed."

III.

Under the powerful influence of the near treatment and the absent treatment together, my bones were gradually retreating inward and disappearing from view. The good work took a brisk start, now, and went on quite swiftly. My body was diligently straining and stretching, this way and that, to accommodate the processes of restoration, and every minute or two I heard a dull click inside and knew that the two ends of a fracture had been successfully joined. This muffled clicking and gritting and grinding and rasping continued during the next three hours, and then stopped—the connections had all been made. All except dislocations; there were only seven of these: hips, shoulders, knees, neck; so that was soon over; one after another they slipped into their sockets with a sound like pulling a distant cork, and I jumped up as good as new, as to framework, and sent for the horse-doctor.

I was obliged to do this because I had a stomach-ache and a cold in the head, and I was not willing to trust these things any longer in the hands of a woman whom I did not know, and in whose ability to successfully treat mere disease I had lost all confidence. My position was justified by the fact that the cold and the ache had been in her charge from the first, along with the fractures, but had experienced not a shade of relief; and indeed the ache was even growing worse and worse, and more and more bitter, now, probably on account of the protracted abstention from food and drink.

The horse-doctor came, a pleasant man and full of hope and professional interest in the case. In the matter of smell he was pretty aromatic, in fact quite horsey, and I tried to arrange with him for absent treatment, but it was not in his line, so out of delicacy I did not press it. He looked at my teeth and examined my hock, and said my age and general condition were favorable to energetic measures; therefore he would give me something to turn the stomach-ache into the bottle and the cold in the head into the blind staggers; then he should be on his own beat and would know what to do. He

made up a bucket of bran-mash, and said a dipperful of it every two hours, alternated with a drench with turpentine and axle-grease in it, would either knock my ailments out of me in twenty-four hours or so interest me in other ways as to make me forget they were on the premises. He administered my first dose himself, then took his leave, saying I was free to eat and drink anything I pleased and in any quantity I liked. But I was not hungry any more, and I did not care for food.

I took up the Christian Scientist book and read half of it, then took a dipperful of drench and read the other half. The resulting experiences were full of interest and adventure. All through the rumblings and grindings and quakings and effervescings accompanying the evolution of the ache into the botts and the cold into the blind staggers I could note the generous struggle for mastery going on between the mash and the drench and the literature; and often I could tell which was ahead, and could easily distinguish the literature from the others when the others were separate, though not when they were mixed; for when a bran-mash and an eclectic drench are mixed together they look just like the Apodistical Principle out on a lark, and no one can tell it from that. The finish was reached at last, the evolutions were complete and a fine success; but I think that this result could have been achieved with fewer materials. I believe the mash was necessary to the conversion of the stomach-ache into the botts, but I think one could develop the blind staggers out of the literature by itself; also, that blind staggers produced in this way would be of a better quality and more lasting than any produced by the artificial processes of a horse-doctor.

For of all the strange, and frantic, and incomprehensible, and uninterpretable books which the imagination of man has created, surely this one is the prize sample. It is written with a limitless confidence and complacency, and with a dash and stir and earnestness which often compel the effects of eloquence, even when the words do not seem to have any traceable meaning. There are plenty of people who imagine they understand the book; I

know this, for I have talked with them; but in all cases they were people who also imagined that there were no such things as pain, sickness and death, and no realities in the world; nothing actually existent but Mind. It seems to me to modify the value of their testimony. When these people talk about Christian Science they do as Mrs. Fuller did: they do not use their own language, but the book's; they pour out the book's showy incoherences, and leave you to find out later that they were not originating, but merely quoting; they seem to know the volume by heart, and to revere it as they would a Bible—another Bible, perhaps I ought to say. Plainly the book was written under the mental desolations of the Third Degree, and I feel sure that none but the membership of that Degree can discover meanings in it. When you read it you seem to be listening to a lively and aggressive and oracular speech delivered in an unknown tongue, a speech whose spirit you get but not the particulars; or, to change the figure, you seem to be listening to a vigorous instrument which is making a noise which it thinks is a tune, but which to persons not members of the band is only the martial tooting of a trombone, and merely stirs the soul through the noise but does not convey a meaning.

The book's serenities of self-satisfaction do almost seem to smack of a heavenly origin—they have no blood-kin in the earth. It is more than human to be so placidly certain about things, and so finely superior, and so airily content with one's performance. Without ever presenting anything which may rightfully be called by the strong name of Evidence; and sometimes without even mentioning a reason for a deduction at all, it thunders out the startling words, "I have Proved" so and so! It takes the Pope and all the great guns of his church in battery assembled to authoritatively settle and establish the meaning of a sole and single unclarified passage of scripture, and this at vast cost of time and study and reflection, but the author of this work is superior to all that: she finds the whole Book in an unclarified condition, and at small expense of time and no expense of mental effort she clarifies

it from lid to lid, reorganizes and improves the meanings, then authoritatively settles and establishes them with formulæ which you cannot tell from "Let there be light!" and "Here you have it!" It is the first time since the dawn-days of Creation that a Voice has gone crashing through space with such placid and complacent confidence and command.

IV.

A word upon a question of authorship. Not that quite; but rather, a question of emendation and revision. We know that the Bible-Annex was not written by Mrs. Eddy, but was handed down to her eighteen hundred years ago by the Angel of the Apocalypse; but did she translate it alone, or did she have help? There seems to be evidence that she had help. For there are four several copyrights on it—1875, 1885, 1890, 1894. It did not come down in English, for in that language it could not have acquired copyright—there were no copyright laws eighteen centuries ago, and in my opinion no English language—at least up there. This makes it substantially certain that the Annex is a translation. Then, was not the first translation complete? If it was, on what grounds were the later copyrights granted?

I surmise that the first translation was poor; and that a friend or friends of Mrs. Eddy mended its English three times, and finally got it into its present shape, where the grammar is plenty good enough, and the sentences are smooth and plausible though they do not mean anything. I think I am right in this surmise, for Mrs. Eddy cannot write English to-day, and this is argument that she never could. I am not able to guess who did the mending, but I think it was not done by any member of the Eddy Trust, nor by the editors of the "C. S. Journal," for their English is not much better than Mrs. Eddy's.

However, as to the main point: it is certain that Mrs. Eddy did not doctor the Annex's English herself. Her original, spontaneous, undoctored English furnishes ample proof of this. Here are samples from recent articles from her unappeasable pen; double-columned with them are a couple of passages from the Annex. It will

be seen that they throw light. The italics are mine:

1. "What plague spot, or bacilli were (*sic*) gnawing (*sic*) at the heart of this metropolis . . . and bringing it" (the heart) "on bended knee? Why, it was an *institute* that had entered its vitals—that, among other things, *taught games*," et cetera. (P. 670, C. S. Journal, article entitled "A Narrative—by Mary Baker G. Eddy.")

"Therefore the efficient remedy is to destroy the patient's unfortunate belief, by both silently and audibly arguing the opposite facts in regard to harmonious being—representing man as healthful instead of diseased, and showing that it is impossible for matter to suffer, to feel pain or heat, to be thirsty or sick." (P. 375, Annex.)

2. "Parks sprang up (*sic*) . . . electric street cars run (*sic*) merrily through several streets, concrete sidewalks and macadamized roads dotted (*sic*) the place," et cetera. (*Ibid.*)

"Man is never sick; for Mind is not sick, and matter cannot be. A false belief is both the tempter and the tempted, the sin and the sinner, the disease and its cause. It is well to be calm in sickness; to be hopeful is still better; but to understand that sickness is not real, and that Truth can destroy it, is best of all, for it is the universal and perfect remedy." (Chapter xii, Annex.)

3. "Shorn (*sic*) of its suburbs it had indeed little left to admire, save to (*sic*) such as fancy a skeleton above ground breathing (*sic*) slowly through a barren (*sic*) breast." (*Ibid.*)

You notice the contrast between the smooth, plausible, elegant, addled English of the doctored Annex and the lumbering, ragged, ignorant output of the translator's natural, spontaneous and unmedicated penwork. The English of the Annex has been slicked up by a very industrious and painstaking hand—but it was not Mrs. Eddy's.

If Mrs. Eddy really wrote or translated the Annex, her original draft was exactly in harmony with the English of her plague-spot or bacilli which were gnawing at the insides of the metropolis and bringing its heart on bended knee, thus exposing to the eye the rest of the skeleton breathing slowly through a

barren breast. And it bore little or no resemblance to the book as we have it now—now that the salaried polisher has hollystoned all of the genuine Eddyities out of it.

Will the 'plague-spot' article go into a volume just as it stands? I think not. I think the polisher will take off his coat and vest and cravat and "demonstrate over" it a couple of weeks and sweat it into a shape something like the following—and then Mrs. Eddy will publish it and leave people to believe that she did the polishing herself:

1. What injurious influence was it that was affecting the city's morals? It was a social club which propagated an interest in idle amusements, disseminated a knowledge of games, et cetera.

2. By the magic of the new and nobler influences the sterile spaces were transformed into wooded parks, the merry electric car replaced the melancholy 'bus, smooth concrete the tempestuous plank sidewalk, the macadamized road the primitive corduroy, et cetera.

3. Its pleasant suburbs gone, there was little left to admire save the wrecked graveyard with its uncanny exposures.

The Annex contains one sole and solitary humorous remark. There is a most elaborate and voluminous Index, and it is preceded by this note:

"This Index will enable the student to find any thought or idea contained in the book."

V.

No one doubts—certainly not I—that the mind exercises a powerful influence over the body. From the beginning of time, the sorcerer, the interpreter of dreams, the fortune-teller, the charlatan, the quack, the wild medicine-man, the educated physician, the mesmerist, and the hypnotist, have made use of the client's *imagination* to help them in their work. They have all recognized the potency and availability of that force. Physicians cure many patients with a bread pill; they know that where the disease is only a fancy, the patient's confidence in the doctor will make the bread pill effective.

Faith in the doctor. Perhaps that is the entire thing. It seems to look like it.

In old times the King cured the king's evil by the touch of the royal hand. He frequently made extraordinary cures. Could his footman have done it? No—not in his own clothes. Disguised as the King could he have done it? I think we may not doubt it. I think we may feel sure that it was not the King's touch that made the cure in any instance, but the patient's faith in the efficacy of a King's touch. Genuine and remarkable cures have been achieved through contact with the relics of a saint. Is it not likely that any other bones would have done as well if the substitution had been concealed from the patient? When I was a boy a farmer's wife who lived five miles from our village had great fame as a faith-doctor—that was what she called herself. Sufferers came to her from all around, and she laid her hand upon them and said, "Have faith—it is all that is necessary," and they went away well of their ailments. She was not a religious woman, and pretended to no occult powers. She said that the patient's faith in her did the work. Several times I saw her make immediate cures of severe toothaches. My mother was the patient. In Austria there is a peasant who drives a great trade in this sort of industry and has both the high and the low for patients. He gets into prison every now and then for practising without a diploma, but his business is as brisk as ever when he gets out, for his work is unquestionably successful and keeps his reputation high. In Bavaria there is a man who performed so many great cures that he had to retire from his profession of stage-carpentering in order to meet the demand of his constantly increasing body of customers. He goes on from year to year doing his miracles, and has become very rich. He pretends to no religious helps, no supernatural aids, but thinks there is something in his make-up which inspires the confidence of his patients, and that it is this confidence which does the work and not some mysterious power issuing from himself.

Within the last quarter of a century, in America, several sects of curers have appeared under various names and have done notable things in the way of healing ailments without the use of medicines.

There are the Mind Cure, the Faith Cure, the Prayer Cure, the Mental Science Cure and the Christian Science Cure; and apparently they all do their miracles with the same old powerful instrument—the *patient's imagination*. Differing names, but no difference in the process. But they do not give that instrument the credit; each sect claims that its way differs from the ways of the others.

They all achieve some cures, there is no question about it; and the Faith Cure and the Prayer Cure probably do no harm when they do no good, since they do not forbid the patient to help out the cure with medicines if he wants to; but the others bar medicines, and claim ability to cure every conceivable human ailment through the application of their mental forces alone. They claim ability to cure malignant cancer, and other affections which have never been cured in the history of the race. There would seem to be an element of danger here. It has the look of claiming too much, I think. Public confidence would probably be increased if less were claimed.

I believe it might be shown that all the "mind" sects except Christian Science have lucid intervals; intervals in which they betray some diffidence, and in effect

confess that they are not the equals of the Deity; but if the Christian Scientist even stops with being *merely* the equal of the Deity it is not clearly provable by his Christian-Science Amended Bible. In the usual Bible the Deity recognizes pain, disease and death as facts, but the Christian Scientist knows better. Knows better, and is not diffident about saying so.

The Christian Scientist was not able to cure my stomach-ache and my cold; but the horse-doctor did it. This convinces me that Christian Science claims too much. In my opinion it ought to let diseases alone and confine itself to surgery. There it would have everything its own way.

The horse-doctor charged me thirty kreutzers, and I paid him; in fact, I doubled it and gave him a shilling. Mrs. Fuller brought in an itemized bill for a crate of broken bones mended in two hundred and thirty-four places—one dollar per fracture.

"Nothing exists but Mind?"

"Nothing," she answered. "All else is substanceless, all else is imaginary."

I gave her an imaginary check, and now she is suing me for substantial dollars. It looks inconsistent.

THE DEAD.

By J. A. EDGERTON.

UNDER the pure light of the stars,
The dead sleep,
Wrapped about in a silence unutterable.
The ages come and go, like a tale that is told;
Time stretches out to the golden, unbarred gate
Of Eternity;
But the dead sleep on, sleep on.

The moon goes out in the starry vault of night;
The earth dies and returns to her mother sun;
New stars wink in the immeasurable distance of space;
New systems spring from the womb of Infinity;
But the dead sleep on, sleep on.

The spirit of God broods over the Cosmos;
And under the potent spell life springs like a flower.
There is life in a million forms on a million worlds,
Forever progressing from old shells unto the new.
We say that death has smitten the shells left void;
And the dead sleep on, sleep on.



"NO, he doesn't love me longer!" said Lady Mary.

The old Countess looked up with a troubled smile on her beautiful face.

"You are sure of that?" said the Countess.

"—Quite sure, mother."

"My dear, when a woman hesitates, she always says she is sure. You have been married two years: between the first year and the third the happiest couples doubt each other's constancy. All women think at times that their husbands no longer love them; many occasionally believe it; many——"

"Know," said Lady Mary.

"And are mistaken."

The daughter rose. "You were always an optimist, dearest," she said, with affectionate impatience. "You think every one is as good as yourself."

"But, of course, child, if you are sure, you are sure; there is no more to be said."

Lady Mary bent over the back of her mother's chair and kissed the tall white forehead. "There is no more to be said," she answered. "I am sure because I am sure. I couldn't give you any reasons. I only know that I feel it to be so. George is courteous and considerate as ever—he

is kindness itself. But he doesn't care for me, mother, as he used to do."

"Of course not," interrupted the Countess.

"He could live without me. He can be perfectly happy without me, and so I told him only this morning."

"Of course he can. My dear, you are exacting. Did you expect to have a husband who couldn't live without you—if required?"

"If *he* required. There's the difference, mother. I hardly ever see him. I don't know where he spends his evenings. But, hush, I'm not going to complain of my husband; only I didn't want you to think me altogether a goose. Now I must run away. It wants only an hour till dinner."

Lady Rothwell drew her daughter's hand toward her, and held it in her own. "Dearest," she said, "only don't exaggerate! Remember, you didn't marry an angel. Lovers have nothing in common with angels, except wings."

Lady Mary reflected on these words of her mother's, in the brougham, as she drove back to Bryanston square. Her marriage with Sir George Tresling, two years ago, had been a love-match. It seemed so unexceptionable in every way,

it really need hardly have been one, but, as it happened, it was. George Tresling, young, good-looking, well off and fairly idle, had made a desirable suitor and a satisfactory husband. Cynics might opine that he had spoiled his wife. That is to say, he never yet had given her occasion for tears. Which is saying a good deal, considering that she loved him.

"I couldn't give mother the facts," mused Lady Mary. "And really, when I come to think of it, there aren't any facts to give. All the same, I feel it. For the last six months things have somehow been very different. I couldn't say to mother: 'Here is proof. It's six months since he left off calling me May.'"

Arriving at the house, she hastened upstairs to her dressing-room. On her way she had to pass a little staircase nook, not much more than a cozy corner, which opened off a landing, built out on some leads. She noticed that her husband was seated, writing, at a little brown and gold escritoire he kept there, a "genuine Riesener," one of those spurious antiques which are now found in every well-furnished house. He was writing so eagerly that he did not even observe her approach as she swept along the heavy stair-carpet. And by the bend of his shoulders, the fling of his legs, the fierce scratch of his pen across the paper, she could see that he was greatly excited, unusually so—although always, certes, George Tresling must be styled a nervous man. She was close beside him, when he looked up with a cry.

"Good heavens, how you startled me!" he said, and he held his hand across the paper before him, bending forward as if afraid that any one should see what he was writing.

"Startled you? Why? I have just come in from my mother's. I had tea there."

"Naturally. You are always at your mother's—almost. I just want to finish——"

"Almost!" she repeated, laughing. "It's a good thing you added that—what is it?—adjective?—adverb? It saves you from exaggerations. Why, you know perfectly well that I never go to my mother's unless I am left in the house

alone." She laughed again, resolved to show a brave front.

"Well, it's a good thing you've got a mother to go to. It saves you from feeling lonely when I'm away." Was that a reproach of her childlessness, or a regret? "There's nothing more wholesome in a family than mothers, except when they develop themselves as mothers-in-law. Aren't you going up to dress for dinner? I just want to finish——"

"George," she said, lingeringly, as if thinking many thoughts in that one word. "Oh, there's plenty of time. I—I just wanted to say: of course I didn't mean what I said this morning, about your being just as happy away from me. Only—sometimes"—her voice trembled—"I feel as if you didn't care for me as you used to—once. But you do—don't you, George?"

He started up, with an excited crash, from his persistent stoop over the writing-table, as if breaking away from a tension grown insupportable. "I will give you my answer to that question presently," he cried, with assumed lightness, "and I'll try to make it as satisfactory as possible. We haven't time just now. Why, Mary, d'you know—sometimes I think you're rather hard to satisfy!" He had thrown to the little lid of the escritoire, whose two halves closed up and down with a lock in the middle of them, and, turning the key, he ran upstairs to his dressing-room.

Lady Mary remained standing for a minute or two, in self-reproachful thought. Yes, it was true, as her mother had declared, she was exigeante. A man cannot spend his life in maudlin display of affection. It was positively silly of her to dislike his calling her "Mary." Did she call him "Georgie" now, as she had done, once or twice, in the early spring of their love-making?

Why, he'd hardly liked it even then. True, nobody called him "Georgie," and all his own people had always called her "May." Yet—no, she had no positive grievance against him. He still brought—or sent—her flowers. He went to his club a great deal. Of course—especially of evenings. Of course men go to clubs.

As she turned to leave the little alcove,

apology in every attitude, her eye fell on a scrap of paper sticking out from the slit at the back of the *escritoire*, where the lid closed up. Papers were very apt to slip through like this, from the smooth leather surface and out at the back, where they stuck in the tight-fitting groove, as the double lid closed up.

Lady Mary carefully drew out the page of note-paper, intending to return it to her husband. As she pulled it toward her, however, her eyes fell on her own name, so she thought, in his massive, sprawling handwriting:

"May! Cruel, adorable May! What is this that you say about separation? About my being able to live without you? Why, you know I can't. And if I could, I wouldn't. Is this your reward for all the devotion I've shown you? Not that a fellow wants to speak of that, only——"

The paper was blurred, the ink not yet dry. No more had been written.

Lady Mary stood holding the letter in her hand. A great joy came into her eyes, filling them to overflowing. And then she burst into tears.

"May! Cruel, adorable May!" He had been writing these very words, when she had broken in upon him with his reproaches. No wonder that, in his righteous pride, he had withheld them, left them unspoken, hidden them, for the moment, away. What she had said that morning—that he no longer seemed to need her company—that he sought his happiness away from her—these unjust accusations had wounded him to the heart. Not trusting himself to speak calmly, he had written a few loving words of reproach and reply. Before he had finished, she had interrupted him, returning to the charge. "Cruel, adorable May!" He still thought her "adorable." And he deemed her to be "cruel." He was right. She stood looking at the damp, blurred word in a mist of loving ecstasy and shame.

"Still here?" said her husband, on the threshold. Then he sprang forward, and his voice changed its tone. "My God, Mary, what have you got there?"

She held out the unfinished note. "Forgive me," she stammered, and the tears rained down her cheeks. "Dearest,

forgive me: see, I found your note to me. It had slipped through the back of the desk. Oh, George, can you forgive me that I ever doubted your love?"

He hesitated for a moment, and his color came back from ashen white to a burning red. Then at last he said:

"Please don't talk nonsense, Mary. Of course, I never thought you doubted my love. But men are different from women. I—I—of course I love you, Mary."

She took a step toward him, and he caught her in his arms.

"Call me 'May,' " she whispered, her head upon his shoulder, "as you always used to, until five or six months ago."

A second flood of color streamed across his face.

"May!" he said, almost affectionately; "foolish, darling May!"

"Not 'cruel,' " she murmured, looking up at him.

"No—no, not cruel," he said, and kissed her.

"But——?" And still she looked up at him, with smiles among her tears.

"But——?" he repeated, uncertain, searching.

"A little—just a little—adorable?" she prompted, almost inaudibly, all blushes and rippling happiness.

"Altogether adorable," he answered hastily, and kissed her again, and softly disengaged himself. "Now hurry up and dress."

Left alone, George Tresling gazed down at his shiny boots. Then he turned to the secretaire and thoughtfully unlocked it.

"Well!" he said, "well!"

And he sat down and wrote the following note, in the place of the one his wife had carried off with her, pressed tight against her breast:

"DEAR MAY: If you wish it so, of course it must be so. You are the best judge of your own happiness, and on no account would I interfere with such plans as you may desire to make for your future. So I regretfully bid you farewell, wishing you all prosperity. Yours sincerely,

"GEORGE."

This note he carefully inclosed in an envelope and addressed to

"Miss MAY ST. CLAIR,
"3 Piccadilly Mansions, W.";

and the envelope he as carefully placed in the inner breast-pocket of his coat, for mailing. Then he went out on the landing, and there waited for his wife's coming down.

"We must contrive to have that stupid

little table altered, if we can," he said.

"Should we?" answered Lady Mary, gaily. "I don't know. I owe it all my happiness."

He bent, as he offered his arm, and kissed her upturned countenance. "It shall be as you like," he said. "Everything, henceforth, shall be exactly as you like, dear."



THE PARTING.

By JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

Two, here, side by side,
Two that tarry the tide.
Give us your hand, my boy,
Grasp we warm and long;
Thanks for the day when our hearts had joy,
Our feet had speed, and our lips a song.
The sails are filling, give us your hand!
Two and two,
And their hearts were true;
Here's to us both! one left on the strand,
One off in the bark comes never to land.

Two, here, side by side,
Two that tarry the tide.
Give us a kiss, my girl,
Life and a love are all;
Thanks for the glance 'mid the dance's whirl,
For the smile and the sigh, and the sweet lids' fall.
The sails are filling, one more kiss!
Two and two,
And their hearts were true;
Thanks for the heart a heart can miss,
Here's to us both—the end of the bliss!



MINES NEAR PROSPERITY, MO.

GREAT INDUSTRIES OF THE UNITED STATES.

ZINC-MINING.

BY FRANK EBERLE.

MISSOURI'S zinc-fields present, to a mining man from the gold, silver and copper regions of the West, curious as well as surprising features. Instead of a rough, rugged, mountainous country, with here and there a mine several hundred feet deep, he will find level farming-land, dotted with holes in the ground, and farmers and men of every vocation digging out lead and zinc. For years this region was worked in a crude, desultory way, but within the last few months Eastern capital has taken hold, and now it is developing into one of the greatest mining regions in the world, producing more than one million dollars' worth of ore a month, and at a small cost.

Zinc-mining is rapidly becoming one of the greatest of American industries. A few months ago the United States furnished but one-eighth of the world's zinc supply, but the yield is increasing to such an extent that America's proportion of the output of zinc ore will soon be about one-fourth of the world's supply. Practically, all of the zinc ore of the United States is mined in southwest Missouri, an adjoining

county in southeast Kansas, and two counties in northern Arkansas. The Missouri-Kansas mining district—frequently called the Joplin district, because Joplin is the commercial center of the mineral belt—produced over six million dollars' worth of zinc ore last year, and about one million dollars' worth of lead ore. This year the output of zinc ore will more than double that of last year. This district now produces about seven-eighths of the zinc ore of the United States. Most of the zinc and all of the lead are used in this country for manufacturing purposes, but the demands for American zinc ore and spelter in Europe are constantly increasing, and several large exportations of this ore have recently been made. It is shipped to the smelters in Belgium and Wales. So anxious are the foreign smelters to secure high-grade American zinc, that some of them have established agencies in Joplin for the purchase of zinc ore.

Although the zinc-mines of the Joplin district have yielded more than sixty million dollars' worth of ore during the last twenty-five years, it has been only

within the last five years that this mining locality has been considered of any great importance. Its output of zinc ore has steadily increased, while the cost of production has decreased. At the same time, the prices paid for this ore have gone beyond anything dreamed of by the most sanguine miners. In past years, when zinc ore, or "jack," as it is commonly called among the miners, was selling at fifteen to twenty dollars per ton, the hope of the miner was that some day it might reach thirty dollars. "Thirty-dollar jack" meant to him a paradise of prosperity, a realization of all of life's brightest expectations. Last year the price of "jack" not only reached thirty dollars, but passed upward to forty dollars, and this year it has been as high as fifty-five dollars. That the profits are large, may be inferred from the fact that the average cost of production of zinc ore is less than fourteen dollars per ton. In many localities, the ore can be mined, cleaned and made ready for sale at a cost of ten dollars per ton.

The methods of mining and handling zinc ore are peculiar, and unlike those used in mining for other minerals. Zinc-mining lands are seldom sold, their owners preferring to lease them on royalty. Virgin, non-prospected lands are leased on a ten per cent. royalty; that is to say, the landowner leases the land and agrees to take as payment one-tenth of all of the ore obtained from his land. The lessee then divides the tract into one-acre mining-lots and prospects the land with a steam-drill to ascertain whether the field contains mineral and where the best bodies of ore are located, their depth, thickness and the other details the miner must know. When the land has been sufficiently prospected, lots are subleased to miners on twenty per cent. royalty, which means that the miners must give twenty per cent., one-fifth, of the ore to the company or individual holding the original lease. Out of this twenty per cent. the original lessee must pay the landowner ten per cent. Generally he must also undertake to put in pumping plants, to keep the tract drained, should there be so much water as to interfere with mining. The miners lease one or more lots from the lessee of the

tract, and begin operations by sinking a shaft.

Zinc ore is usually found at a depth of fifty to one hundred and fifty feet, while bodies of lead ore are often found within ten feet of the surface, and sometimes just below the grass roots. Three different zinc ores are obtained here, chief of which is the sulphide; the others being the silicate and carbonate. The sulphide is found in irregular bodies, or "runs," as the miners call them. Sometimes the ore body is nearly a hundred feet in thickness and extends over several acres; sometimes it exists only in small pockets. The lands where zinc is found are to all appearance ordinary agricultural lands, some being covered with timber and others being open prairie. They are comparatively level. Here one can see well-cultivated farms and orchards, producing grain and fruit on the surface, while underneath zinc and lead are being mined. In some of the towns in this district, mining is being done in the yards and gardens of the residents.

The ore found here, mostly the sulphide of zinc, or sphalerite, which occurs in several varieties, is distinguished chiefly by color and is known as "jack," "rosin jack" and "black jack." It is more abundant than the other ores, and more valuable. It is pure and of high grade, most of the ore running from sixty to sixty-two per cent. metal, while some of it is nearly chemically pure, running about sixty-six per cent. metal and thirty-three per cent. sulphur. This ore has been found at various depths, from thirty to three hundred feet. Zinc ore is of irregular distribution, sometimes being found in thin sheets in the crevasses of limestone; sometimes in great chambers; sometimes buried in clay and a mass of loose material which can be excavated with pick and shovel; sometimes it is disseminated through solid brecciated rock, which has to be blasted down; sometimes it lines cavities with drusy crystals.

Everybody is interested in mining, either directly or indirectly. Many land-owners simply draw their royalties from the ore mined on their land, while nearly all business men of large or small means are mining somewhere and in some manner.

Often three or four will organize a small company, lease a lot or two in some good locality and start a few miners digging for "jack." In several instances the foundations of large fortunes have been laid in this way. Even the women catch the mining fever, and it is not uncommon for maids and matrons to organize mining companies and try their fortunes. Sometimes they lose, and then try again, but while all mining is a venture, the risks in zinc- and lead-mining are small when compared with the risks run in mining for

blacks and barbers have their little mining companies and put their earnings into digging for lead and zinc. Farmers abandon the plow for the profits of the pick, and tradesmen give up their various callings to try their luck at mining. Mining is everything and mining is talked of everywhere—in the shop, on the street and in the parlor.

For years zinc ore was taken out of the mines of southwest Missouri in connection with lead ore, and was thrown on the dump-pile as worthless. The miners did



AT THE BOTTOM OF A SHAFT.

precious metals, like gold and silver. Even the poorest wage-earners often engage in mining. It is a common thing for clerks, mechanics, and professional men of limited means, to put all of their savings into a mining lease and go to prospecting for "jack." When their means become exhausted, they must get more money or abandon their lease, for one of the conditions upon which a mining lease is held is that it must be constantly worked. Even negro hotel-porters, boot-

not know what it was. In 1874, this peculiar-looking substance was examined by a geologist and pronounced zinc ore. Several wagon-loads were hauled to the nearest railroad, about a hundred miles away, and shipped to an Illinois smelter. This led to further shipments of the ore and, ultimately, to the establishment of smelters in this locality. Now the zinc ore which the early miners cursed as a nuisance, brings to Joplin more than a million dollars a month. If the present

rate of increase continues, the output will soon be double that amount, for new mines are being opened in all directions, the district is expanding, and improved machinery and better methods of mining are being adopted. In addition, many new uses are being found for zinc in manufacturing.

Some features of this industry are so different from the customs in other mining communities that they may be regarded as novel. Zinc ore is not shipped by the mine-owners to smelters. Instead, "jack" is bought at the mines by "jack"-buyers representing American and European smelters. These buyers visit the mines in buggies, on horseback and on bicycles, and bid on the week's output of ore. They make an offer of so much a ton. If

tom is to settle in town, and every available place is used for that purpose. The mine-operators gather in the hotel corridors, the back-rooms of saloons and every place where chairs and tables are convenient, and pay their employees. In order to accommodate the mining men, the banks all keep open from seven till eight o'clock every Saturday evening. This settling-time is the busiest period of the week with the merchants, saloons, restaurants, and theaters and concert-halls. On Saturday evenings the zinc-mining camps and cities present a lively appearance. Thousands of men, women and children are on the streets, shopping, pleasure-seeking and sight-seeing, and business houses are usually rushed with trade and thronged with crowds until nearly midnight.



GROUP OF MINES IN SOUTHWEST MISSOURI.

the offer is accepted, the "jack"-buyer sends his wagons to the mines and hauls the ore to the cars for shipment to the smelters for which he buys. Saturday evening is settling-time. Then the miners, mine-owners and ore-buyers assemble in the various towns in the district and the ore-buyer draws a check for the ore bought from each mine. The check is made payable to the landowner upon whose property the ore was mined. He takes out his ten per cent. royalty, and passes the balance to the original leaseholder, who takes out his ten per cent. royalty and gives what remains to the mine-operator, who pays his operating expenses out of the eighty per cent. he receives. In paying the miners themselves, the prevailing cus-

After the proceeds of the week's mining output are divided, the men scatter. Some go home, others join their wives and go shopping, others regale themselves with a social glass and enjoy such recreation as the town affords, but, as a rule, there is nothing here to compare with the drunkenness and gambling to be seen in most gold- and silver-mining camps. The reason, doubtless, is that most of the miners here are men of families, surrounded by the restraining influences of home and family ties; while some, mining on shares, feel the responsibilities of proprietorship.

To form an adequate idea of the increase in the mineral output of this district, one has but to look at the aggregate ore sales for the last twelve years:—

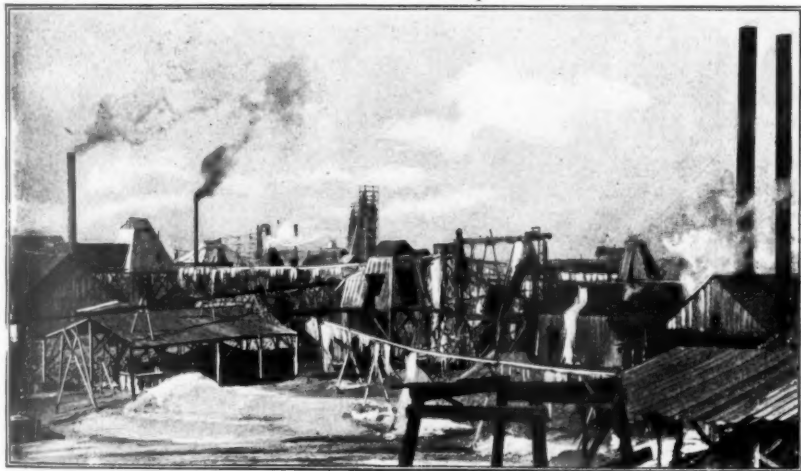


PRIMITIVE METHOD OF MINING FOR ZINC.

Zinc and lead sales in 1888.....	\$ 2,321,597
" " " " 1889.....	2,722,500
" " " " 1890.....	3,367,687
" " " " 1891.....	3,840,480
" " " " 1892.....	4,580,787
" " " " 1893.....	3,317,632
" " " " 1894.....	3,535,736
" " " " 1895.....	3,771,979
" " " " 1896.....	3,667,495
" " " " 1897.....	4,813,667
" " " " 1898.....	7,171,814
" " " " 1899, (estimated).....	15,000,000

About nine-tenths of the total was

derived from the sales of zinc ore, and one-tenth from lead ore. There has been a gradual falling-off in the output of lead ore, while the output of zinc ore has been rapidly increasing. This is largely due to the big advance in the price of zinc ore, which causes miners to sink deeper and go beyond the lead, to find the zinc, for except where the two ores are found together, lead ore is generally found at a less depth than zinc ore.



MINING-PLANTS NEAR WEBB CITY, MO.

From Joplin westward to Galena, Kansas, a distance of nine miles, the country is a level stretch of prairie, dotted with fertile fields and farms. Immediately around Galena are little hills with a thick growth of scrubby oak timber. These hills in every direction present to the view hundreds of rich zinc- and lead-mines. The whole country is like an immense prairie-dog village, with the gopher-holes and mounds of the prairie-dog enlarged a thousand times. Galena is a busy little place.

Joplin, the commercial center of the mining district, is a busy city of twenty-five thousand inhabitants and is growing at the rate of one thousand people a month. New buildings are going up everywhere, and in the suburbs, on every side, are little villages of canvas, inhabited by people who cannot get houses to live in and are forced to occupy tents while waiting for buildings. Webb City, with a population of eight thousand, is four miles east of Joplin. Adjoining it on the east is Cartersville, where some of the oldest and richest mines in the district are located. The several mining-camps, towns and cities of the district contain nearly two hundred thousand people.

Outside of the towns, this is a typical mining region, full of mounds of flint, smoke-stacks and mills, and canopied by clouds of black smoke from the mines. Evidences of the mineral wealth can be seen on every hand. Further evidences of the district's wealth may be seen in its cities, where fine residences and business blocks have been built by men who a few years ago were struggling for the necessities of life. Joplin, Galena and other places in the district have many a "house that 'jack' built," for out of the sales of the "jack" mined on their land, these zinc-kings have grown rich and have built their magnificent homes. Others have grown rich at one turn by the sale of a mine, a lease or a tract of land. Often a zinc-mine with a plant that cost about five thousand dollars, sells at from one hundred thousand to two hundred thousand dollars. Mining leases conveying producing mines bring from one thousand to five hundred thousand dollars, and some mineral land in the district could not be bought for ten thousand dollars an acre, the owners preferring to draw their royalties of ten per cent. of the ore this land produces.



IN THE "ELEVENTH HOUR" MINE, TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY FEET BELOW THE SURFACE.



SEÑORA ROSA FUENTES.

THE STAGE IN MEXICO AND ITS FAVORITES.

BY THOMAS BROWN.

THE Mexican stage bears the imprint of Spain, the mother-country, to a higher degree than do Mexico's manners and customs, which are rapidly nearing a transitional state due to her growing relationship with her northern neighbor. In the capital city, famous for its old buildings, the theaters likewise date, if judged from internal and external appearances, back to the days of the conquest, or at least to those of the empire.

While there are minor theaters devoted to the legitimate drama, and patronized by a clientele composed mostly of the lower classes, the Mexican people are essentially a pleasure-seeking and music-loving race, and lean toward comedy and music to such an extent, that a combina-

tion of these two elements in the zarzuela forms their chief class of theatrical entertainment. Zarzuela, translated comic opera, has a wider and broader meaning, running the gamut from the serious to the farce, more or less interspersed with music of the Spanish type. Zarzuela is of two classes, the genero chico and the genero grande, the former generally consisting of one act of a light order embellished with catchy music, the latter usually of three acts with a more serious motif, and at times, though rarely, approaching the tragic. The genero chico in duration can be compared to the curtain-raiser of our own stage; and in turn, according to its class, if there be any distinct subclasses, contains from one

to six parts, depending upon whether an attempt be made toward spectacular effect or not. A production consisting of four tandas (acts), each a complete play within itself, and taking in all more than four hours to present, would make for us, even though of the best, a rather long and wearisome performance. The management, however, offers to sell tickets for all ordinary occasions "por tandas" (by acts) at the modest price of twenty-five cents each, and offers a varied program suited to all tastes. Upon special occasions, such as Thursday and Sunday matinees, Sunday nights and feast-days, is given a *funcion corrida* (undivided show).

Upon all occasions the first few rows are reserved for the proverbial baldhead, or the foreigner forced to sit close to catch the subtle tones of the pure Castilian. Between the acts the men rise from their



SOLER IN CHULA COSTUME.



COLLAMARINI IN "DE MADRID À PARIS."

seats, put on their hats, which are never off their heads except when the curtain is up, and if they do not retire for liquid refreshments to the numerous cantinas in the immediate vicinity, or to that in the foyer, they stare about freely, turning to face the audience leisurely in search of acquaintances, and ogling the occupants of the tiers of boxes. The whole proceeding savors of informality and good-fellowship. The señora and señorita take as much pleasure in the display of wonderfully constructed but impenetrable headgear in public as do their Anglo-Saxon sisters. In some houses smoking is permitted during the performance; in others, while no one else may object, an over-zealous gendarme will probably do so.

The stage-curtain is provincial in character, reminding one of his youth and the county-seat opera house. While there is no attempt to make the program a medium of advertisements, the curtain is used for this purpose to its full extent, one extolling the virtues of the new and "painless anesthetic" of Doctor —, the American dentist. Among the heterogeneous collection upon another appear the advertisements of various brands of cognac, the

card of a physician whose specialty is the cure of inebriety, and those of an undertaker and a dealer in tombstones and monuments. Above, in the proscenium arch, appears the roster of the tandas for to-morrow's performance, which will later appear on walls not bearing the following familiar legend: "Se Prohibe Fijar Anuncios" (Post no Bills)—for the flaming lithograph is still a stranger in the country.

You perhaps saw your first tanda on the advice of a friend; you see it announced and go again, and in your good humor stay out of curiosity to see the next. So the habit is acquired, until you are a frequent visitor, have your favorites, discuss their merits and demerits, and eagerly scan the bills for the weekly announcement of the estreno (new piece). Take it all in all, you will see much that will

strike you as rather crude, and even obsolete on our own stage. The prompter's box



SEÑORA ESTEFANIA COLLAMARINI.

stands strikingly forth as a barrier between the orchestra leader and the stage, belching forth sounds clearly audible to the occupants of the first rows. The chorus will set you meditating on the illusiveness of beauty in the human race. One cannot properly describe the facial and physical appearance of this chorus. It is recruited from the rank and file of Mexican life, and comprises the pure Indian type, together with all degrees of intermixture. The scenery, from its tattered and dingy appearance, may have served as first examples of the scenic art. On the other hand, you will hear the largest and best theater orchestra that you have ever heard in light opera—every member an artist—and see Spanish principals of talent and wide versatility, from whose proximity the chorus becomes inspired fairly to outdo itself, resulting in such artistic effects that you instinctively yearn for a far-distant companion to share in your enjoyment.



ROSA FUERTES IN CHULA COSTUME.



SOLER IN "LOS COCINEROS."

I have heard numerous little operas that I felt would certainly be well received in the United States could they be reproduced in another tongue and still retain their original beauty. I have seen artists that I believe could hold their own among the imported celebrities of our own music-halls, and by one of these same I have heard the old familiar "Mascotte" and "Carmen" given in a manner that from an artistic standpoint would reflect credit upon a Broadway house.

Mexico City supports two theaters devoted to zarzuela—the Principal and the Arbeu, which are open every day in the year except in Holy week, and produce an estreno every Saturday night. The zarzuela that lives to become an old favorite is one that touches a popular chord. Its success does not depend so much on scenic effect as on its intrinsic worth. Many have been in repertoire for years, to be revived at intervals and again shelved. Upon the advent of a new tiple (feminine star), they serve her as a

vehicle in which to match her talents with those of her predecessors. These operas are few compared with those that live but a short period and those that die at birth.

The Mexican public is not an indulgent one. The Mexican goes on the first night to form his own opinion, and is not backward in expressing it. It does not matter how strong the bid may be for his favor. He has a criterion of his own, and if he does not like the play he jeers and hisses it off the stage.

The companies of these principal theaters are large and versatile, capable of producing anything from "Traviata" to the lightest kind of musical farce-comedy; composed of leading ladies of diversified talents, first and less tenors, character actors, comedians, ballerinas and chorus.

The queen of the Mexican stage is Rosario Soler, endearingly styled "la Pata," because of the fetching duck-song she so charmingly sings in "La Marcha de Cadiz," in which she here won her first laurels. Personally "la Soler" is possessed of that quality expressed so aptly by the Spanish adjective "simpatia," and indefinable in English except by the word "magnetic." I cannot think of an American counterpart of her except Della Fox in her palmy days, and such a comparison is far-fetched. The possessor of a delicate beauty and charm, and a

voice of light timbre, which, while exceedingly pleasant, gives a suggestion of an imperfect training, she plays chula (pretty, but of the people) parts as no one else can, and all other parts she invests with a charming personality.

Nothing gives me more pleasure than her impersonation in "La Viejecita" of a rollicking young officer, who, spurned and jeered by his fellows for not having received an invitation to a ball, masquerades as a demure little old lady, so gains admission to the house, and woos, and wins the hand of, a count's daughter. The intensity, the dash and the delicacy of her acting, together with her rendering of the music, to which her voice is particularly fitted, furnish an entertainment much too brief. The operetta is a little gem and is deservedly popular. With "Los Cocineros" (The Cooks) Soler is most closely identified. The final waltz-song which she



SEÑORA ROSARIO SOLER.

sings, accompanied by a chorus all costumed as cooks and beating time on skillets, is widely popular throughout the city.

Rosa Fuertes, as her name implies, is essentially an actress of strongly emotional parts, somewhat suggestive of masculinity in bearing, having what an artist friend calls "strong lines in her face." The possessor of a beautiful soprano voice, she fits the parts in which Soler is found lacking, and leaves a harsh impression in the

more dainty roles in which Soler reigns supreme. During her brief stay at the Principal, where she followed Soler, she never succeeded in satisfying the latter's admirers in the title-roles of "La Buena Sombra," "La Revoltosa" and "La Diva," with which Soler is identified. In the heavier roles of the more recent productions, notably "Gigantes y Cabezudos" and "La Fiesta de San Anton," her superiority was demonstrated. At the present moment these actresses have joined hands at the Arbu with much success.

During the past season there appeared for a period of about three months at the National Theater, an Italian opera company direct from Belgium, which was, on the whole, better than the small companies that occasionally appear in New York for the stamp of metropolitan approval, but depend for success upon the less critical smaller cities of the country. Particularly worthy of note were their productions of "The

Masked Ball," "Aida," "Mignon" and "Carmen," all great favorites with the Mexican public. After a successful season the company went on tour, and Collamarini, the star, to whose artistic performance was due much of the company's success when in the capital, was left behind. Ultimately, she was to appear at the Principal to strive for Soler's popularity in zarzuela, for which purpose several tiples had recently been brought from Spain without success. Fuertes alone obtaining any recognition. Between

these three there is no comparison. Soler is simpatica, Fuertes dramatic, Collamarini dazzling. An artist to the fingertips, the possessor of a beautiful, strong, well-trained voice and a distinct enunciation, together with strikingly handsome features of the Italian type, Collamarini shines radiantly amidst her surroundings.

Her debut at the Principal was inaugurated by a revival of the ever-popular "Carmen." Upon a smaller stage, with an able cast, the opera took on a new lease of life. Then came "La Mascotte," an

equal success. Next Von Suppe's "Doña Juanita."

One opera is not considered sufficiently long for an entire performance, and it is usually prefaced by a zarzuela of an hour's duration, interpreted by an entirely different cast of principals. Appearing in one old role, then in another, Collamarini now furnishes her

quota to the evening's entertainment. "Carmen," "La Mascotte" and "Doña

Juanita" have been relegated to the matinee program, and she is now making a bid for popularity in parts calling for scant and gorgeous attire. Zarzuela apparently has the same attraction for her as has continuous performance for those in our own country—shorter hours and better pay. Whether she will soon tire of this and return to her proper sphere, or whether the public will first tire of her with her predominating personality and her Italian-Spanish, is a thing for the future to decide.



COLLAMARINI IN "EL DOMADOR DE LEONES."

In the mean while, Soler and Fuertes, surrounded by a strong company at the Arheu, pursue the even tenor of their ways. This house, more conservative in the style of its productions, frequently offers two- or three-act Spanish operas of the *genero grande* type, unfamiliar to the patrons of the English stage. "Marina," of this class, possessed of fair drawing qualities when given by less pretentious organizations, is here a fast favorite. Filled with sad but beautiful airs suggestive of the sea, intermingled with those of the Spanish dance, it supplies selections frequently heard rendered by the famous military bands of Mexico.

The following list of places of amusement open in the City of Mexico during the month of last April appeared in a local paper: Two cinematographs, two phonographs, one Spanish-ball court, two race-tracks, one bull-ring, one permanent circus, four provisional circuses, one concert-hall and five theaters. In a city of four hundred thousand inhabitants, the most cosmopolitan for its size on the continent, in which a speaking acquaintance with three or four modern languages is an ordinary accomplishment, and English is in the ascendancy, the introduction of this language on the Mexican

stage would doubtless meet with good returns for some enterprising manager. A vaudeville company of mediocre quality, composed of an American serpentine dancer, supported by a prestidigitator, and a boy that did a turn consisting of an English song and dance, with a barn-storming zarzuela contingent to fill out the bill, played a successful engagement in this city and showed to crowded houses on the road. The dancing and the boy's

turn were the only bright spots of an otherwise tiresome program. Take this, together with the fact that the permanent circus is a combination of ring-show and vaudeville performance, which has been exhibiting here for about twenty years, the natural conclusion is that a music-hall on the English style is a much-needed institution. An interchange



COLLAMARINI AS CARMEN.

of certain classes of Spanish zarzuela, with its beautiful but unfamiliar music, with the vaudeville shows of our variety houses, would be to the mutual enjoyment of both peoples.

American companies have nearly always played to large audiences in Mexico, but the long and expensive journey debars all but the big organizations from visiting the city. Patti always considered Mexico City one of her best engagements.

THE GRAPE-GATHERERS.

BY NINETTA EAMES.



DISTRIBUTING THE EMPTY BOXES.

THE Sonoma foot-hills bear the most picturesque vineyards in California, combining, as they do, a landscape of careful husbandry with wild borders of chaparral, and mountains shaggy with forests and cut by river trench-ways, the whole sentineled by the blue, blue peaks of the Coast range. The best American wines come from these hills, which are natural beds for the grape-vine, the reddish, gravelly soil insuring abundant fruitage without irrigation.

By the first week in September, the ripe clusters on the Trousseau and Riesling varieties pull heavily on their drying stems, and vintage sets in with a rush of pickers to the vineyards. This is the time above all others to visit a Weinberg (vine-hill), as a vineyard is called in Germany. After a ten minutes' drive from the Asti station, the lights streaming from the windows of the big ranch-villa showed us a beautiful garden of semitropic trees and flowers.

It is the identification of beauty with utility—this Asti of the New World, where one thousand acres of foot-hills are grown to choice wine-grapes and an equal area is to be "grubbed out" in the near future. Here are located some of the largest vineyards in California, and a proof of the excellence of their wines is found in the fact that in 1892 the Asti exhibit from this coast won the premium at the Genoa Exposition, where the grape products of all Europe were in competition. These vast stretches of unfenced vines mounting happy hills, are owned and managed by Italian capitalists, who fifteen years ago first set plow into these pastured uplands. The location was selected from its marked likeness, in topography, climate and soil, to Asti in Italy. After clearing a rugged breadth of round-backed hills, the colonists planted it to imported vines and trees, and one sees here in thrifty bearing the olive of Lucca and the Riviera, the Mediterranean orange, figs from Naples, the Barbera and Nebiolo vines of Asti, and the Chianti grape from Tuscany.

When we stroll out the next morning it is not yet six o'clock. The pickers are already afield, their blue blouses and gray neckerchiefs mixing effectively with the flowing green of the vines climbing the nearest hill. They are mostly Italian and Swiss, and are practical vineyardists who work with the cheerful habit of their class and not like the average American, all snap and hurry from overstrained nerves. The difference is probably one of race temperament, though in this instance these Asti



"IL VINO FA CANTARE."

peasants have special reason for good heart: they get higher wages and better fare than the best of them could command in the mother-country. The grape-grower pays them twenty-five dollars a month, and board, which includes their favorite *baccalà* for breakfast, a noon dinner of *tagliarina*, and *minestra* or *risotto* for supper, the last two meals washed down by as noble a wine as ever brimmed goblet by the Mediterranean.

We are told that owing to the chill and wet mornings in Italy, they often do not begin the day's picking before ten o'clock, but it is never this way here. The gangs are already stripping the vines spread flatly to the east, cutting off the winy clusters with a small knife having a hooked blade.

Before them are boxes into which they toss the grapes, and others, already filled, are being carried to the avenue by their comrades. Later in the day the boxes are loaded into four-horse wagons to be hauled to the great stone winery below the hill.

We saw no women and children among the pickers, though on the smaller vineyards throughout the state it is not uncommon for them to be regularly employed in vintage, as the work is light and agreeable. The men pick in groups of a dozen or more, and their general jollity is in keeping with the holiday dress of the vines.

The berry is considered ripe for picking when it can be removed from the stem without a flow of juice. Another test is to hold it up to the sun and if the heart



A VINEYARD PAN.

has taken the color of the skin so that the fibers branching from the stem are invisible, it is ready for the press. An expert picker is careful not to cut branches that are underripe. Upon every hand the festooned leaves were pushed back from stumpy stalks so hugged about by the grapes as to be completely hidden. An average grape yield is four tons to an acre of hill-land. A good hand can be counted on to gather a ton and a half a day. Certain vines, like the Zinfandel, have a scant second crop which is harvested in middle October, the vintage at Asti lasting altogether about sixty days.

The vines are planted eight feet apart, with intersecting avenues to accommodate the pickers. Many of these roads are lined with olives whose wan foliage blows silverly in the wind. No fertilizer is used in the vineyards and no water other than the natural rainfall of winter. The vines are pruned to a height of two to four feet, as most of the varieties of *vinifera* in California thrive on the short-pruning system. The Burgundy and Barbera vines alone are staked, as they do better when held up four feet from the ground. With other

varieties stakes are used only up to the time when the gnarly stumps support themselves like fruit-trees, thus saving the vineyardist the expense and inconvenience of trellises. In the spring they are thoroughly cultivated, fifty plows being in requisition at this season in the Asti district. The third year after planting there is a crop worth picking, but it is not until the seventh year that a vineyard comes into full bearing. There is no snow or frost to nip these Sonoma vines, and no instance thus far north of that dread enemy of the viticulturist, the phylloxera.

California produces more wine to the acre than any other country in the world. Certain kinds of grapes will average more than six hundred gallons per acre. A thousand gallons of wine have been made from a single acre of hill-grown Zinfandels. The Cabernet Sauvignon, though a shy bearer, will often produce three hundred gallons an acre, and this of such delicate flavor and bouquet as to rival the Cabernet of France. The advantage of this superior productiveness in soil, and the equability of the climate and cheapness of lands, are partial offsets to the high price paid for labor and the difficulty the wine-maker meets to overcome the prejudice against American brands.

It is rapid work—the denuding of grapevines. Early in the forenoon of the same day, we drive by the hill that was the scene of inspiring activities in the morn-



GRAPE-PICKERS' BAKE-OVEN.

ing. It is deserted. The twisted, uncouth vines are naked to the sun, plucked of their luscious adornment, the disheveled branches bearing mournful witness of the devastation. We look in vain for the pickers and see only dust smoking from yonder crest.

"They are over the other side of Priest hill," our host remarks, signing to the dispersing clouds.

Sure enough, a line of laden wains, twenty by actual count, crawls out from the point and swings slowly down the road

The Italian is accustomed to wine-drinking from infancy and makes no more question of its moderate use than the American does of his tea and coffee. Old Antonio was pointed out as having by gradual habit acquired a gallon-a-day capacity.

It is the busiest time of the year, and even the humblest retainer at the ranch carries with him an air of responsibility. In October the crushers are put to their utmost capacity, and grape-juice flows like water through the pipes and troughs of the winery. The pressure of work continues



STIRRING THE FERMENTING VATS.

to the jingle of mule-bells. Other wagons filled with empty boxes are returning from the winery, and so all day the moving trains pass to and fro across the vineyard swells.

There were pitchers of rude crockery showing through the netted leaves, which held wine for the free drinking of the men. A hundred and fifty hands are employed here, and in all the years since the planting of these vines there has not occurred a single case of drunkenness.

through the greater part of November, the men often keeping at it far into the night to make way with the accumulation of grapes, for Asti is the market for all the small vineyards within a radius of twenty miles. The price paid per load is regulated by the price the wine-maker gets for his wine—an arrangement whereby the grape-grower and wine-maker share equally in the profits of the industry. This coöperative plan was recently established as a protection against the unfairness of the

wine-dealers, and is now almost universally adopted throughout California, to the increasing advantage of her viticultural interests. The first year, the Wine-makers' Corporation succeeded in bringing the price of grapes from six dollars up to twelve dollars a ton, and the last year's vintage found ready sale at eighteen to twenty dollars a ton.

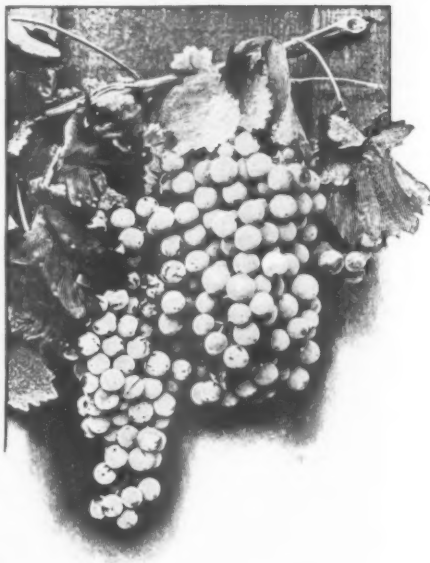
The great crushers and the wine-cellar give the climax of the vineyard story. The grapes are pressed by hydraulic power, and breathless men are hard put to it working the machinery, directing the spurting juice into the chutes, shoveling pumice, running dumping-carts and doing the various other tasks included in the daily manipulating of over two hundred tons of grapes. The air reeks with the fumes of new wine and we pick our steps over the big rubber pipes braided along the aisle, to a whitewashed stair which leads to the floor above the crushing-room. Here the two travelers lift constant streams of grapes to the stemmers, where the stems are excluded, and at the same time the berries are let fall through into the crushers and are thence carried by distributing flumes to the fermenting vats. There are eighty of these open-topped tanks, each holding two gallons, and it is fascinating to watch their eruptive, yeasty contents whereon the window light sets an infinite play of prismatic hues. The mass is



THE CELLAR-MASTER.

allowed to ferment five to seven days, when it is drawn off into storage-tanks and left to settle during a period not exceeding three months.

If the wine is to be red, the pulp is left with the juice, and frequently stirred with long, three-pronged forks so as better to bring out the color from the skin; while on the other hand, if white wine is



A MALVOISE CLUSTER.

to be made, the skins are separated from the juice before fermentation sets in. In France it is not uncommon for naked men to be up to their necks in the tanks, but this method of warming and stirring the must has never been practised in California. To guard against too much sugar in the grapes, the wine-maker here keeps a saccharometer in constant use to weigh the must. The best dry wines made in California come from her northern and middle sections, and sweet, heavy wines, like port, sherry, Madeira and Angelica, from the more southern parts of the state.

After the wine is racked off into clean casks, it is left alone until further signs of fermentation, when the racking process is repeated. And right here comes to mind a curious fact, which is vouched for by every cellar-master, and which, I venture to hint, is theme for poet. It is affirmed that wine sympathizes with the vine, for in seasons of sprouting, blossoming and ripening of the grape, the ear held close to a cask detects mysterious noises within—a murmuring unrest that culminates in the gathering and bursting of bubbles. The practical effect of this quickening is a general loosening of bungs, and extreme

care is necessary to restore quiet in the barrels.

California wine-cellars are, generally, wholly aboveground, and have a capacity often of two million gallons. A season's vintage yields a million gallons of wine—claret, Zinfandel, Burgundy, Cabernet, Chianti, Riesling, Chablis, Sauterne, and other brands of less note—which is one-sixth of the entire product of Sonoma. Shipments are made directly on board the cars, as the track runs by the ponderous iron doors of the cellar. The largest vasca (wine-tank) ever constructed is at Asti, and is dug in the soft stone of a gradual

upraised glass. The immense, upright casks in the second cellar are made of redwood, and are twenty feet high and contain each thirty thousand gallons. The two oldest, whimsically designated "the Twins," have taken on a rich madder polish—"the tints which wine wears in the grain." Formerly only Michigan oak was used for wine-butts, but in the last ten years not only is redwood taking its place in California, but staves made of this wood are being shipped to France.

Before the afternoon closed, we struck out over a narrow high road margined by Malvoise vines, their heaped purple an en-



A GROUP OF PICKERS HOMEWARD BOUND.

slope, and lined with concrete twenty inches thick. Its dimensions are thirty by one hundred feet in width and twenty-five feet in depth. This enormous wine-vessel holds half a million gallons, and is joined by a tunnel to the cellars.

All the romance and tradition of wine-making center in the cool, fragrant vaults used for storage. The light from one small window streamed like a comet's tail down the long dark alley between the great oval butts. The cellar-master rapped upon one with his knuckles to sound if it were full, and then tested the Sauterne in another, the light touching his form and

trancement to the eye. This lavish pomp of dress threatened to be short-lived, for the pickers were bunched in the cradled hollow below, their faces set our way. We looked abroad on miles of vine-striped hills running together, with room between for shining streams and knolls awave with trees—bronzing oaks, the spiced green of laurel, and that wood beauty, the *madroño*, her stiff leaves rattling like castanets as if to fix attention on her summer exposure of red-jacketed trunk. The winery with its gray walls made a picture in itself, framed in the rich shades of lemon and pomegranate groves.

THE CARE OF YOUNG CHILDREN.

BY HELEN O. ANDERSON, M.D.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—The very wide interest aroused by THE COSMOPOLITAN's series of articles with reference to the home has been strikingly manifested by the comment and discussion that have followed the appearance of each in every part of the country. The third paper in the COSMOPOLITAN series deals with the care of young children between birth and the age of six years. Literally hundreds of able manuscripts have been received from mothers and physicians in this competition. Of those of the greatest merit, each involved some points not contained in the others, making the task of selection extremely difficult. The paper of Helen O. Anderson, M.D., which is here presented, is well worth the attention not only of every mother, but of every young woman who contemplates marriage.

AN inheritance of health is a grand legacy; but of health, as of wealth, the great majority are heirs to a very moderate amount. Though little may have been inherited, much may often be obtained by judicious care during early childhood; bodily vigor, like interest on capital, may then be stored up to meet future demands. Fortunate is he who inherits vital riches; doubly fortunate is he whose wise mother knows how to cherish and increase his inheritance, be it much or little.

Most parents fail to appreciate the fact that children are not little men and women, copies in miniature of themselves; as a matter of fact, their anatomical and physiological conditions are very different, their hygienic requirements entirely so. A few of these differences need to be clearly understood in order that one may know just what is right and what is wrong in the care of children. The child has less blood in proportion to its weight, and its blood contains less fibrin, fewer salts, less albumen, and less hemoglobin, the red coloring matter. This lack of fibrin and salts explains why the blood of children coagulates so much less readily than that of adults, and why slight hemorrhages, even nosebleeds, are often dangerous in children. The nerve-cells of a child are more irritable and excitable and less stable than the nerve-cells of adults, and the brain and spinal cord of a child are as soft as the softest jelly. The noise of a falling book, or the slamming of a door, produces as great a change in the nervous system of a child as the boom of a cannon in our own. All of the tissues are soft and very

full of blood-vessels, so that continued pressure on any part will interfere with the nutrition of that part and produce asymmetry or deformity.

The physiological development of the child will be determined by two main factors—heredity and environment. Diet, clothing, air, sunlight, rest and exercise will be discussed as elements of environment.

A perfect food for any organism must consist of compounds easily assimilated by the organism and containing all the elements which occur in its tissues. The following thirteen elements are the chief entering into the composition of the human body: carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, sulphur, phosphorus, chlorine, iodine, potassium, sodium, calcium, magnesium and iron. These thirteen elements must be represented in the food of the child in a proportion not very different from that in which they occur in his body. The food-materials containing these elements fall into three classes:—

1. Nitrogenous foods: meat, milk, egg, gelatine, gluten of grains, et cetera. These are largely the building-materials of the working tissues, as of muscle, nerve and glandular tissue.

2. Non-nitrogenous foods—those containing no nitrogen and rich in carbon, hydrogen and oxygen: fats, sugar, starches, dextrine, et cetera. These help in tissue-building, and are valuable in the production of animal heat.

3. Inorganic foods: water and salts, the salts being largely obtained from water. The lime and magnesium salts are tissue-builders; others help in the coagu-

lation of the blood; some have solvent powers.

The feeding of a child is not simply a filling-up process; it involves the careful selection of foods of known composition to meet the exact needs of the individual child. In disease, the diet should be regulated by the attending physician; in the treatment of children's diseases diet is of paramount importance, and the mother or nurse should observe all directions in relation to food as carefully as those in relation to medicines. The amount of food given to the child should be in proportion to its vitality. Milk is of all foods the most nearly perfect and complete, and mother's milk of course best meets the needs of the infant. Cow's milk, the most frequent substitute for it, is quite different in proportional composition, as may be seen from the following table:—

COMPOSITION OF MILK.

Human (after Chapman).	Cow's (after Cameron).
Water.....993.717	Water.....870.000
Fat.....25.000	Fat.....40.000
Casein.....29.000	Casein.....41.000
Sugar.....37.000	Sugar.....42.800
Lacto-protein..1.000	Salts.....6.200
Salts.....4.283	
1,000.000	1,000.000
Total of solids..96.283	Total of solids..130.000

If the mother has plenty of breast-milk, the child should have no other food until six or seven months old. He should be allowed to nurse every two hours during the first month, this interval being gradually increased so that by the end of the third month he nurses only once in three hours. Too frequent feeding is one of the chief causes of stomach troubles among young children; many mothers mistake every cry for a cry of hunger and during his first year the child suffers from over-feeding; during his second, from irregular feeding, and ever afterward from improper feeding. If the supply of mother's milk is insufficient, the infant may have in addition to it one or two meals a day of cow's or goat's milk or of cream.

During the first week.	After the first month.
Cream.....3 drams	Cream.....½ oz.
Milk-sugar...1 dram	Milk.....2½ oz.
Bolled water. 1½ oz.	Water.....1 oz.
Lime-water..½ dram	Lime-water.2 to 4 drms
Pasteurize.	Pasteurize.

Increase the amount as the child grows older.

Unless a physician orders it, an infant should on no account be given any flour, arrowroot, sago or other farinaceous food before he is seven months old. The mother can frequently increase her supply of milk by drinking a glass of warm milk half an hour before nursing-time. It is, however, unwise and even dangerous for her to eat at irregular intervals, unduly, or of improper food; alcoholic beverages should not be taken at all by the nursing woman, as they profoundly affect the sensitive nervous system of the child. Her diet should be plain and nourishing; her labor should be reduced to a minimum, to prevent the excessive burning of food for force and heat.

In case the mother cannot nurse her child at all, and a wet-nurse is not to be employed, the infant should have nothing but warm (sterilized) water during the first twenty-four hours. It is impossible for even the most skilful physician to prescribe an irrevocable diet, but when an artificial food must be used, it is generally both wise and convenient to begin with milk. Satisfactory formulas for preparing both cream and milk have already been given. The amount of food required per day by the child will vary from twenty or twenty-five ounces during the first month, to about thirty-six ounces at the beginning of the sixth.

The main objection to cow's milk as the exclusive food for young infants is a peculiarity of its caseinogen which, under the influence of gastric juice, causes it to form a very tough, hard clot. This tendency is in part overcome by the addition of an alkali; for this purpose fresh or normal lime-water should be added to the milk, one-half teaspoonful to each ounce of milk. The milk used for infant-feeding should be Pasteurized immediately after mixing with the water and milk-sugar. Admirable Pasteurizing apparatuses for nursery use are now obtainable in even the smaller towns at moderate cost. Mothers and nurses must be made to understand that the infant mortality which saddens our hearts and shames our civilization is not the "providence of God" but the direct result of their culpa-

ble carelessness in the preparation and administration of the daily food. Even healthy milk is highly putrescible, and in its raw state it offers a favorable medium for the growth of many kinds of bacteria; the chemical products of this bacterial growth may not be destroyed by Pasteurizing as are the bacteria themselves, so it is well to treat milk designed for infants' food as soon as possible after it has been taken from the cow, preserving it until needed in clean bottles stoppered with flocks of absorbent cotton. Every farmer will substantiate this statement, that calves fed on pail-milk, even if fed at the close of the milking, always suffer from diarrhea; this is abundant natural proof that milk exposed to the air an hour or more is a very different substance from milk fresh from the udder, and it also proves that poisons entering the body of the young animal immediately affect the mucous membrane of the alimentary canal. In some of the large public nurseries and hospitals in Paris the babies are fed on ass's milk, being held by the nurse to the teat and allowed to suck the warm sweet fluid slowly and naturally; they thrive like Romulus and Remus, or like Mowgli, child of the jungle. Our problem in the preservation of infant-life is not unlike that of France, as in both countries artificial alimentation is fast becoming the rule, and in both countries approximately one-eighth of all the children that die under five, die during the first year from diarrheal diseases. Unless its source is absolutely above suspicion, it is advisable to Pasteurize all milk drunk by children under five, and on no account should we fail to do so during the summer. If, after reasonable trial, it is found that neither cow's milk nor goat's milk is digested by the newborn, condensed milk diluted with four or five parts of boiled water and a little lime-water may be tried.

The best feeding-bottle is the old-fashioned straight one, with a soft india-rubber nipple without a tube. When the child has finished his meal, the bottle and nipple should be thoroughly washed, and placed in clean cold water until again required. Once a day the bottles and nipples should be washed in warm soap-suds containing a little carbonate of soda.

Scrupulous and absolute cleanliness must be maintained in the care of the feeding apparatus, a cleanliness equal to that of a bacteriologist making an exclusive culture. A new porcelain-lined cup should be used for boiling the water needed in diluting the food, and this cup should never be used for any other purpose; a separate dish-pan should be used for washing the baby's cups, spoons, bottles, et cetera.

If the child is nursed by the mother, it may, when five or six teeth have appeared, be given one or two meals a day of some one of the standard infant-foods to prepare it for weaning, which should take place gradually. The exact time for weaning is best determined by the condition of mother and child—usually when the child is ten or twelve months old. By this time the pancreatic solvent for starches is well developed, so that it is safe to give the child the lighter farinaceous foods—sago, arrowroot, good white bread and mashed potatoes, in addition to milk; to these should be added during the second year, soft-boiled egg, broths and dish-gravy. In households where there are several small children and where economy of time, labor and money need all to be practised, the following food is almost ideal: Toast moderately stale white bread of good quality; put the pieces into an earthen jar or the inner porcelain of a "bain-marie" (double boiler); cover them well with fresh milk and stand on the back of the stove where a temperature of one hundred and forty to one hundred and sixty degrees Fahrenheit may be maintained for three or four hours. This long-continued gentle heat will sterilize the milk, soften the starch granules, and distribute the delicate flavor of the soluble starch formed by the toasting, throughout the porridge. It may be served with a light sprinkling of sugar, and for the older children a little butter and a soupçon of nutmeg or cinnamon may be added.

From two years to six, the child should have four meals a day; long fasts lead to overeating and the hungry child will gorge himself with the first thing he can get. It is a great mistake to give young children "just what the parents have"; childhood and maturity are as far apart in their hygienic requirements as two widely

separated species. Tea and coffee are rather pleasant beverages for adults; they are poisons for early childhood. Raw fruits are wholesome, and frequently curative, in middle life; they are unsafe for children under three. Raw fruit for children under eight may be wisely limited to fresh ripe apples, pears and grapes free from skins and seeds, and an occasional date, fig or sweet orange. A choice may be made from the following diet-table for children in health between the ages of two and six:—

Breakfast. From seven to eight o'clock.

Toast and milk.

One of the finer porridges, cooked from two and one-half to three hours, with sugar, milk and a little cream.

Soft-boiled or poached egg with bread, butter and milk.

Dinner. From eleven to twelve o'clock.

Beef, mutton or chicken, scraped or finely minced at first, afterward cut into small pieces.

The fat of broiled bacon.

Whitefish boiled or baked.

Rice or mashed potatoes with gravy.

Some simple sweetie, as apple-sauce, cooked fruit, plain pudding, bread with honey or maple-syrup.

Afternoon Tea. Three o'clock.

Glass of warm milk with bread and butter, ginger-cake or home-made cooky.

Raw-beaten egg.

Dish of junket or sea-moss farina.

Bowl of clam- or oyster-broth.

Glass of koumiss. Cup of weak cocoa.

One piece of home-made candy. Square of chocolate.

Supper. Six o'clock.

Egg, corn-bread and milk.

Cracker and milk.

Shredded wheat-cake with milk.

Bowl of broth, or bouillon, with bread and butter.

Children should have plenty of water to drink, preferably between meals and at bedtime. This will both prevent and relieve constipation.

The ordinary nursery diet of white bread and butter, potato and gravy, and cooked or raw fruit, is wholly inadequate for the needs of growing childhood; it is the main cause of the pale faces, dull eyes, sluggish brains and irritable nerves which parents and physicians deplore in American children. I believe that the saying that "bread is the staff of life" is and has been

the source of much mischief. Being deficient in proteids, fats, and phosphates of lime and iron, bread is, by itself, starvation food. There was at one time a Danish law condemning certain criminals to a diet of bread and water for four weeks and there is no record of any one's having ever survived the regimen. In order to meet the requirements of almost constant bodily activity and rapid growth, the diet of early childhood must be fairly rich in easily digested proteids, and I am convinced that even for the poorest families any economy in either the quantity or the quality of milk purchased for the children is a false economy. Fine whole-wheat bread should alternate with white bread in nursery diet; it is somewhat richer in proteids and fats, and it contains a fair proportion of phosphoric acid and alkaline phosphates, which act on the lime-salts in the body, forming the phosphate of lime needed in bone- and tooth-formation. The coarser whole-meal breads are not suitable for young children, as the amount of waste, in proportion to the quantity of nutrients, is excessive, causing undue distention of the bowels; the rough particles cause the food in the alimentary canal to be hurried along too rapidly for complete digestion and absorption to take place; the constant friction from these rough particles causes diarrhea, which may become chronic.

Fats, as well as proteids, must be supplied in generous measure. Muscle is three per cent. fat; the brain, eight per cent.; nerve-tissue, twenty-two per cent. Upon the perfection of the nerve-fibers depend accuracy and rapidity of motion, readiness in receiving sense-impressions; this perfection is largely dependent upon the body's supply of fat. Mother's milk is relatively far richer in fat than cow's milk, which fact sufficiently indicates the child's need of this substance. Sweet cream or genuine butter should form a part of every meal; some California children are extremely fond of olive-oil on hot boiled rice slightly salted.

Proper nutrition is indicated by both growth and form; failure to achieve the average growth for any period, or marked deviation from the typical childish form at any period, may properly cause parental

alarm. A child may be temporarily held back in his development by disease, but so great is the elasticity of child-life that the convalescent will win back what has been lost, if the disturbing influence has not been too prolonged. Scanty food and hard conditions generally are restrictive to growth; if any member of the family must have poor rations, let it be the adults; unless they are doing exceptionally hard work, they will suffer no permanent injury.

Equally important with the food-supply is the supply of fresh, clean, vitalized air, the oxygen-food of the body. When we want our fires to burn better, we open the drafts and allow the air to come more freely into contact with the fuel; when we want the oxidation processes to take place more rapidly and forcefully in the body, as during growth, thought or exercise, we should similarly increase the oxygen supply. This may be done by breathing air more abundantly supplied with oxygen, or by breathing a greater quantity of ordinary air: good ventilation is indicated by the first, proper breathing by the second. A child's need for oxygen is greater in proportion than an adult's, and the sickly pallor of the tenement-house baby is due to bad air no less than to bad food. If possible, a pleasant, bright room with a southern exposure should be chosen for the baby's living-room, and the air of this room should be kept warm and fresh—free from dust, tobacco-smoke, bad breaths, and the combustion-products of fires and lights. After the first month or two a baby should have all the outdoor life that it is possible to give him, bearing in mind always that crowds, dampness and extreme cold are to be avoided. The morning nap may be safely taken on a sheltered porch, or under a spreading tree in pleasant weather; pure, mild, sunny air is one of the best remedies for infantile anemia; when there are several children in the family, a large tent playhouse, open on the side away from the wind, is both delightful and beneficial. Ordinarily, children breathe properly, that is, through the nose; but as a sequela of scarlet fever, and in some forms of catarrh, both anterior and posterior nares become the seat of adenoid growths which interfere seriously with

nasal breathing, and therefore with health. The nasal passages not only warm, moisten and filter the air before it reaches the air-sacs, but one-fourth more air can reach the lungs through them than through the mouth. Children suffering from obstructions in these passages have a peculiar gaping expression, the mouth being habitually partly open; they suffer from earache and dizziness, and snore at night. On account of breathing only four-fifths, or less than four-fifths, as much air as they should breathe, their lungs are but partly inflated and remain abnormally small; the veins of their temples and neck are blue and distended. They are suffering from oxygen starvation—and needlessly—for the removal of the adenoids is a simple, painless and inexpensive operation.

Sunshine as well as fresh air is needed by a child, and the ideal nursery must first of all have a broad sunny window, with an awning as protection from the noonday glare. During the first four or five months of his life, a baby's eyes should be shaded from extreme brightness, but after that time the sunbeams will be his best play-fellows.

The essential elements in clothing a child are lightness of weight, warmth and comfortable fit. Ignorance can never serve as a proper guide for taste, and thoughtful mothers are beginning to realize that really beautiful dressing must be hygienic dressing. Both very long skirts and very short ones are abominations. The first by their weight exhaust the vitality of the infant; the second give insufficient protection from cold. From thirty to thirty-six inches from neck to hem seems to me a suitable length for the first or "long clothes" of an infant. These garments should be made of soft materials, the woollens being of the porous, fluffy kind. The garments should be fashioned in such a way as to afford equal protection to all parts of the body, and there should be no surplus gathers making heavy irritating seams at neck, armhole, wrist or waist. Narrow lace rather than elaborate starched embroidery is a suitable trimming. The undervest should be of soft wool or mixed wool and silk, buttoned down the front; if the wool seems to chafe the infant, a little vest of

soft linen may be worn underneath it; a band of flannel cut on the bias, five to seven inches wide, sufficient to cover the stomach and bowels, should be worn by a child, day and night, from birth until three years old. It may be secured by tapes, straps over the shoulders, or small safety-pins, and during the summer it may be of light merino or knitted zephyr. In a certain seaside hospital with which I was at one time connected, this bandage was always called "the life-preserver," and it is, next to proper diet, the most valuable safeguard against diarrheal complaints. The infant's napkins should be of thin Canton flannel or cotton birdeye, a few of linen birdeye being provided for occasional use in case of rash or chafing; rubber cloth is not to be thought of. The night-clothing need not differ essentially from the day-clothing except that it should, if possible, be plainer, looser and warmer. An infant's cap should be loose and rather light, of silk or muslin; for the first year the infant may wear a small plain nightcap of Swiss or point d'esprit; this little nightcap is the rule in France and is some protection against drafts; it keeps the ears flat, and adds a quaint prettiness to the sleepy face. The season, the child's vitality, and its evident desire to kick and exercise its legs, will determine the proper time for changing from long to short clothes. After this change has been made, the child should wear long stockings of soft wool, and moccasins of wool or kid, or very soft shoes; the shoes should not at any time interfere with freedom of motion or growth, and there will be, I believe, a distinct gain in grace and health if children between four and ten are allowed to go barefooted in all but inclement weather. Combination undergarments of natural wool are admirable for both girls and boys from two to six; they should be purchased in three grades: very heavy for winter, medium for spring and fall, and lightest or gauze weight for summer. This undergarment should be worn for a single day, replaced by its mate, and then sunned in the open air for a day; by changing off in this way the child will have the advantage of a fresh garment every day, one laundered by sunlight and ozone. Latterly, fashion seems to have

decreed that little boys of five and six should be clad in the unhygienic horrors worn by their sires; in stiff collars, black coats and long trousers they are uncomfortable and ugly. The Scotch kilt, and the ordinary sailor suit of flannel or tweed with a loose reefer, and a tam cap for outdoor wear, are both comfortable and picturesque, and it is the sincere hope of the writer, that the iconoclasm of fashion will spare both these costumes.

The questions relating to bathing are vital ones in the case of young children; in infants the skin has an activity not unlike that of some soft-bodied invertebrates that breathe through the skin, feed through the skin and excrete through the skin. During the first two years of his life a child should have a bath of some kind every day, possibly the tub-bath and the sponge-bath on alternate days. The bath should be given in the morning in a warm room, and in soft, tepid water. In giving the sponge-bath, it is best to place the child on a folded blanket on the bed; each part of the body must be carefully dried and covered after the sponging. In all baths the head and face should receive first attention; the eyes should be gently washed in clear water and the mouth carefully washed with a flock of absorbent cotton or a soft linen wet in distilled or boiled water. This daily cleansing of the mouth will commonly prevent the thrush, from which many infants suffer. A mild unscented or faintly scented soap should be used in washing the head and other parts of the body. After the bath, the whole body should be gently patted or rubbed to restore the equilibrium of the circulation and to promote elasticity and growth of the muscles. Once or twice a week a very little cocoa-butter or good olive-oil may be rubbed on chest and back, and if there is chafing or redness the part may be dusted with lycopodium powder or plain powdered starch. If the child is of low vitality, the tub-bath may be less frequent, but the sponge-bath, the massage and the daily change of clothing must on no account be omitted. When the change is made from day-clothing to night-clothing, the body and limbs should be gently rubbed with the warm hand, topical baths given if necessary, and the mother should

be quite sure that each article of night-apparel has been thoroughly dried and aired. Between the ages of two and six the full bath need be given only on alternate days; if the child is robust and fond of the tub, the bath may be gradually cooled and a gentle shower substituted for the sponge; in every case thorough drying and gentle massage should follow the bath. One cannot afford to be autocratic in regard to the exact number and temperature of baths for young children; everything is experimental until one has learned how the child will react to the stimulus. Some children thrive best with only enough bathing to insure cleanliness; others are stimulated by the daily bath. If the child leaves the tub-bath rosy, laughing and good-natured, it has been good for him; if he leaves it blue, shivering and fretful, it has been bad for him and should be discontinued.

During sleep, repair and growth of tissue take place rapidly; for this reason an infant should be allowed to sleep all he wants to, but soothing-syrups should not be given to promote sleep. Usually, a sleeping child should not be awakened, nor should his slumbers be interfered with by noise, loud talk or laughter. There will be great gain in both body- and brain-power if the afternoon nap of an hour or more can be maintained as a habit until the child enters school. Strength comes through rest. Between the ages of four and six a child should sleep from thirteen to fifteen hours. Each child should have his own bed or cot, with hair or floss mattress and light, fluffy blankets, and cotton quilt covered with cheese-cloth or silk-aline—lightness being always combined with warmth. In the case of delicate children, blanket sheets are advisable for winter and spring; if the bedroom is drafty, a small canopy of chintz or cretonne may be placed over the head of the bed. This canopy should be laundered as often as the sheets, otherwise it will become a source of pollution, gathering daily into its folds dust, germs and human emanations. Iron bedsteads, which are readily disinfected, are admirable for hospital use; but for the nursery, those of wood or wicker are preferable, not only on account of their lightness, but because

iron, being a good conductor of heat, may chill the bare limb resting against it.

Except in emergencies, children should neither sleep together nor with adults; the infant's crib may be placed close enough to the mother's bed for her to attend to the child comfortably and conveniently. A basket-cradle is suggestive of the swaying tree-tops in which our arboreal ancestors nestled their young, but this interesting and poetic survival of our past is doomed to speedy extinction. Modern babies cannot stand rocking. My experience in a maternity hospital and in a rather large day nursery has confirmed me in the opinion, generally held by physicians but scorned by mothers, that the less rocking, trotting and jolting a child receives, the better for him. Mothers look upon this dandling as a species of exercise which the child enjoys; it is really a species of overstimulation, which a child may enjoy just as some men enjoy the overstimulation produced by alcohol. Like other forms of overstimulation, it is followed by a reaction; after the noisy and violent play (which has, to be sure, been very refreshing to papa) the child is usually fretful and irritable, will not go to sleep and often cries convulsively. The lesson is easy to read—infants, and in fact all children under four, should be kept as quiet as possible; the utmost gentleness should be maintained in handling them; the simplest mother-plays and the softest lullabies will furnish sufficient mental stimulation; spontaneous bodily activity will afford sufficient exercise.

The question of school for children from four to six will, I suppose, always remain an open one. Personally, I favor outdoor romping with selected children who are mutually agreeable, as the chief occupation for these years. Outdoor plays are sufficiently diversified to furnish exercise for all the larger muscles; they afford free outlet for exuberant animal spirits, and certainly give the child a natural and happy childhood.

Quite as important as the purely physical care herein indicated, is the care of the young child's moral and esthetic nature: this must begin with the dawn of consciousness. The jewel must be worthy of the casket.



Drawn by

Vincent A. Svoboda.

"DOCTOR PALTRAVI WAVED AWAY
THE MEDICINE, AND SAT UP IN
BED. 'DID YOU SAY,' HE
CRIED, 'THAT SHE IS
GROWING OLD?'"

THE LADY IN THE BOX.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

JOHN GAYTHER was busy putting the finishing touches to a bed in which he intended to sow his latest planting of bush-beans, or string-beans, or snaps, as they are called in different parts of the country.

These were some very choice seeds which had been sent to him by a friend abroad, and consequently John wanted to get them into the ground as soon as possible.

But when he saw, entering the garden,

not only the Daughter of the House, but also her mother, the Mistress of the House, a sudden conviction shot through him that there would be no beans planted that morning.

The elder of these two ladies was not very elderly, and she was handsomer than her daughter; she was pleasant to look upon and pleasant to talk to, but she had a mind of her own; John Gayther had found that out long before. She was very fond of flowers and there were many beds

of them, which were planted and treated according to her directions and fancies. These beds did not, in fact, form part of the gardener's garden; they belonged to her and nobody else had anything to say about them. Many things grew here which were not often found in gardens. Weeds, for instance, from foreign countries, and some from near-by regions, which the Mistress of the House thought might be made to grow into comely blossoms if they were given the chance. Here she picked and planted and put in and pulled out, according to her own will, and her pulling out was often done after a fashion which would have discouraged any other gardener than John Gayther. When she found her plants were growing too thickly, or that some luxurious flowers were trespassing upon some tender weed from afar, out would come the great clusters of blossoms with their stalks and roots, to be thrown upon the path and afterward quietly gathered up by John Gayther, who had long since learned that the Mistress of the House knew what she wanted, and that it would be entirely useless for him to trouble himself about her methods.

The gardener was not altogether happy when he saw these two ladies coming toward him; he knew they were coming for a story, for when the elder lady came to the garden it was not her habit to bring her daughter with her, nor was either of them likely, on ordinary occasions, to walk along in a straightforward way, loitering neither here nor there; their manner and their pace denoted a purpose.

John Gayther had never dug into a garden-bed as earnestly and anxiously as he now dug into his mind. These ladies were coming for a story. The younger one had doubtless told her mother that there had been stories told in the garden, and now another one was wanted, and it was more than likely that he was expected to tell it. But he did not feel at all easy about telling a story to the Mistress of the House. He knew her so well and the habits of her mind, that he was fully assured if his fancies should blossom too luxuriantly, she would ruthlessly pull them up and throw them on the path. Still, he believed she would like fancies,

and highly colored ones, but he must be very careful about them. They must be harmonious; they must not interfere with each other; they might be rare and wonderful, but he must not give them long Latin names which meant nothing to the untechnical mind.

One thing which troubled him was the difficulty of using the first person when telling a story to the Mistress of the House. He could tell his stories best in that fashion, but he did not believe that his hearer would be satisfied with them; she would not be likely to give them enough belief to make them interesting. He had a story all ready to tell to the Daughter of the House, for he had been sure she would want one, some day or other, and this one, told in a manner which would please him, he thought would please her; but it was very different with her mother. He must be careful.

When the two ladies came to the bed where the beans were to be planted, the gardener found that he had not mistaken their errand.

"John," said the Mistress of the House, "I hear you tell a very good story, and I want you to tell me one. Where is there a shady place where we can sit?"

There was the same shady place there had been before, and there they went and sat, but there was no need now of John Gayther's making any pretense of trimming pea-sticks.

"I have a story," said he, his stool at a respectful distance from the two ladies.

"Is it about yourself?" asked the Daughter of the House.

"No, miss, not this time," he answered.

"I am sorry for that," she said, "for I like to think of people doing the things they tell about. But I suppose we can't have that always."

"Oh, no," said her mother, "and if John has an interesting story about anybody else, let him tell it."

The gardener began promptly. "The name of this story is 'The Lady in the Box,'" said he, "and with the exception of the lady, the principal personage in it was a young man, who lived in Florence toward the end of the last century."

"And how did you come to know the



Drawn by Vincent A. Svoboda.

"THE GARDENER BEGAN PROMPTLY."

story?" asked the Daughter of the House. "Has it ever been told before?"

Now there was need to assert himself, if John Gayther did not wish to lose grace

with his hearers, and he was equal to the occasion. "It has never been printed," said he quietly, but boldly; "it came to me in the most straightforward way, step by step."

"Very good," said the Mistress of the House; "I like a story to come in that way."

"The young man, whose name was Jaqui," continued John Gayther, "was of good parts, but not in very good circumstances. He was a student of medicine, and the assistant of a doctor, which means that he did all the hard work, such as attending to the shop, mixing the drugs, and even going out to see very poor patients in bad weather. Jaqui's employer—master, in fact—was Doctor Torquino, an elderly man of much reputation in his town. The doctor expected Jaqui to be his successor, and as the years went on the younger man began to visit patients in good circumstances who fell sick in fine weather. At last Doctor Torquino made a bargain with Jaqui, by which the latter was to pay certain sums of money to the old man's heirs, and then the stock and good will of the establishment were formally made over to him, and shortly afterward the old doctor died. But before his death he told Jaqui everything that it was necessary for him to know in regard to the property and the business to which he had succeeded.

"Torquino's house was a very good one, consisting of three floors. On the ground floor were the shop, the private office and the living-rooms; the old doctor and Jaqui lodged on the third floor. The second floor was very handsomely furnished, but was not then occupied, at least not in the ordinary way. It belonged to Doctor Paltravi, the old doctor's former partner, a somewhat younger man, and married. He had been greatly attached to his wife and had furnished these rooms to suit her fancy. He was a scientific man, and much more devoted to making curious experiments than he was to the ordinary practice of medicine and surgery. In a small room on this floor, at the very back of the house, was Signora Paltravi, in a box."

"Was she dead?" exclaimed the Daughter of the House.

"It was believed by Doctor Torquino that she was not, but he could not be sure of it."

"And her husband?" asked the elder lady—"was he dead?"

"No," replied the gardener; "at least, there was no reason to suppose so. About forty years before the time of this story he had left Florence, and this was the way of it: Signora Paltravi was a young and handsome woman, but her health was not as satisfactory as it might have been, for she had a tendency to fall into swoons and remain so, sometimes for many hours, coming out of a trance as lively as before she went into it. Now this disposition had a powerful effect upon her husband, and he studied her very closely, with an interest which almost devoured the other powers of his mind. He experimented upon her, and became so expert that he could not only bring her out of her trances whenever he chose, but he could keep her in them, and this he did, sometimes as long as a week, in order to prove to himself that he could do it."

"Shame upon him!" exclaimed the Daughter of the House.

"Never mind," said her mother; "let John go on."

"Well," continued the gardener, "the old doctor told Jaqui a great many things about Paltravi and his wife, and how she came to be at that time in the box. Paltravi had conceived a great scheme, one which he had believed might have immense influence on the happiness of the world. He determined that when his wife next went into a trance he would try to keep her so for fifty years, and then revive her, in the midst of her youth and beauty, to enjoy the world as she should find it."

"There was nothing new about that," said the Mistress of the House; "it is a very old story and has been told again and again."

"That is very true, madam," answered John Gayther, "and Doctor Paltravi had heard many such stories, but most of them were founded upon traditions and myths and the vaguest kind of hearsay, and some were no more than the fancies of story-tellers. But the doctor wanted to work on solid and substantial ground, and he believed that his wife's exceptional opportunities should not be sacrificed."

"Sacrificed!" exclaimed the Daughter of the House; "I like that!"

"Of course, I will not attempt to explain

the doctor's motives, or try to excuse him," said the gardener; "I can only tell what he did. He protracted one of his wife's trances, and when it had continued for a month he determined to keep it up for half a century, if it could be done, and he went earnestly to work for the purpose. The old doctor had not altogether approved of his partner's action, but I don't believe he disapproved very much, for he also possessed a good deal of the spirit of scientific investigation.

"When everything had been arranged and the lady had been placed in a large and handsome box, which had been designed with great care by her husband and constructed under his careful supervision, she was carried into the little room which had been her boudoir, and there her husband watched and guarded her for nearly a year. In

all that time there was not the slightest change in her, so far as mortal eye could see, but there came a change over her husband. He grew uneasy and restless, and could not sleep at night, and at last he told Doctor Torquino he should have to go away; he could not stay any longer and see his beautiful wife lying motionless before him. The desire to

revive her had become so great that he found it impossible to withstand it, and, therefore, in the interest of science and for the advantage of the world, he must put it out of his power to interfere with the success of his own great experiment.

"He wrote down on parchment everything that was necessary for the person to know who had charge of this great treas-

ure, and he made Doctor Torquino swear to guard and to protect Signora Paltravi for forty-nine years, if he should live so long, and if he did not, that he would deliver his charge into the hands of some worthy and trustworthy person. If, at the end of the lady's half-century of inanimation, Paltravi should not make his appearance, on account of having died, for nothing but death could keep him away, then the person in charge of the lady



Drawn by Vincent A. Stohoda.

"HE SANK INTO A CHAIR."

was to animate her in the manner which was fully and minutely described on the parchment. Paltravi then departed, and since that time nothing had been heard of him.

"When Jaqui came into possession of Doctor Torquino's house, he felt he only owned the contents of two floors, and that the second floor, especially the little room in the rear, was a great responsibility

which he did not desire at all, and of which he would have rid himself if Doctor Torquino had not made him swear that he would guard it sacredly for the ten years which still remained of the intended period of inanimation.

"He had seen the lady in the box, for the old doctor had taken him into her room, and they had removed the top of the box and had looked at her through the great plate of glass which covered her. She was very beautiful and richly dressed, and seemed as if she were merely asleep. But in spite of her beauty and the interest which attached to her, he wished very much somebody else had her to take care of. Such thoughts, however, were of no use; she went with the business and the property, and he had nothing to say about it.

"Jaqui did not have a very good time after the old doctor's death," continued John Gayther; "it was not even as good a time as he had expected it to be. For nearly fifteen years he had been living in that house with Doctor Torquino and in all that time the lady in the box had never troubled him; but now she did trouble him. Various legal persons came to attend to the transfer of the property, and although they found everything all straight and right, so far as the old doctor's possessions were concerned, they were not so well satisfied in regard to the contents of the second floor, some of them thinking the government should have something to say in regard to the property of a man who had been away for forty years, but as Paltravi had made Torquino his heir when he left Florence, and Jaqui had the papers to show, this matter was settled. But for all that, Jaqui was troubled, and it was about the box of the lady. It was such a peculiar-looking box that several questions were asked as to its contents, and when Jaqui boldly asserted that it contained anatomical preparations, he was asked why it happened to be in that handsome little room. But by the help of money and his good reputation, Jaqui got rid of the legal people.

"But after this he had to face the neighbors. These heard of the box, and it revived memories, in the minds of some of the elders, of strange stories about Doctor

Paltravi. His wife had died several times, according to some of them, and she had at last been carried to her native town in Lombardy for burial, but nobody knew the name of that town, and there were one or two persons who said she never had been buried, but that her husband had preserved her skeleton and had had it gilded, he was so very fond of her. Jaqui had a good deal of trouble with these people, who had never dared to trouble old Doctor Torquino with their idle curiosity, for he was a man with a high temper, and would stand no meddling.

"But when the neighbors had ceased to talk, at least to him, there came a third class of troublers, worse than either of the others. These were some scientific people, who long ago had heard of the experiment Doctor Paltravi had been making with his wife. Several of these wrote to Jaqui, and two of them came to see him. These insisted on looking at the lady in the box and Jaqui was obliged to show her. The two scientists were very much interested, extremely so, but they did not in the least believe the lady was alive. They considered the beautiful figure to be the most admirable specimen of the preservation of the human body after death that they had ever seen, and that Paltravi was entitled to the greatest credit for the success of his experiment. They were anxious to be informed of the methods by which this wonderful result had been obtained. But Jaqui firmly informed them that this was now his secret and his property, and he would not divulge it. The scientists acknowledged the justice of this position and did not urge their point, but each of them, when he went away, resolved that in the course of a few years he would come back, and that if the body of the lady was still in good preservation he would buy it if he could. Jaqui might be poor by that time, or dead.

"Jaqui now thought his troubles were over, but he was mistaken. A new persecutor appeared, who belonged to a fourth class, fortunately not a very large one. This person was a young man who was not only a fool but a poet."

"Unfortunate creature!" exclaimed the Mistress of the House.

"I don't think so, madam," said John

Gayther; "he was very happy. It was the people with whom he associated who were unfortunate. This young man, whose name was Florino, lived in Milan, and it would have been much better for Jaqui if he had lived in Patagonia. By great bad luck he had overheard one of the scientists who had visited Jaqui talking about what he had seen at his house, and the poet instantly became greatly interested in the story. He plied the learned man with all manner of questions, and very soon made up his mind that he would go to Florence to see the lady in the box. He believed she would make a most admirable subject for a poem from his pen.

"When Florino presented himself to Jaqui, he came as the general of an army who settles down before a town to invest it, and to capture it, if he shall live long enough. At first Jaqui tried to turn him away in the usual manner, but the poet was not to be turned away. He had no feelings which could be hurt, and Jaqui was afraid to hurt his body on account of the police. The young man begged, he argued, he insisted, he persisted. All he wanted was to see, just once, the face of the beautiful lady who had been so wonderfully preserved. He visited the unfortunate Jaqui by day and by night, and when at last Florino solemnly promised that if he should be given one opportunity of seeing the lady he would go away and never trouble Jaqui any more, the latter concluded that to agree to this proposition would be the best way to get rid of the youth, and so consented to allow him to gaze upon the face which forty years before had been animated by the soul of Signora Paltravi.

"When the upper part of the lid of the box had been removed and the face of the lady appeared under the plate of glass, the soul of the young poet, who tremblingly bent over it, was filled with rapturous delight. Never in his life had he seen anything so beautiful, and more than this, he declared he had never even dreamed of features so lovely. For a time it interested Jaqui to listen to the rhapsodies and observe the exaltation of the poet-fool, but he soon had enough of this amorous insanity, and prepared to close

the box. Then Florino burst into wild entreaties—only ten minutes more, five minutes, three minutes, anything. So it went on until the poet had been feasting his eyes on the lady for nearly half an hour. Then Jaqui forcibly put him out of the room, closed the box and locked the door.

"Florino had no more idea of keeping his word than he had of becoming a blacksmith. He persecuted Jaqui more than he had before, and when his solicitations to see the lady again were refused he went so far as to attempt to climb up to her window. Of course, Jaqui could have called in the aid of the police, but it would have made it unpleasant for him to bring the whole affair into court, and Florino knew this as well as he did. After a short time, the poet tried a new line of tactics, and endeavored to persuade Jaqui that it was his duty to revive the lady; when this idea once got well into the head of the young man, he became a worse lunatic than before. Jaqui attempted to reason with him, but Florino would listen to nothing he had to say and went on being a fool and a poet and a lover at the same time, and Jaqui began to be afraid that some day he would get into the room, break open the box, seize upon the sealed parchment which lay under the lid, and try to revive the lady himself.

"It is quite possible this might have happened, had not something very unexpected occurred: Doctor Paltravi came back to his old home. Jaqui recognized him immediately from the description which Torquino had given of him. He was now nearly seventy years old, but he was in good health and vigor, his tall form was still upright, and the dark eyes, which the old doctor had particularly described, were as bright and as piercing as ever they had been.

"He told Jaqui he had hoped to postpone the revival of his wife until the expiration of the fifty years, but that of late his resolution had been weakening. It had become very hard for him to think he must wait ten years more before he came back to his home and his wife. Science was a great thing, but the love of a man for a woman such as the one he loved, was still greater, and when he had heard of

the death of Doctor Torquino he quickly made up his mind that he would not leave his wife in the custody of any one but his old friend and partner. So here he was, fully resolved to lose no time in reviving his wife and in starting to spend his life here with her in their old home, so long as they might both survive.

"Jaqui was now a happy man. Here was the owner of the lady, ready to take her off his hands and relieve him of all the perplexing responsibilities and miseries which her possession had caused him. As he looked at the stalwart figure of the returned husband, it made him laugh to think of the fool-poet.

"Doctor Paltravi and Jaqui were both practical men, and that evening they laid out the whole plan for the revivification of the lady in the box. Jaqui was so glad to be rid of her that he willingly undertook to do anything to assist Paltravi in setting out on his new career of domestic happiness.

"It was agreed that it was most important that when she woke again to life, Signora Paltravi should not be too much surprised, and her husband did everything he could to prevent anything of the kind. He had her old bedroom swept and garnished and made to look as much as possible as it had been when she last saw it. Then he went into the town and was fortunate enough to engage a young girl as maid, who was the granddaughter of the woman who had been his wife's maid, forty years before. It was decided that this girl, having been well instructed as to what was expected of her, should be the first to see the lady when she should revive, and that after that, when it should be deemed a suitable moment, Jaqui should have an interview with her in the capacity of physician, and explain the state of affairs so that she should not be too greatly excited and shocked by the change in the appearance of her husband. Then, when everything had been made plain, Paltravi was to go to her."

"Those two were a couple of brave men," remarked the Mistress of the House.

"They were very fortunate men, I think," said her daughter. "What would I not give to be the first to talk with a woman who had slept for forty years!"

"Perhaps she is going to sleep indefinitely," answered the Mistress of the House, "but let John go on with his story."

"All these plans were carried out. The next day the lady was taken out of the box, removed to her own chamber and placed upon a couch. The garments she wore were just as fresh and well preserved as she was, and as Doctor Paltravi stood and looked at her, his heart swelling with emotion, he could see no reason why she should not imagine that she had fallen asleep forty minutes before instead of forty years. The two doctors went to work, speaking seldom and in whispers, their faces pale and their hearts scarcely beating, so intense was their anxiety regarding the result of this great experiment. Jaqui was almost as much affected as Doctor Paltravi, and, in fact, his fears were greater, for he was not supported by the faith of the other. He could not help thinking of what might follow if everything did not turn out all right.

"But there was no need of anxiety; in a little while respiration was established, the heart began to beat gently, the blood slowly circulated, there was a little quiver about the lips—Signora Paltravi was alive! Her husband, on his knees beside her, lifted his eyes to heaven, and then, his head falling forward, he sank upon the floor."

"Oh!" ejaculated the Daughter of the House, "I hope he did not die. That would have been good tragedy, but how dreadful!"

"No," answered the gardener, "he did not die, and Jaqui, his excitement giving him the strength of a giant, took the insensible man in his arms and carried him out of the room."

The Mistress of the House gave a little sigh of relief. "I am so glad he did," said she. "I was actually beginning to be afraid. I really do not want to be present when she first sees him."

John Gayther perfectly understood this remark, and took it to heart. It implied a little lack of faith in his dramatic powers, but it made things a great deal easier for him.

"Without reëntering the room," continued he, "Jaqui partly closed the door

and gazed at the lady through a little crack."

"I do not know about that," said the Mistress of the House; "he should have gone in boldly."

"Excuse me," said John Gayther, "but I think not. This was a very important moment, nobody knew what would happen; she should not be shocked by seeing a stranger, and at the same time the eye of a professional man was absolutely necessary."

"Signora Paltravi slightly moved and sighed, then she opened her eyes and gazed for a few minutes at the ceiling, after which she turned her head upon the cushion of the couch, and in a clear, soft voice called out, 'Rita!' This was the name of the girl now in waiting, as it had been the name of her grandmother, and she instantly appeared from the adjoining room. She had seen all that had happened and was trembling so much she could scarcely stand, but she was a girl of nerve, and approached and stood by her mistress. 'Rita,' said the lady, without looking at her, 'I am hungry; bring me some wine and a few of those cakes you bought yesterday.'

"Doctor Paltravi had remembered everything that had pleased his wife; he had thought of the little cakes and had scoured the town early in the morning to get some which resembled them; he knew her favorite wine and had given Rita her instructions. Without delay the maid brought the refreshments, and in a few minutes the lady was sitting on the couch, a glass of wine in her hand. 'Rita,' said she, after eating and drinking a little, 'you are dressed very awkwardly this morning. Have you been trying to make your own clothes?'

"The doctor had searched diligently in his wife's closets for some garments belonging to her former maid, and he had

thought he had succeeded in getting Rita to dress as her grandmother had dressed, but he did not remember these things as accurately as his wife remembered them. 'You know I do not like carelessness in dress,' continued Signora Paltravi, 'and now that I look at you more closely——' 'She is truly alive,' said Jaqui, 'and in full possession of her senses.' And with this he closed the door.

"When the doctor recovered, both he and Jaqui were very glad to take some wine, for they had been under a dreadful strain."

"*Had been!*" exclaimed the Mistress of the House, who understood the heart of woman, and knew very well that the great strain had not yet come. "But what happened next, John?"

"The next thing happened too soon," replied the gardener. "In less than fifteen minutes the maid came to the two doctors and told them her lady demanded to see her husband, and if he were not in the house he must be sent for immediately. This greatly disturbed Jaqui, and he turned pale

again. If he could have had his own way at that moment, he would have put the lady back in her box and locked the door of the little room. He did not feel ready to tell the story he had to tell, but there was no help for it; he must do it, and that immediately. 'Go in, Jaqui,' said Doctor Paltravi; 'prepare her mind as well as you can, and then I will see her.' 'Hurry, please, sir,' said the maid; 'she is very impatient, and I cannot explain to her.'"

"The quick temper of Signora Paltravi reminds me of Edmond About's story of 'The Man with the Broken Ear,'"



Drawn by
Vincent A. Striboda.

"AND THEN HER HUSBAND WATCHED AND GUARDED
HER FOR NEARLY A YEAR."

the Mistress of the House. "The hero of that story was a soldier who had been preserved in a dried condition for many years, and who proved to be a very bad subject when he had been dampened and revived."

"I have read that novel," said John Gayther, considerably to the surprise of both his hearers, "and it belongs to the same class as mine. Of course you know all stories are arranged in classes, but the one I am telling you is much more natural and true to life than the one written by the Frenchman."

"I am quite ready to believe that," said the Mistress of the House. "Now please go on."

The Daughter of the House did not say anything, but she looked very earnestly at the gardener; the conviction was forcing itself upon her that John Gayther himself had a story, and she hoped that some day she might hear it.

"Jaqui was very much surprised when he saw Signora Paltravi. He had seen her face so often that he was perfectly familiar with it, but now he found it changed. In color it was not as lifelike as it had been in the box. She was pale and somewhat excited. 'My maid tells me you are a doctor, sir,' said she, 'but why do you come to me? If I need a doctor and my husband is away, why is not Doctor Torquino here?' 'Madam,' said Jaqui, his voice faltering a little, 'you will excuse the intrusion of a stranger when I tell you that Doctor Torquino is dead.'"

"Rather abrupt," said the Mistress of the House.

"He could not help it, madam," said John Gayther; "it popped out of his head. But it did not matter; Signora Paltravi had a quick perception. 'Oh!' she exclaimed, 'and I not know it!' Then she stopped and looked steadfastly at Jaqui. 'I see,' she said, slowly, 'I have been in one of my trances.' Then she grew still paler. 'But my husband, he is not dead? Tell me, he is not dead?' she cried. 'Oh, no,' exclaimed Jaqui, 'he is alive, and well, and will be with you very soon.' Signora Paltravi's face lighted with an expression of great happiness, her color returned, and she looked almost as handsome as when she had been lying in the box. 'Blessed

be the Holy Mary!' said she; 'if he is well, it matters not what has happened. How long have I been in a trance?' 'I cannot say exactly,' replied Jaqui, very much afraid to speak the truth; 'in fact, I was not here when you went into it, but——'

"Oh, never mind, never mind," she exclaimed; 'my husband will tell me everything. I would much rather he should do so. But what ugly-fashioned clothes you are wearing, sir! Does everybody dress in that way now, or is it only doctors? I am sure I must have been asleep for a good while, and that I shall see some wonderful things. It is quite delightful to think of it. I can scarcely wait until my husband comes. I want him to tell me everything.'

"When the greatly relieved Jaqui returned with the news, he threw Doctor Paltravi into a state of rapture. His wife knew what had happened! She had not been shocked! She understood, and above everything else she longed to see him! After all these forty years he was now—this minute—to be with her again! She was longing to see him! With all the vigor of youth he bounded up the stairs. Now," said John Gayther, "we will pass over an interval of time."

"I think that will be very well indeed," replied the Mistress of the House.

"Not a long one, I hope," said her daughter, "for this is a breathless point in the story. I have worked it out in my own mind in three different ways already."

The gardener smiled with pleasure. He had a high regard for the mind of the Daughter of the House. "Well," said he, "the interval is very short; it is really not more than twenty minutes, but at the end of that brief space of time Jaqui was surprised to see Doctor Paltravi reënter the room he had so recently left in all the wild excitement of an expectant lover. But what a changed man he was! Pale, haggard, wild-eyed and aged, he sank into a chair, and covered his face with his hands."

"I was afraid of that! I was afraid of that!" exclaimed the Mistress of the House.

"And I, too," said her daughter, with tears in her eyes. "That was one of the

ways in which I worked it out, but it is too dreadful. John Gayther, don't you think you have made a mistake? If you were to consider it all carefully, don't you really believe it could not be that—at least not quite that?"

"I am sorry," said the gardener, "but I am sure this story could not have happened in any other way, and I think if you will wait until it is finished you will agree with me.

"For a time the distressed husband could not speak, and then in faltering tones he told Jaqui what had fallen out. His wife had been so shocked and horrified at his appearance that she had come near fainting. What really made it worse was the fact that, although she did not say so, she did not regard him as some strange old man, but recognized him instantly. His form, his features, his carriage, were perfectly familiar to her. She had known them all in her young dark-haired husband of forty years before, and here was that same husband, gray-headed, gray-bearded, and repulsively old. She had turned away her head; she would not look at him. As soon as she could speak she had demanded to know how long she had been in her trance, and when the matter was explained her anger was unbounded.

"Doctor Paltravi never told Jaqui all that she said, but she must have used very severe language. She declared he had used her shamefully and wickedly in keep-

ing her asleep for so long and then waking her to be the wife of a miserable old man, just ready to totter into the grave. But she would not be his wife; she vowed she would have nothing to do with him. He had deserted her, he had treated her cruelly, and the Holy Father, the Pope, would look upon it in that light, and would separate her from him; and, with bitter reproaches, she had told him to go away and never to let her see him again."

"But, John," said the Mistress of the House, "I do not believe the Pope could

have separated them. The Roman Catholic church does not sanction divorce."

"Not as a rule, madam," replied the gardener. "but I will touch on this point again. There was a good deal to be said on her side, it is true, but I am not going to take sides with any of the persons in my story. She had driven away the poor doctor, and declared



Drawn by Vincent A. Svoboda.

"NEVER IN HIS LIFE HAD HE SEEN ANY-
THING SO BEAUTIFUL."

she would have nothing to do with him, and so the unhappy man told Jaqui he was going back to Milan, where he had been living, and would trouble his wife no more.

"Then up jumped Jaqui in a terrible state of mind. Was he never to get rid of this lady? He declared that he could not accept the responsibility. When she had been in the box it had been bad enough, but now it was impossible. He would go away to some place unknown, he would depart utterly, and leave everything behind him.

"But on his knees Doctor Paltravi implored Jaqui to stay where he was, and to protect his wife for a time, at least. He would send money, he would do everything he could, and perhaps, after a time, some arrangement could be made; but now he must go. He had been ordered to leave, and he must do so. It had not been two days since Paltravi and Jaqui had met, but already it seemed to them that they were old friends. Strange circumstances had bound them together, and Jaqui now found he could not refuse the charge which was thrust upon him, and Doctor Paltravi departed.

"Signora Paltravi did not allow her anger to deprive her of her opportunities. There were so many new things she wanted to see, that she set about seeing them with great earnestness and industry, and she enjoyed her new world very much indeed. The news of her revivification spread abroad rapidly, for such a thing could not be concealed, and many people came to see her. She was beautiful and popular, and adopted new fashions as soon as she learned them. Jaqui had nothing to say to all this; he had no right now to keep people from seeing her.

"Very soon there came to her the fool-poet. Now Jaqui began to hope. He had been assured by his priest that, under the circumstances, the church would dissolve this young lady's marriage with Paltravi, and if Florino would marry her, Jaqui might look forward to a peaceful life. Now, whether the priest had a right to say this, I will not take it on myself to say, but he did say it, and so Jaqui did not feel called upon to interfere with the courtship of the fool-poet. He decided that as soon as possible he would go away from that house. He had a dislike for houses with three floors, and his next habitation should be carefully selected; if so much as a preserved bug or a butterfly in a box should be found on the premises, that symbol of evil should be burnt, and its ashes scattered afar.

"Jaqui had every reason to hope; Florino literally threw himself at the feet of the fair Signora Paltravi, and she was delighted with him. He was somewhat younger than she, but that had been the case with her first lover and she had not

objected. The two young people got on famously together, although there was now a duenna as well as a maid on the second floor, and Jaqui was greatly comforted. He spent a good deal of his spare time going about Florence looking for a desirable house with two floors. The courtship went on merrily, and there was talk of the wedding, and while Jaqui could not help pitying the poor old man in Milan he could not altogether blame the gay young woman in Florence, who was now generally looked upon as a lady who had lost her husband.

"It was nearly three weeks after the lady had come out of her box when a strange thing happened: four days elapsed without Florino's coming to the house. Jaqui was greatly disturbed and nervous. Suppose the young man had found some other lady to love, or suppose his parents had shut him up! Such suspicions were very disquieting, and Jaqui went to see Florino. He found the fool-poet in a fit of the doleful dumps. At first the young man refused to talk, but when Jaqui pressed him he admitted that he had not quarreled with the lady; that she did not know why he was staying away; that he had received several notes from her, and that he had not answered them. Then Jaqui grew very angry, and half drew his sword. This was a matter in which he was concerned. The lady's husband had placed her in his charge, and he would not stand tamely by and see her deserted by her lover, who had given everybody reason to believe that he intended to make her his own.

"But Jaqui put back his sword, for the fool-poet showed no signs of fight, and then he used argument. Just as earnestly as he had formerly tried to keep these two apart, did he now endeavor to bring them together. But Florino would listen to no reason, and, at last, when driven to bay, he declared he would not marry an old woman; that Signora Paltravi had dozens of gray hairs on each temple, and there were several wrinkles at the corners of her eyes. He was a young man and wanted a young woman for his wife.

"Jaqui was utterly astounded by what he heard; his mind was suddenly per-

meated by a conviction which rendered him speechless. He rose, and without another word, he hurried home. As soon as he could, he made a visit to Signora Paltravi. He had not seen her for a week or more, and the moment his eyes fell upon her he saw that Florino was right; she was growing old! He spent some time with her, but as she did not allude to any change in herself, of course he did not, but just as he was leaving he made a casual remark about Florino. 'Oh, he has not been here for some time,' said the lady. 'I missed him at first, but now I am glad he does not come. He is very frivolous, and I have a small opinion of his poetry. I think most of it is copied, and he shows poor judgment in his selections.'

'That evening, sitting in his private room, Jaqui thought he saw through everything: upstairs, on the second floor, was a lady who was actually seventy-one years old. Her natural development had been arrested by artificial influences, but as these influences had ceased to operate, there could be no reason to doubt that nature was resuming her authority over the lady, and that she was doing her best to make up for lost time. Signora Paltravi appeared now to be about forty-five years old.'

'This is getting very curious, John,' said the Mistress of the House. 'I have often heard of bodies which, on being exhumed, after they had been buried a long time, presented a perfectly natural appearance, but which crumbled into dust when exposed to the air and light. Would not this lady's apparent youth have crumbled into dust, all at once, when it was exposed to light and air?'

'I cannot say, madam,' said the gardener, respectfully, 'what might have happened in other cases, but in this instance the life of youth remained for a good while, and when it did begin to depart the change was gradual.'

'You forget, mama,' said the younger lady, 'that this is real life, and that it is a story with one thing coming after another, like steps.'

'I did forget,' said the other, 'and I beg your pardon, John.'

The gardener bowed his head a little

and went on: 'Jaqui was greatly interested in this new development. He made frequent visits to Signora Paltravi, finding, to his surprise, that she was not the vain and frivolous woman he had supposed her to be, but was, in reality, sensible and intelligent. She talked very well about many things, and even took an interest in science. Jaqui lost all desire to put her back in her box, and spent the greater part of his leisure time in her company.'

At this the Mistress of the House smiled, but her daughter frowned.

'Of course,' continued the gardener, 'he soon fell in love with her.'

'Which was natural enough,' said the Mistress of the House.

'Whether it was natural enough or not,' cried her daughter, 'it was not right.'

John Gayther looked upon her with pride. He knew that in her fair young mind that which ought to be, entirely excluded those thoughts of what was likely to be, which came into the more experienced mind of her mother.

'But you see, miss,' said John Gayther, 'Jaqui was human. Here was a lady very near his own age, still beautiful, very intelligent, living in the same house with him, glad to see him whenever he chose to visit her. It was all as clear as daylight, and it was not long before he was in such a state of mind that he would have fallen upon Florino with a drawn sword if the fool-poet had dared to renew his addresses to Signora Paltravi.'

'I must say,' remarked the Mistress of the House, 'that although his action was natural enough, he was in great danger of becoming a prose-fool.'

'You are right, madam,' said the gardener, 'and Jaqui had some ideas of that kind himself, but they were of no use. The lady was uncommonly attractive now that her mind had come to the aid of her body. He knew that nature was still working hard to make this blooming middle-aged lady look like the old woman she really was, but love is a powerful antidote to reason, and this was the first time Jaqui had ever been in love. When he thought of it at all, he persuaded himself that it did not matter how old this lady might come to be, he would love

her all the same. In fact, he was sure that if she were to turn young again and become frivolous and beautiful, his love would not change. It was getting stronger and stronger every time he saw her."

"What I am thinking about," exclaimed the Daughter of the House, "is that poor old gentleman in Milan. No matter what the others were doing, or what they were thinking, they were treating him shamefully, and Jaqui was not his friend at all."

"You may be right," said her mother, "but don't you see, this is real life. You must not forget that, my dear."

John Gayther smiled and went on, and the young lady listened, although she did not approve. "Jaqui was a handsome man and could make himself very agreeable, and it is not surprising that Signora Paltravi became very much attached to him. He could not fail to see this, and as he was a man of method he declared to himself one evening that upon the next day, at the first moment he could find the lady alone, he would propose marriage to her. He had ceased to think about increase in age and all that. He was perfectly satisfied with her as she was, and he troubled his mind about nothing else.

"But, early the next morning, before he had a chance to carry out his plans, he received a letter from Doctor Paltravi, urging him to come immediately to Milan. The poor gentleman was sick in his bed, and greatly longed to see his friend Jaqui. The letter concluded with the earnest request that Jaqui should not tell Signora Paltravi where he was going, or that he had heard from the unfortunate writer. Jaqui set off at once, for fear he should not find his friend alive, and on the way his emotions were extremely conflicting."

"And very wicked, I have no doubt," said the Daughter of the House; "he hoped that old man would die."

"There is some truth in what you say, miss," answered John Gayther, with a proud glance at the Mistress of the House, who was not ashamed to return it, "for Jaqui could not help thinking that if old Doctor Paltravi, who could not expect any further happiness in this life, and who must die before very long, anyhow, owing to his age and misfortunes, should choose

to leave the world at this time, it would not only be a good thing for him, but it would make matters a great deal easier for some people he would leave behind him. In real life you cannot help such thoughts as this, miss, unless you are very, very good, far above the average.

"Jaqui found the old doctor very sick indeed, and he immediately set about doing everything he could to make him feel better, but Doctor Paltravi did not care anything about medical treatment. It was not for that he had sent for Jaqui; what he desired was to make arrangements for the future of Signora Paltravi, and he wanted Jaqui to carry out his wishes. In the first place, he asked him to take charge of the lady's fortune, and administer it to her advantage, and secondly, he desired that he would marry her. 'If I die, knowing that the dear woman who was once my wife, is to marry you,' said the sick man, 'and thus be protected and cared for, I shall leave this world grateful and happy. I can never do anything for her myself, but if you will take my place, my friend—and I am sure Signora Paltravi will easily learn to like you—that will be the next best thing. Now will you promise me?' Jaqui knelt by the side of the bed, took his friend's hand and promised. There were tears in his eyes, but whether they were tears of joy or of sorrow, it is not for me to say."

"It is for me, though," said the Daughter of the House, very severely. "I know that man thoroughly."

The gardener went on with his story. "Jaqui remained several days with Doctor Paltravi, but he could not do his poor friend any good. The sick man was nervous and anxious; he was afraid that some one else might get ahead of Jaqui and marry Signora Paltravi, and he urged his friend not to stay with him, where he could be of no service, but to go back to Florence and prepare to marry Signora Paltravi when she should become a widow. As Jaqui was also getting nervous, being possessed of the same fears, he at last consented to carry out the old doctor's wishes and his own at the same time, and returned to Florence.

"When he met Signora Paltravi she



Drawn by Vincent A. Svoboda.

"SIGNORA PALTRAVI WAS ALIVE!"

greeted him warmly, plainly delighted to see him, but for a moment he was startled. This lady was really very much older than when he had left her; her hair was nearly gray."

"Served him right," said the Daughter of the House.

"But when he began to talk with her," continued John Gayther, "his former feelings for her returned. She was charming and he forgot about her hair. Her conversation greatly interested him, and now that his conscience came to the assistance of his affection, for he was doing exactly what Doctor Paltravi desired him to do, he was quite happy, and spent a pleasant evening, but in the morning, as he looked at himself in the mirror, he remembered her gray hair."

At the word "conscience" an indication of a sneer had appeared on the face of the young lady, but she did not interrupt.

"It was about a week after this that Signora Paltravi sat alone in her room on the second floor, and Doctor Jaqui sat alone in his room on the first floor; she was waiting for him to come to her, and he was not intending to go. He believed, with reason, that she was expecting him to propose marriage to her, and he did not intend to offer himself. He was very willing to marry a middle-aged lady, but he did not wish to espouse an old one, at least an old one who looked her age, and that Signora Paltravi was going to look her full age in a very short time, Jaqui had now no doubt whatever. Her face was beginning to show a great many wrinkles, and her hair was not only gray but white in some places. These changes did not in the least interfere with her good looks, for in some ways she was growing more handsome and stately than she had been before, but our good friend Jaqui——"

"Not my good friend Jaqui, please," interrupted the Daughter of the House.

"Said to himself," continued John Gayther, "that he did not want a mother but a wife. A few weeks before, he would have supposed such a thing impossible, but now a certain sympathy for Florino rose in his heart. So he did not go upstairs that evening, and the lady was very much disturbed and did not sleep well.

"In a few days Jaqui got ready to go

away again, and this time he went to bid the lady good-by. She had heard he was about to take a journey, and as he greeted her he saw she had been weeping, but she was composed now. 'Farewell, my friend,' said she. 'I know what is happening to me, and I know what is happening to you. It will be well for you to stay away for a time, and when you return you will see that we are to be very good friends, greatly interested in the progress of scientific investigation.' Then she smiled and shook hands with him.

"Jaqui went to Rome and to Naples, wandering about in an objectless sort of way. He dreaded to go to Milan because he had not heard that Doctor Paltravi was dead, and it would have been very hard for him to have to explain to the sick man why he had decided not to carry out his wishes. Apart from the disappointment he would feel when he heard that Signora Paltravi was not to have the kind guardianship he had planned for her, the old doctor would be grieved to the soul when he heard his wife had lost the youth he had taken from her, but which he had expected to return in full measure. What made it worse for Jaqui was that he could administer no comfort with the news. He would not sacrifice himself to please the old man; promise or no promise, this was impossible. He had not consented to marry an old lady. Again, from the very bottom of his heart, did Jaqui wish there never had been a lady in a box.

"At last, when he could put it off no longer, he went to Milan, and there found Doctor Paltravi still alive, but very low and very much troubled because he had not heard from Jaqui. The latter soon perceived it would be utterly useless to try to deceive or in any way to mislead the old man, who, although in sad bodily condition, still preserved the acuteness of his mind. Jaqui had to tell him everything, and he began with Florino and ended with himself, not omitting to state how the lady had recognized the situation, and what she had said. Then, fearing the consequences of his revelation, he put his hand into his leathern bag to take out a bottle of cordial, but Doctor Paltravi waved away the medicine, and sat up in bed.

"'Did you say,' he cried, 'that she is

growing old, and that you believe she will continue to do so until she appears to be the lady of threescore and ten she really is?" "Yes," said Jaqui, "that is what I said, and that is what I believe." "Then, by all the Holy Angels," cried Doctor Paltravi, jumping out of bed, "she shall be my wife and nobody else need concern himself about her."

"Hurrah!" cried the Daughter of the House, involuntarily springing to her feet; "I was so afraid you would not come to that."

"I was bound to come to that, miss," said John Gayther.

"And did they really marry again?" asked the Mistress of the House.

"No," was the reply, "they did not. There was no need of it. The priests assured them most emphatically that there was not the slightest need of it, and so they came together again after this long interval, which had been forty years to him, but which she had lived in forty days. If they had been together all the time they could not have loved each other more than they did now. To her eyes, so suddenly matured, there appeared a handsome, stately old gentleman, seventy years of age; to his eyes, from which the visions of youth had been so suddenly removed, there appeared a beautiful, stately old lady, seventy-one years of age. It was just as natural as if one of them had slept all day while the other had remained awake; it was all the same to them both in the evening.

"She soon ceased to think how cruelly she had sent him away from her, for she had been so young when she did it, and he now gave no thought to what she had done, remembering how young she was when she did it."

"And Jaqui?" asked the Mistress of the House.

"Oh, Jaqui was the happiest of the three of them, happy himself and happy in their happiness. Never again did he wish the lady in her box. He looked no further for a smaller house which should contain but two floors; he was as glad to stay where he was as they were to have him. They were three very happy people, all of them greatly interested in the progress of scientific investigation."

"And not one of them deserved to be happy," said the Daughter of the House.

"But you must remember, miss, this is a story about realities," said the gardener.

She sighed a little sigh; she knew that where realities are concerned, this sort of thing generally happens.

"That is a good story, John," said the Mistress of the House, rising from her seat, "but it seemed to me, while you were talking, that you sometimes thought of yourself as Jaqui."

"There is something in that, madam," answered the gardener; "it may have been that during the story I sometimes did think that I myself might have been Jaqui."

"Mama," said the Daughter of the House, as the two walked out of the garden, "I am trying to understand John Gayther, but I have not succeeded yet. But one thing is very plain; he used much better language to-day than he did when he was telling a story to me alone. I think he did so because he was telling it to you."

"And why should he do that?" asked her mother.

"I don't know; at least, I think I don't know; but I fancy he can suit his stories to different people. And, more than that, I am positively certain that he has a story of his own, and some day I am going to get him to tell it to me."

"May I be there to hear," said her mother.






WHEN I walked into the private office of old John Pilsinger, president and chief owner of the Northwestern Paper Bag Company, I saw at once that the tall, stern old man was a little disappointed in his new superintendent. The thought was in his mind that perhaps he had taken too young a man. I was but twenty-eight. However, with that fairness for which he was esteemed, he conducted me through the big mill, listening attentively and silently to my comments and suggestions, and left me at the little room provided for my use with the brief remark, "Mr. Benson, in your department you are supreme." It meant undivided success or undivided failure.

A week later he sent for me. I entered his office with quickened pulse, for I had felt that this first week was probationary. "Mr. Benson," said he, gravely, scarcely lifting his serene blue eyes from the papers before him, "my wife and I would be glad to have you stop with us, if you see fit. Our home is not a lively place. There are only two old people and our little girl—our little granddaughter. We live simply, but I think, perhaps, you will find our home more congenial than your present quarters. We shall charge five dollars a week for room and board."

I moved my effects that afternoon—with

pardonable exultation, I hope—over to the large old balconied, moss-grown brick house. With a little effort I might have imagined myself in the palace of a colonial governor. The furniture was heavy, dark and antique; my bed was draped with purple curtains; the walls were hung with portraits of dignified, rather stupid-looking old men and sweet-faced old ladies, all in those costumes of the past that betokened people of position. The windows looked out upon a small park, through the trees of which Rock river gleamed in the distance.

Sunday breakfast was my first meal in the house. There I was presented to the "little granddaughter." She was a tall, slender young woman of perhaps twenty-two, with a delicate, pearly complexion and masses of golden-bronze hair. The dignity of her grandfather, softened by youth and sex, sat upon her mouth, and slumbered in her eyes. Long association with the courtly old people had left its mark upon her. She spoke in low, carefully modulated tones. Yet under and through all this stateliness, which of itself might have become oppressive, I felt the presence of a passionate nature, firmly bound but ever tugging at its chains. I saw it flicker in her darkling eyes; I heard it quiver in her soft, hushed



laughter. She wore a loose-flowing gown the like of which I had never seen before, with sleeves that flared at the wrists and occasionally revealed a glimpse of her snowy forearm.

After dinner, while I was sitting out under the old trees, Miss Doe—her name was Frances—strolled gracefully and easily down the graveled walk toward me, clad in a narrow gray gown.

"Would you care to walk?" she asked, pausing at my bench.

She walked me five miles that lovely Sunday afternoon, half of the distance along the rough banks of the river. The pace she set for the last mile was trying to my aching calves. I looked at her sharply to see if she were trying to make me cry for quarter. I would have died first. But her face, as open as a book, expressed nothing but a wholesome pleasure in the brisk exercise. When we reached home, we sat down on a bench to rest. Her bosom was heaving rapidly, and her cheeks were much flushed.

"Are you tired?" she gasped, smiling to hide her distress.

"No, but I'm afraid you are."

"I am—a little," she confessed. "I am strong and healthy, but I come of a weak-lunged family, and our doctor and grandpa think I should take long walks. I used to walk seven and eight and even ten miles. But I think that was too much. It made me so tired!"

I wanted to tell her that I thought five miles too much, but I decided to wait until I had known her longer.

After resting a few moments, she asked me if I liked music. I told her I did. She said she would play for me, and we went into the parlor. I had seldom heard such playing. I looked at her again to see if she had planned a tour de force. I soon discovered how groundless the suspicion was. Music was Miss Doe's passion in life. She seemed to live at the piano. No matter when I might come home, the instrument was going.

She had had no systematic training in music. As a child she had taken lessons, but she read notes only indifferently. She would pick out a new work with some labor, and then it was hers forever. She added to or took from, as suited her

whim of the moment. She changed the time, lengthened or shortened notes, and elaborated the theme into bewildering variations. If she heard some one else play a composition, it was hers, just the same. When her grandfather took her to the city to hear an opera, she brought it all back with her—not, perhaps, as the composer wrote it, but as suited herself.

Shortly after I went to the Pilsingers' to live, two of our traveling men who happened to be at the factory on the same day, were invited to the house that night. One of them was a finished performer on the guitar, the other on the banjo. They both lived in Chicago, were neighbors, and had played together a great deal. Doe was in ecstasy. After giving them her banjo and guitar, she ran out, and came back triumphantly in a few minutes with one of the village boys—a first-rate violinist—and one of the neighbors' girls, who played the mandolin skilfully. Doe, of course, took the piano.

It seemed to me that they played everything that I had ever heard, besides a great deal that I had not heard. At last they struck the "Darky's Dream." The violin and the mandolin held their own, as they had all evening, until the banjo and the guitar began to run off into fantastic variations. I saw the salesmen exchange significant glances, and I have no doubt the rascals had practised the thing together, and had thrown more than one set of musicians out by the trick. The violinist faltered, struck a feeble note here and there, and then dropped out, laughing shamefacedly. A moment later, the mandolin stopped also.

I saw Doe drop her head forward, and smile a curious little, knowing smile, but she never paused. The music grew fast and furious; it swept up and down the scale with a fierce, wild rhythm. But wherever it went, or whatever it did, Doe was with it. Not once did she falter or strike a discordant note; and so quick were her fingers, so keen was her musical instinct, that I could hardly believe she was only following.

The salesmen redoubled their efforts. This was apparently unobserved by Doe, for her fingers continued to sweep up and down the keyboard with the same marvel-

ous speed and lightness. As I watched the bending of her lithe body, the play of her arms and shoulders, my heart swelled. She was only a girl, and they were men; and there was something heroic about the battle she was giving.

At last the banjo began to lag, and then both it and the guitar were suddenly silent. Doe went on alone, and I think she then surpassed the wildest flight that had gone before. The long-continued strain was beginning to tell on me even, and I had done nothing but listen. My nerves leaped in sympathy with every throbbing note. The mandolinist, a very delicate, sensitive girl, was distinctly pale.

Suddenly Doe broke off and swung around to her astonished audience. Her eyes were sparkling. Her cheeks were flaming red.

"What—what—what in heaven can excel that?" she cried, with a nervous laugh. She arose, turned blankly toward me, took a step forward, staggered and fell. She quickly regained consciousness, but it was a week before the terrific drain on her vital forces was made good.

I once told Doe's grandfather that such genius as hers should not be allowed to run to rank growth. He was silent for a moment, and then answered, gently: "Young man, we are glad to keep her with us on any condition. If we stimulated her genius, it would kill her. But if I were sure of her health; if I had been sure of it——" He broke off, and added, "Her father was a great musician, in the rough." I saw he had more to say, and after a moment he continued, quietly: "He was also a gambler and a drunkard. Save for that"—I knew he meant Doe's musical genius—"she is her mother's child."

Sunday evening was Doe's favorite time. As the shadows gathered, and the outlines of the furniture began to blur and grow fantastic, and vanish, the music would grow softer and weirder and sweeter. I used to listen until my spirit, too, would rouse itself, shake off its dust, stretch its wings, and fly away, star-spaces above. The serenity, the happiness, of those hours, were indescribable. The old folks enjoyed them, too. At such times they would sit in their favorite room across the hall, in the twilight, as silent as worshipers at a shrine. They were worshipers.

One Sunday evening Doe was in an unusually transcendental mood. Her slender figure, clad in white, seemed in the gloom like a sylph hovering between earth and heaven. I was standing by her side this time, instead of lying on the couch. Without premeditation, almost without volition, I bent down and kissed her. It was the first kiss, but she gave it as simply, sweetly and chastely as a wife. When she felt my arm upon her neck, she made no movement to escape or resist. She knew I loved her.

Thus was our troth plighted. It was a long time before I slept that night. I felt a joy I had never known before. I was not myself, but another—far better. I expected never to do another selfish, ignoble deed. Such deeds of this kind as I had been guilty of in the past, brought the blood of shame to my face. Yet no remorse could for an instant keep down my vaulting happiness just then, for I felt too sure of my future integrity. Finally, when I did get to sleep, I tossed the rest of the night.

In the morning, on my way to breakfast, I met Doe just outside the dining-room. It might have been her first day on earth, she looked so pure and innocent. There was just enough sleep left in her eyes to give her a slightly bewildered air—as though she were a butterfly on its first flight out into the great dazzling world of sunshine and flowers. She waited until I came up to her; and, laying a hand upon each of my shoulders, she lightly touched my lips. Then, drawing herself closer with a little clinging motion, she whispered, "Could you sleep?"

When I answered No, she let her arms slip around my neck, and murmured, happily, "I was so afraid you could, dear!"

The summer weeks and months were of a piece with this. We walked, rode, boated, played, sang and—loved. At the last, though, I was very guarded in my demonstrations. Sometimes a whole day would pass without my kissing her. For I knew that anything too closely approaching the sensuous would repel her spiritual nature. She had passion, and plenty of it; but it was of a kind that found a higher vent than kisses and caresses. Sometimes I feared that it was too ethereal for me.

She would be so discouragingly cold and unresponsive for days at a time. Frequently a long-withheld caress of mine would be received by her with provoking passivity, and I have known her to seem actually happy when the dulllest kind of company broke in on our privacy. Such natures flash fire only in rare moments, and the man who would force the spark must strike with matchless skill.

When this apparent indifference of hers reached a certain stage, my pride would rebel and forbid any advances on my part. Our intercourse would then be almost formal for a day or two. This caused me much unhappiness, but I never loved her the less; nor, I am convinced, did she love me less. For the tide always turned, and then her love came back in an overwhelming flood. She could ill bear to have me out of her sight a moment; her eyes, lustrous with love, drank in every gesture of mine. She was uneasy if I was not continually petting her with hand or voice. Yet in even these melting moments she never chid me for any past coldness of mine, never begged forgiveness for any of hers. I doubt that she was conscious of either.

But that she was not entirely blind during these frosts of her affections, was manifested to me with rather uncomfortable vividness. A two days' coolness between us was followed by a gathering of musical people at the house, most of whom were out-of-town guests. Doe, as was usual on such occasions, was in a tempest of happiness, and was prodigal with her favors. None, though, came my way. Indeed, I felt myself the victim, for once, of a studied neglect. I played no instrument myself, and I may have been a little sensitive on that point. At least, smarting under my wrongs, real or fancied, I turned for amusement, and possibly revenge, to a young woman that I knew Doe disliked—a very attractive, vivacious brunette—who also took no part in the musical program; and we were soon absorbed in a spirited conversation.

I saw before long that Doe was stealing glances at us from her place at the piano. She was almost incapable of anger; but—absorbed as I pretended to be—I could see that her eyes were full of sad reproach.

Her rush of spirits subsided; she grew grave, played perfunctorily, and finally stopped altogether. When the guests had gone to their rooms, she began to place her numerous instruments away in their cases. Her lips were tightly set and her nostrils quivered. I made a pretense of whistling, meanwhile. When I could stand it no longer, I took her in my arms and asked her, hypocritically enough, what the trouble was.

"Oh, Ben!" she said, "I am so unhappy!"

"And what makes you so unhappy?"

"I can't tell you," she sobbed, with her head on my shoulder; and more than that I could not get her to say. Her loyalty touched me; and when I realized how guiltless she had been, how she had suffered under the blow I had dealt her, and how utterly helpless she was to parry it; when I reflected that my senseless jealousy had dragged her out of a heaven of delight, and cast her down into a hell of bruised heart, my abasement was complete. Before I let her go, I had made her happy again. But no matter how skilfully a man may heal such a wound, he must be little less than a magician to remove the scar.

Doe began to decline in August, and by September she was noticeably thinner and paler. She was short-breathed, and tired easily. For a while after this change, we took our walk as usual in the cool of early morning. I was very careful of her, and as soon as a red spot began to burn in her cheek, I would order a halt. But with every walk this spot seemed to appear sooner, and at last it made her gasp pitifully to walk only a few blocks.

I attributed her weakness to the hot weather; but the glorious, bracing autumn days brought no new life to her. It was hard to get her out of the house; and once I had her out, I was always glad to take her back. Her palpitating bosom and labored breathing, her slow, uncertain gait, seemed such a mockery of her former vigor. She knew it, too, and tried to hide it from me.

The family physician had been prescribing for her, but without any apparent benefit; and at last I told Mr. Pilsinger that I feared something serious.

"Yes, yes!" he said, sharply. "I have seen it. We'll have the doctors out from the city."

The promptness with which he proposed this extreme course, the calm desperation in his voice, stunned me, and I sank into a chair. He glanced at me queerly a moment, and then stealthily withdrew his eyes.

"This decline is not rare in young girls, I believe," he added; and for the first time in my life I doubted his sincerity.

That afternoon Doctor Markley, the family physician, went up to the house with orders from the old man to make a careful examination of Doe. He was a kind-hearted, rosy-cheeked, incapable old fellow. On this occasion, he pinched her cheeks—as she laughingly told me—patted her on the head, joked her in a paternal way, and prescribed another tincture. I don't know what report he made, but that evening Mr. Pilsinger told me he had sent to Chicago for an eminent lung specialist. At the breakfast-table the next morning he said, with affected carelessness:

"Dido, Doctor Manx is coming out to-day to see you. If there is anything wrong, we want to find it out and cure it—while it's easy."

Doe turned a shade paler, pale as she already was. After breakfast, when we were alone she slipped her poor wasting form into my arms, and held it tightly there for a long time, without a word. In sober truth, I could at that moment have cheerfully, joyfully laid down my own robust life for hers. This flying to me as to a refuge, this silent appeal to me to help her in her lonely, terrifying struggle against her fell foe, was ineffably touching.

Doctor Manx, after his visit, stopped at the office on his way to the train and reported to Mr. Pilsinger. As soon as the doctor left, I was summoned.

"My boy," the old man began—he usually called me "Young man"—"you love Doe."

"Yes, sir."

"Then it is your right, no less than mine, to know that there is absolutely no hope," he said, in tones that rang in my ears like the knell of doom.

"How long does he give her?" I asked, as steadily as I could.

"Ninety days," he answered, pitilessly.

"He may be mistaken," I protested, though without hope.

"Yes, doctors have been mistaken before," the old man answered, softly patting his knee. "We will have the others out."

Four others came. One thought there was a fighting chance; the other three agreed with Doctor Manx that there was no hope. I then suggested a change of climate—Colorado, California.

"No!" said old John, almost fiercely.

"Three daughters and two sons of mine—all the children I ever had—died in those inhospitable wilds. When little Dido goes, it will be from here, my boy, under our last ministering touches—her grandmother's and mine and yours."

"Have you told her?" I asked, my throat aching.

"Yes," said he. "She knows it. She will be a heroine."

The weeks that followed at the old homestead cannot be called gloomy. They were more like a sweet, spiritual calm. There was pain—sharp, stinging pain for the helpless spectators of the fading flower—but it came and went. Trifling as it may seem, the most oppressive feature of the change was the silence of the piano, for playing was usually too hard work for Doe. On those rare occasions when she did play, I noticed that she stooped somewhat, from the weariness that never left her.

We kept her out of doors whenever the weather permitted, and I spent many an afternoon driving her slowly around the neighborhood.

Doe accepted her fate with serene resignation; she was always cheerful, and often blithe. She graciously and languidly accepted our suggestions and caresses, sometimes laughing at us, in her gentle way, for humoring her so much.

Our feelings were seldom allowed to master us before her, for she had grown so intensely sympathetic that such exhibitions gave her great pain. Yet it was sometimes very hard to bear up. One afternoon she led me to a little young grape-vine, perhaps a yard long.

"I planted that," she said, "and you must always call it mine. I told Jim to bank it this winter, so that it won't freeze.

In the spring you mustn't forget to have him put a little rack up for it."

I burst into tears, at which she turned her eyes—so great and beautiful and lustrous—upon me reproachfully. "Please don't, Ben," said she, pleadingly. "You said you were reconciled. If you act this way, I shall think you are not; and we can't talk about anything—before I have to go. It isn't, dearie, as though you were never coming to me again," she added, softly.

"But it will be so long!" I exclaimed, bitterly.

"It won't seem long to me, love," she said, sweetly. "And yet I shall count every day. I could wait for you a million years, and not grow tired."

She was nearly always just as calm and confident. Once, just once, a panic seized her, as though the grim monster that lay in wait for her had shown his horrible likeness beforehand. She threw her arms around my neck, and with an intensity that pierced me through and through begged piteously for me to save her, to make her well, to drive death away, and not to let them put her in the cold, dark ground. The fear lasted but a moment, and then she regained control of herself.

We were sitting in a sunny window-seat one day in early November. She had been unusually taciturn all day, and seemed uneasy and confused about something. Her eyes were strangely bright.

"Ben," she said, quickly dropping her hand on my arm, and perceptibly mastering some emotion, "would you like to marry me—before? Or wouldn't you?" she added, hastily, mistaking my change of expression. "Would you like to look forward to going to your wife, or would you rather it should be your sweetheart?"

"Whom would you sooner wait for—your husband or your sweetheart?" I asked.

"My husband!" she whispered, with eyes like stars.

When I spoke to the old man about it, he said at once, "My boy, that is for you to decide." I told him I had already decided, and his answer was: "I am glad. We must do all we can for the little girl."

We were married in the old folks' sitting-room, before them only, just at

dusk. Doe had been flushed and excited all day, but when she took her place at my side, her serenity returned. Her eyes were supernaturally bright, though, and when she turned and kissed me she looked more like an angel than a woman. The tears ran down the old preacher's withered cheeks, and Mrs. Pilsinger gave way for the first time in my presence. A marriage means something to a woman, even at seventy-five.

That night, as we sat alone in the parlor, Doe softly began to sob. "Oh, husband!" she cried, "I want to live! I want to live! I want to stay with you! Why won't God let me?"

Poor little girl! The momentary glimpse given her of domestic life, with the man of her choice—so dear to every true woman—had unnerved her. I soon soothed her, but from that moment her tranquillity was gone. I had once thought that she was giving up life too easily, and had told her that she must not rely too much on the doctor. That was while there was yet hope. She had only answered, with a little surprised look, "Why, Ben, don't you suppose I want to live?" But now, when hope was gone, when disease had undermined her last stronghold, she began to fight. She habitually wore a fixed, determined look, utterly foreign to her yielding nature. She forced herself to sit at the piano an hour every day, and all our entreaties to the contrary were useless.

This fretting and struggling, we feared, would only hasten the end; but, in spite of everything, she appeared to hold her own. Her languor—even the natural languor of her days of health—was effectually shaken off. Her affections, which in the past had sometimes seemed to slumber, were ceaselessly active. Some great fountain in her heart seemed to have been opened, from which rushed up an unfailing, resistless stream of love. She insisted on having me at her side every moment; and Mr. Pilsinger, regarding this as the beginning of the end, advised me to let the factory go and "stay at home, until——" He turned away without finishing the sentence.

"Ben," she said, one afternoon, with that peculiar light in her eye which I

knew meant perturbation, "I want you to tell me the truth. If I should die, would you ever marry another woman?" She hugged closer to me, with something like childish fear on her face.

Her referring in this way to her early death as a contingency, when she had so often spoken of it as a certainty, surprised me; but I answered promptly—and I did not lie—"No!"

My answer pleased her, and she smiled happily up into my eyes; then, still smiling, she added, very softly: "But you must, dear. Grandpa says I must tell you that you must."

"What if grandpa had not said so?"

"You must," she said, firmly. "It is too long to wait alone."

"Not for me!" I said, solemnly.

"Oh, husband!" she exclaimed, abruptly, panting with sudden excitement, "maybe I can wait with you yet!"

It did begin to seem so, though I dared not breathe my hope to her. The limit set by Doctor Manx was a month past, and I could not see that she had failed any since our marriage. At last I spoke of it to Mr. Pilsinger. He shook his head, and begged me not to deceive myself. They had all gone just that way, he said. Three of them had died before he had learned the treacherous ways of that insidious disease.

But when another month had gone and Doe still held her own, we sent for Doctor Manx again. I stood by while he tapped and gaged her lungs. The last time she had been as impassive as marble. This time she trembled violently, flushed, paled, and scanned his face with drawn intensity. When he was done, he quietly nodded to me and led the way across the hall.

"Mr. Benson," said he, looking me frankly in the eyes, "I am puzzled at her condition. I don't understand it. But if I were to advise you to take her on a long trip through the West, by easy stages, should you build too much hope on it?"

For answer I wrung his hand, and hastened back to Doe. She was still standing in the center of the room, pale but composed. She must have read my face, but she waited for me to speak.

"You are better, sweetheart!" I whispered.

Three days later we had found a home in the dry atmosphere of the eastern foot of the Rocky mountains. The sun rose bright in a perfectly clear sky. A pair of saddle-ponies stood waiting beneath our window while we finished breakfast. The plains stretching away to the east, the foothills and mysterious cañons to the west, were ours to explore. Then began weeks that lengthened into months of enchanting rides. No plans were made for each day. The ponies would be brought around, lunches tied to the saddle-thongs, then we rode away, straying whither the fancy of the hour dictated. The same program was ours for the next day and the next, until a hundred cañons and mountain-trails had become familiar.

When Doe and I returned to Tipton after a six months' absence, she had gained twenty-seven pounds. Her eyes were bright, the flush of life was on her cheeks, her step was quick and elastic. The two old people, from whom we had, childlike, withheld news of her full restoration, stared in speechless joy. Then Doe threw herself into her grandmother's arms.

"Grandma," she cried, "I have a secret for you!"



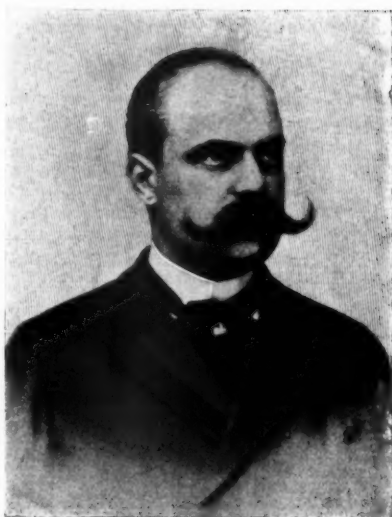
THE BONAPARTES OF TO-DAY.

BY PRINCE FABIEN COLONNA

EVERYTHING that recalls Napoleon, from the smallest trifle to the greatest memorial of his career, arouses curiosity and stimulates thought. It should also be interesting to hear some account of the Bonapartes of to-day; of the princes and princesses who are the perpetuators of his family, the heirs of his traditions, and the nearest guardians of his memory and of his glory.

It has already passed into history—that brilliant period of the Second Empire, during which the Empress Eugénie reigned, through her goodness, over a charmed France, and by her grace and beauty over the most elegant of courts.

But an inscrutable destiny was holding every sorrow in reserve for the Empress. The injustice of a people, maddened by reverses and alienated by treason, deprives her of her throne. The mob rises, her



PRINCE NAPOLEON.

palaces are burnt, she is a fugitive and an exile. Then follow sorrows in a strange land, the sickness and death of the Emperor Napoleon III., and the separation from the Prince Imperial, her only child, who, in order to temper the ardors of the Bonaparte blood boiling within him, had entered the service of England, and soon found the tragic end of a hero.

When the cannon had ceased firing the salute at the funeral of the young Prince, the Empress, with a resolution that nothing could tame, undertook a pilgrimage to Zululand.

Upon her return from this mournful journey, the Empress Eugénie left Chiselhurst, and bought at Farnborough, an hour and a half from London, the house in which she has since lived. This is an English country home, the principal luxury of which consists in the beauty of the park and the gardens. At the end of the park the Empress has had tombs built for the Emperor Napoleon and for the Prince Imperial in a chapel which she has erected to their memory.

In the shade of the tombs of her loved ones, the Empress lives simply, having near her only Madame Le Breton, her faithful maid of honor, and the distinguished Franceschini-Pietri, who discharges with the greatest devotion the



PRINCE LOUIS.

duties of chevalier d'honneur and of private secretary; and, besides the Queen and the Princes of England, who have a strong friendship for her, she receives only the members of her own family and a few other privileged ones. She never leaves Farnborough except to go for her health to her villa at Cape Martin, to pass the winter under softer skies; and then she returns to the memorials of her love.

It is in memory of the Prince Imperial, and to comply with the desire expressed

by him in his will, that the Empress has adopted Prince Napoleon, and given to him all the tenderness which she could possibly show, despite the painful thought of another young prince's replacing her son. But Prince Napoleon gives to her the most delicate and attentive affection; and the brave heart of the sovereign has not regretted carrying out the last wish of her imperial child.

Known formerly as Prince Victor, Prince Napoleon (Victor-Jerome-Frederic), eldest son of Prince Jerome Napoleon and of the Princess Clotilde of Savoy, Princess of Italy, since the death of his father, which occurred at Rome in March, 1891, bears the title of Prince Napoleon in his position as head of the imperial family. In his will, dated February 26, 1879, the Prince Imperial, who died so heroically some months later, expressed himself thus: "As long as there are Bonapartes the imperial cause will be represented.

The duties of our house toward the country do not cease with my life; I dead, the task of continuing the work of Napoleon I. and of Napoleon III. falls to the eldest son of Prince Napoleon." This is the weighty and glorious heritage that the Prince has received with firmness, and this is what caused him (June 23, 1886) to be exiled with other French princes who questioned the power and stability of the existing régime.

Prince Napoleon early began the hard

apprenticeship to royalty, where happiness is so often the price of glory. Born at Paris in the Palais Royal, July 18, 1862, he was only eight years old when the events of 1870 forced him to take for the first time the road of exile. Returning to Paris in 1873, he pursued with distinction his studies at the Lycée Charlemagne, and then went to complete his education at Heidelberg, where he passed several years perfect-



PRINCESS PIERRE.

ing himself in all the scientific branches. In 1882 he finished his military service in the Thirty-second Regiment of artillery, having chosen this arm of the service in memory of his great-uncle, who first entered that line.

Since the law denied to him the soil of his own country, the Prince Napoleon retired to Brussels, the nearest possible place to France. He has led there a life of industry, studying the great moral and social questions of our times, and continu-



EX-EMPRESS EUGÉNIE.



PRINCESS MARIE.

ing his investigations in philosophy, history and military science.

Prince Napoleon goes every year to England to see her Majesty, the Empress Eugénie, and to Italy to see his mother, Princess Clotilde, where he meets his brother, Prince Louis, and his sister, Princess Letitia, who have for him the most tender affection. Prince Napoleon has traveled all over Europe, nearly all of whose sovereigns are his near relatives or his allies, and upon whom he has made the most favorable impression.

It is not possible for one to approach the Prince without appreciating the great dignity of his character and the loftiness of his spirit. Even his political adversaries are not able to know him without rendering him this justice.

His hotel in the avenue Louise is at once a sanctuary and a museum. He has brought together all the Napoleonic relics that he could gather and those that came to him as a heritage. Without speaking of the portraits of members of the family—miniatures, drawings, oil paintings, busts, statues, all of the best workmanship—of the furniture that belonged to his relatives, of trophies of arms and of victories, all grouped with taste, there are seen in glass cases many personal and familiar souvenirs of the "grand Empereur"—the

sacred vases of the chapel at St. Helena, the crucifix which rested upon his breast after death, the coat he wore as First Consul, the "redingote grise" and the "petit chapeau," his swords and his decorations and orders, his dressing-case and his traveling clock, valuable snuff-boxes so often handled by his fingers, and the plaster death-mask made by Doctor Automarchi after his last breath; but it would take pages to mention them all.

Younger by two years than Prince Napoleon, his brother, Prince Louis, has had, like him, a studious youth. His travels in India and other parts of the world have completed his education, and contact with various civilizations has given to him great penetration of mind. The hardships of these travels have also given him a robust constitution that can withstand all fatigue, and the remarkable activity of his intellect prevents him from leading a life of leisure and idleness.

As the princes of France have been denied the privilege of giving to their own country the service of their heads and hearts, Prince Louis has devoted himself to the study of military science; and, to perfect himself in this art, has taken service in foreign armies. He began



PRINCE ROLAND.

such service in the Italian army; but after the alliance of Italy with Germany, which was distasteful to a French prince, he offered his sword to Russia. As lieutenant-colonel, and afterward as colonel, of a regiment of dragoons in the Caucasus, he performed his duties with such ardor and ability that he won the admiration and sympathy of every one. At the end of a year he was promoted by the Czar to the command of a regiment of lancers in the Guard of the Czarina, where he has shown the same military abilities that distinguished him in the Caucasus.

If Prince Louis and Prince Napoleon are the most accomplished of princes,

their sister, the Dowager Duchess of Aosta, is one of the most beautiful princesses of the nations of Europe. She is very charming with her radiant beauty and youth, the vivacity of her

look and grace of her smile, her delicate and playful spirits, so piquant and subtle; with the candor of her thoughts and simplicity of her manners. The Princess holds in her palace at Turin a court com-

posed of a most brilliant and intellectual society. She has fine artistic tastes, and is a talented musician. She is a very modern princess, and devotes herself to all outdoor sports, in which she excels.

The Princess Letitia was married on September 10, 1888, to her uncle, Prince Amadeus of Savoy, Duke of Aosta, ex-King of Spain, brother of her mother, the Princess Clotilde, and of Humbert, King of Italy.



PRINCESS LETITIA.

Death, too, soon broke into this happiness. Before they had been married two years, the Prince, after a sickness of short duration, was taken from her, on the 8th of January, 1890, leaving the

Princess Letitia a widow with a son in the cradle, Prince Humbert, Count of Salemi, who was born June 22, 1889.

After a long period of mourning passed in the quietest seclusion, the natural youth and gaiety of the Princess reasserted themselves and conquered the sadness of her memories. The Dowager Duchess of Aosta comes nearly every spring to Paris, where she is heartily welcomed by all who bear a great name and preserve in France the traditions of the old court.

Not far from Turin, where the Princess Letitia and her brothers go often to visit her, lives their mother, Princess Clotilde, in the Château de Moncalieri, which royal dwelling has been transformed by her into a palace of charity.

She was only sixteen years old when, to seal the treaty of alliance between France and Italy, her father, King Victor-Emanuel, betrothed her to the cousin of the Emperor Napoleon III., Prince Napoleon, son of the youngest brother of Napoleon I., Jerome Bonaparte, King of Westphalia, and of Catherine of Wurtem-

berg. Their princely wedding was celebrated January 30, 1859, at Turin.

Good and charming the Princess Clotilde has always been. She occupied herself in overseeing the education of her children, discreetly and delicately multiplying good deeds around her, and enjoying the charms of friendship. It was thus that she spent the happy days of the Empire, and thus was she found in the hour of reverse. When the Republic was proclaimed, and the mob came to beat at the doors of the palace and it was necessary to leave the capital, September 4, 1870, the Princess showed her noble blood. She had her state-carriage brought into the Court of Honor, received the farewells of all her household, descended the grand stairway on the arm of her chamberlain, followed by her children and by her maid of honor, entered her carriage with them, and, escorted by her horse-guard, left the Palais Royal, cheered by the same mob which just before had hurled threats of death. It was with this wonderful courage that she left Paris, never to return.

Consecrating henceforth her life to the poor, the sick, the unfortunate, she has raised between her and the outside world the barriers of meditation, renunciation and charity; and she has given such an example of these high and touching virtues that she has been named by Italy "the Angel of the House of Savoy."

While piety and charity have given the Princess Clotilde a halo of sanctity, the religion of art has placed a bright nimbus around the head of her sister-in-law, Princess Mathilde. Among those who, born on the steps of a throne, were at their birth presented by the good fairies with rare and precious gifts,



PRINCESS CLOTILDE.

no one is more gifted than the daughter of King Jerome Bonaparte.

Twice the imperial crown had all but touched her brow. The Princess at one time was betrothed to her cousin, Napoleon III.; and the Czar Nicholas, who had always wished his son to marry a Bonaparte, openly expressed his regret when she arrived in Russia already married to Prince Demidoff of San Donato. When she had to leave her husband because of the harsh brutality of his character, the Czar was most kind and tender toward her.

She returned to France in the height of the Empire; but she withdrew voluntarily from the strife and confusion of political life, and devoted herself entirely to the higher things she loved. The Princess Mathilde had commenced to paint in Italy when she was very young. She was a pupil of Eugène Giraud, and he inspired in her a love for the old masters, and encouraged her taste for the land of light and sunshine. She exhibited in the annual Salons from 1859 to 1867 some of her own paintings, which showed much originality in technic and fineness in expression, several of them winning honorable mention and medals. The Princess is always working, and it is with her paint-brushes in her hand that Doucet has represented her in the remarkable pastel portrait which he made of her in 1894.

Her salon is still a little court of art



PRINCESS MATHILDE.

and of literature, where not long since one would find Flaubert, Théophile Gautier, Sainte-Beuve, Renan, Taine, Pasteur, Feuillet, Edmond and Jules de Goncourt and Alexandre Dumas fils; and one can meet to-day all the masters of modern thought, made famous by their pens, their palettes or their chisels. She receives twice a week, Wednesday and Sunday evenings, not counting her little dinners. Wednesday is particularly reserved for her intimate friends, nearly all of them artists; on Sunday one sees, besides the visiting nobility, the members of the diplomatic corps, and all those who enter into the highest Parisian society.

Prince Roland is one of the most modern of the princes in the Bonaparte family.

He is the son of Prince Pierre and grandson of Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Canino, elder brother of Napoleon I. Like his grandfather, who several times refused a crown, and whose highest ambition was to be an Academician, Prince Roland Bonaparte is interested alone in scientific subjects, and most particularly in the study of geography.

His wonderful library is arranged in an immense hall which takes up nearly half of the sumptuous palace which he has built in the avenue d'Jena. The library, luxuriously decorated, and furnished with every possible convenience for work, has one hundred and twenty-five thousand volumes, and increases every day.

He is not contented in satisfying his passion for study and in being a mere dilettante; he holds high rank among the most famous men of science, and he pays for his acquired knowledge with his brain and his fortune.

The Prince went to the United States in 1893. In the course of his visit, which had long been eagerly looked for, he went to the territories of the Union for anthropological investigations, and to Colorado and New Mexico. He then went to the Exposition at Chicago, where he was received with high honors by the Exposition officials. He returned to France, full of enthusiasm, after a stay of several months. He has the greatest sympathy for the American people, and admires them ardently.

He is about forty years old, and has been a lieutenant in the Thirty-sixth Regiment of infantry.

By his marriage with Mademoiselle Blanc, who died two years afterward, Prince Roland has an only daughter, Princess Marie, who is in her seventeenth year.

There is yet another Princess who is an artist, whose gracious charm and lovable spirit lose nothing by her great talent—Princess Jeanne Bonaparte, sister of Prince Roland. After studying drawing very thoroughly, she turned her attention to etching and wood-engraving. In 1878 she made her debut in the Salon, with an engraving of a landscape; in 1880 she exhibited another engraving, after Corot's "L'Etang de la Ville d'Avray"; in the Salon of 1886 still another engraving,

"Intérieur de Forêt," which won for her an honorable mention; in 1886 also she exhibited a series of very remarkable aquarelles in black and white. She is especially noted for the seriousness of her subjects, the artistic thought, and the freedom of execution.

Princess Jeanne Bonaparte was married in 1882 to the Marquis de Villeneuve, head of one of the oldest and most famous families of Provence, who is himself a literary man, a learned historian of the old and celebrated houses of France. Politics has absorbed him for a time, for he was a member from Corsica of the *Chambre des Députés*, where he was considered an eloquent and ready speaker.

The preoccupations of art have not kept the Princess from being a good housewife, and a devoted and tender mother to her numerous children.

If Princess Jeanne and Prince Roland possess all the fine qualities, it is because their natural gifts have been developed by the vigilant care of their mother, Princess Pierre Bonaparte. Princess Pierre, who lives near her son, Prince Roland, gave proof under the most difficult circumstances of a really strong character, when, after the fall of the Empire, she had to retreat to England with her children. She felt in her maternal love the necessary strength to fight against unfavorable destiny. And now that the evil days of reverse and of sorrow have retired into the past, the greatest joy she has is to see all her maternal pride realized and fully satisfied by her children.

It is not generally known that Napoleon I. was descended from Charlemagne in a direct line by the marriage of Apollonia Malaspina with his ancestor, Cesare Buonaparte. We can but wonder at the secret designs of Providence that these few drops of the Great Emperor of the West, at the dawn of modern civilization transmitted from generation to generation, germinated after ten centuries, and recreated another Emperor with a powerful brain—another great civilizer: in those of his race one sees something of his genius, and perhaps some time there will yet be another great genius of the same blood. It can be said of certain families, as of certain people: "Habent sua fata!"

CANDY-MAKING AT HOME.

BY MARION R. LEE.

SUGAR is not only an important but an indispensable article of food, and candy is one of the most universal forms of its consumption. The craving of children—and grown people, too, for that matter—for sweets is a natural one, and the desire should be judiciously ministered to. The important matter is to see that the candy is pure, and this is the question that should most concern parents. The cheap candies which all children are sure to buy with some of the pennies placed at their disposal, are apt to contain large quantities of such harmful and indigestible material as plaster of Paris and terra alba, or may have an undue proportion of glucose in their composition. The low-grade gum-drop, usually considered such an inoffensive morsel, will upon analysis prove to be made entirely of glucose and glue instead of cane- or beet-sugar and gum arabic. But it is the coloring matter in such candy that is most to be feared, for this usually consists of chrome-yellow, sulphate of arsenic, and different salts of lead and copper. Coloring matter that does no harm is easily obtained in a great variety of tints, but this, unfortunately, does not find its way into cheap candy.

The purpose of this article is to tell its readers how the most wholesome and appetizing candies may be made at home, and at a cost little above that of the sugar itself; we may say from seven to ten cents a pound for the simple kinds and from twelve to thirty cents for the very choicest. This leaves out the cost of utensils, fuel, and labor, but the latter will surely become a pleasant one when a little skill has been acquired. Beyond this, the candy-maker has an accomplishment that will be gladly appreciated.

The basis of pure candy is our common sugar, technically named sucrose, to distinguish it from other sugars. This is not the place to discuss this important but complicated branch of organic chemistry, but a few words about sugar will greatly help the learner in the art of candy-making. Sucrose is the sugar obtained in market-

able quantities from the sugar-cane, beet, maple and wild date-palm. It is the sweetest of the sugars. Nature's most widely distributed sugar is grape-sugar or glucose. This is that found in all fruits, and is less than half as sweet as sucrose and does not crystallize. The pancreatic juice converts sucrose into glucose in the process of digestion.

Glucose is now manufactured largely from corn-starch. Its commercial value lies in its use as an adulterant of cane- and beet-sugar. Nowadays in speaking of glucose and grape-sugar we do not mean a substance produced directly from fruits; the term glucose stands for the thick pale liquid made from corn-starch, and grape-sugar for the solid product derived from the same source. Candy made from glucose, unless colored, is slightly yellow, extremely frangible and notably lacking in sweetness. The clear acidulated or fruit drops, or barley-sugar, are the best candy for children, as they are almost impossible of adulteration in any way without destroying their transparency. It is a pity that the properties of these candies are not better understood by the public.

Pure sugar dissolves readily in water, leaving a transparent liquid. The purity of candy may be tested by placing a small quantity in a glass, pouring hot water over it and leaving it undisturbed for twenty-four hours, when any foreign substance will sink to the bottom. The iodine test for starch may be made where its presence in sugar, or in any form, is suspected. Boil a spoonful of the suspected article in a cup of water until a thin paste is formed. When cool add a drop of liquid iodine. The whole will turn blue at once if starch is present. This is a valuable test to the chemist.

Sucrose has one property which makes it difficult to handle in making candy. This is the tendency to crystallize when a certain amount of its water is evaporated. To prevent this crystallization, the sugar must be "inverted." Technically this

means a rearrangement of its molecular structure induced by yeast or heating with dilute acid. Cream of tartar and other acids are used by confectioners for converting a small amount of cane-sugar into invert sugar. Thus an amorphous substance is obtained which brings the boiling sugar into a condition in which it can be used. Full directions for "inverting" or cutting the grain will be given.

A knowledge of the action of heat and water upon sugar lies at the bottom of the candy-maker's art. Pour a cup of water upon half a cup of sugar and allow it to stand undisturbed until the water has evaporated, and you have what is known as "rock-candy." That which crystallizes around a string after being boiled at a temperature of 230° Fahrenheit is the rock-candy of commerce. The purest form of candy is sugar melted at 310° Fahrenheit, known as barley-sugar. This will quickly deliquesce unless kept in airtight tins. Boiled at 300° Fahrenheit, it begins to assume a light color; with no foreign substance added, this begins at 290°, but with the proper acids added it may be carried to 400° without this result. At 320° it is in the early stages of Caramel and must be carefully watched. At 400° the carbon is dissociated from the water of crystallization and appears in its characteristic black color. This syrup is the true Caramel, and receives its name from Count Albufage Caramel, of Nismes, by whom it was first intelligently noted. Upon cooling the syrup hardens, but is easily dissolved, and is used for coloring beer, soup, gravies, et cetera. In its earlier stages confectioners call it burnt sugar, for it turns black, quickly rises and emits heavy puffs of smoke. Next to sugar, gum arabic is used more than any other substance by the confectioner. There are many kinds of the gum, but it comes mostly from Egypt, where it grows on stunted shrubs. The common aromatic wafers or lozenges which are generally the contents of dainty silver bonbonnières are made of gum arabic paste, mixed with dry powdered sugar, rolled very thin, cut into disks with a cutter and allowed to dry.

While all the following utensils are not absolutely necessary, their possession is a great help to success:—

UTENSILS.

They may be purchased at any confectioners' and bakers' supply-store, for a small sum, where vegetable colors, flavors, wafers for nougat, nuts, et cetera, may also be obtained.

The sugar thermometer. After a time this is apt to give readings too high, owing to the contraction of the glass, which goes on for two or three years, after which a thermometer is seasoned. Comparisons should be made with a standard thermometer. Tests will be given for the different degrees used in boiling sugar, which must be followed till the variation in one's own thermometer is understood. The sugar thermometer is now used by all confectioners, and costs from seventy-five cents to one dollar and a half.

A copper or granite-ware saucepan with a handle, and lip for pouring.

A slab of marble or slate, or a large plate, for cooling.

Four iron bars, three-fourths of an inch square and a foot long each, for confining the hot sugar on the slab. These will cost about one dollar, and can be cut at any hardware shop.

One hardwood spatula for working fondant. This is shaped somewhat like a garden-spade, with the lower part about four inches broad; is half an inch thick, with a sharp edge at the base. It is cut from a single piece of wood about sixteen inches long, the handle being shaped to a convenient size.

Two long-handled wooden spoons.

Two wire candy-dippers and tongs for lifting and shaping bonbons.

One pulling-hook—a meat-hook will answer. This hook should be fastened firmly to the wall about five feet from the floor, or at any convenient height, and well oiled before using. The sugar should be cool enough to handle, and not soft enough to slip off faster than it can be thrown back. Warm the hands and either rub butter over them or flour them before pulling.

One cream-dropper.

One two-inch paste-brush for keeping the sides of the pan washed free of crystals.

One small double boiler, or a saucepan

small enough to set inside another which is to be filled with hot water.

A box of corn-starch for molding.

A little sweet olive-oil.

Some paraffin paper for use in placing and wrapping bonbons.

A gas-stove, because its heat is intense and even. But a kitchen-range with brisk fire will do.

After the candy is poured, fill the sauce-pan with water and let it come to a boil. All utensils may then be quickly and easily washed. Where copper vessels are used, they require a special cleansing before using; say with salt and vinegar, afterward being rinsed well. All utensils must be scrupulously clean when used.

Lack of space forbids giving receipts for the preparation of colors and flavors; but the former should be purely vegetable, and both should be as concentrated as possible and used sparingly.

BOILING THE SUGAR.

As sugar has a great affinity for water, choose a dry day for candy-making and see that there is no steam from boiling water in the room.

As the water evaporates, sugar tends to crystallization and in this state cannot be used for candy. Stir the sugar until it is dissolved, no longer, then place a cover over the pan for about five minutes, thus confining the steam and preventing the crystals from forming. Should they appear later, wipe them away with a brush dipped in water, being careful not to touch the sugar, especially with the fingers, as a serious burn may result.

CUTTING THE GRAIN.

Confectioners use glucose or cream of tartar almost exclusively for this purpose. The latter prevents crystallization by converting a small portion of the sugar into invert sugar, which does not crystallize. Other acids may be used in the following proportion: A few drops of acetic acid to one pound of sugar, added as it begins to boil. Or, a few drops of lemon-juice added at 290°. Or, a scant saltspoonful of cream of tartar to one pound—or two cups—of sugar, added at the beginning; if the degree needed is beyond 240° add

after the cover is removed, that it may not boil yellow.

Care must be used in employing the acids, as too much thins the syrup.

Before boiling the sugar, all things needed should be placed in the sequence in which they are to be used. See that the vessel is clean, and sufficiently large to permit the sugar to expand without boiling over; that the flame does not reach the sides of the pan, but the bottom, or the sugar will be discolored. Have the marble, slate or plates lightly rubbed with olive-oil, or for fondant sprinkled with water and the bars oiled, confining the desired area for the sugar when poured.

The fire is an important point. The heat should be intense and even in boiling sugar, and moderate for molasses. The quicker sugar is boiled, the better the color. Place the sugar and water in the vessel and stir only until the sugar is all dissolved, then cover tightly for five minutes, being careful in the entire process of boiling sugar not to stir or jar it after the sugar is dissolved unless the receipt instructs to do so, or it may grain and must then be reboiled. Remove the cover and gently stand the thermometer in the boiling syrup. After the Thread at 230° Fahrenheit is reached, the degrees are attained rapidly and the thermometer must be closely watched until the desired degree is reached, when the syrup should be quickly tested, and poured without delay.

Should the degree be passed or the sugar grain in working, add a tablespoonful of hot water and boil again. No sugar need ever be wasted, as even in the Caramel stage it may be boiled down and used for coloring.

In extremely cold weather sugar may be boiled a couple of degrees lower; and in very warm weather, or where glucose is added, a few degrees higher. With the exception of chocolate, which needs a dry cold, candies when made should be allowed to dry in a comfortably warm room, say 65° or 70° Fahrenheit, then kept for use in an air-tight box or jar.

DEGREES FOR BOILING.

The French divide the number of degrees into twelve. Following are the seven essential degrees:—

1. *The Smooth.* 215°-220° Fahrenheit.—Dip a skewer, clay pipe-stem, or handle of a spoon, in the syrup. If on rubbing it between the thumb and finger, it feels smooth, this degree is reached.

2. *The Thread.* 230°.—Again dip the skewer in, and take a small amount off between the thumb and finger. Gently part them, when small threads will appear. This is the point of crystallization and used for crystallizing syrups, for which purpose add no cream of tartar.

3. *The Blow.* 232°-234°.—Dip in a skimmer, or broom-straw twisted to form a loop. Blow through the film which fills the holes, when sparkling bubbles will appear on the other side. Except for crystallization, or unless mentioned specially, this degree may ordinarily be used for any of the above, as but 10° to 15°, according to the thermometer, separate it from the Smooth.

4. *The Feather.* 236°-238°.—In a minute more dip the skimmer in again, and either give it a rapid jerk or blow against the film. If fine threads like flying floss appear, the Feather degree is reached. The French say it is now "à la grande plume." This is the degree for fondant cream and chocolates, and for candying fruits. The candy stages follow.

5. *The Soft Ball.* 240°. *The Hard Ball.* 246°-250°.—For testing these degrees have a bowl filled with cold or ice water in which is placed a medium-sized wire skewer, clay pipe-stem or spoon-handle. For testing take the article used, say the skewer, from the water, quickly plunge it several inches into the boiling syrup, then back in the water. Let it remain only a few seconds to cool it through. Remove the adhering sugar from the skewer with the finger and work it under the water between the thumb and finger. For the Soft Ball, the ball formed should be soft without sticking to the fingers, and for the Hard it should be but little harder.

6. *The Soft Crack.* 290°. *The Hard Crack.* 310°.—Drop a little into water, then remove. If it clings without sticking to the teeth, the Soft Crack is reached. At 300° it begins to assume a light color and at 310° it will break crisp and clean like glass and crunch when chewed. It is

safe to remove from the fire in testing this degree. Pour the instant it is reached. This is the degree used for all clear hard candies.

7. *The Caramel.* 320°-400°.—At 315° sugar begins to part with its sweetness; it now becomes yellow, and great care must be taken that it does not "burn." When the desired color is reached, remove from the fire and place the kettle in a pan of cold water to arrest further cooking.

RECEIPTS.

Fondant.—Fondant is the foundation of all cream candies or bonbons. It can be kept indefinitely in air-tight jars and used as required. It makes a delicious icing for small cakes, fruits or fruits glacés.

Place in a saucepan one pound of granulated sugar, one-half cupful of water and a scant saltspoon of cream of tartar. Boil as directed to the Feather, 236°—being careful not to burn the hand in removing the heated thermometer. When the sugar is cooked, pour at once on the marble, slate or plate, which has been previously wetted. When a dent is left on the surface of the syrup after pressing the finger against it, it is sufficiently cool to add the flavoring, or color, if used, and to work back and forth with the wooden spatula until it forms a white, glossy, creamy paste. Now knead it in the hands like dough. It should be soft, not brittle. If brittle, it has cooked too long; if too soft, it has not cooked long enough. In either case, or if it grains in working, or a crust forms, a few spoonfuls of hot water must be added and the sugar boiled again. Be careful not to work while too warm, or it will grain; but if too cool, it will severely tax the muscles. If the fondant is desired thinner, work in with the hands a few drops of water; or if for pouring in molds or icing, melt it in a double boiler, which is explained under "utensils," till it is sufficiently thin to pour; if for dipping purposes, it should be boiled to the Blow, 2° to 4° lower than for other purposes.

As space forbids the insertion of many receipts, the writer has chosen a few with the belief that they are favorites, and wholesome:—

Acid and Fruit Drops.—To one pound of

granulated sugar add a half-cup of water and place on the fire. Stir until dissolved, cover and boil rapidly for five minutes. Remove the cover, add a saltspoonful of cream of tartar, place the thermometer in and boil as directed to the Hard Crack, 310°, keeping the sides washed clear of sugar crystals if they form. As soon as cooked, pour the syrup on a lightly oiled slab or plate and let cool. Spread over the surface a quarter of an ounce of pure powdered tartaric acid and five drops of lemon extract. When cool enough to handle, turn the edges over the top toward the center and work the same as dough, mixing the acid thoroughly in. Pull into sticks and cut up with scissors. Handle as little as consistent with the mixing in of the flavoring. When cold, place in bottles with a little powdered sugar. Shake up and down a few times and cork. Other fruit extracts and appropriate colors may be substituted for the lemon. If the sugar grains, add a little more cream of tartar. Success depends upon having a brisk fire, as little water in the sugar as possible and the right amount of cream of tartar.

Lemon Barley-Sugar.—Proceed as for acid drops, using lemon or not; when boiled to the Crack, color with a little saffron-water and pour on a warm slab or plate to the required thickness. As the edges cool, keep them smooth by running a knife under them. When cool enough, cut off narrow strips and twist them, or cut into squares.

Stick-Candy.—Boil two pounds of granulated sugar with half a pint of water and a quarter-teaspoonful of cream of tartar, as directed, to the Hard Crack, 310°. Color, if wished, with a little saffron-water; pour it on the slab, and when sufficiently cool cut away two pieces the size of an egg. Pull one until white over the hook; color the other pink, and place both where they will keep warm. Form the main mass into an oblong shape. Pull the white piece into a thin strip, of the length of the main mass, and lay it down the middle of the oblong piece its entire length. Do the same to the colored portion and lay it beside the white. Roll the whole mass into a cylindrical shape in the hands and keep twisting to make the spiral stripes around the stick. When the

proper thickness, lay aside until cool enough to cut. As many colors as desired may be added in the same way; or the same colors may be multiplied by rolling the candy without twisting, leaving the stripes straight; then cut in two in the middle, pressing the two plain sides together, thus giving four stripes. Again roll into sticks; and if desired, repeat the above-described operation, giving eight stripes.

Rock-Candy.—For pouring, use muffin or any shallow pans whose tops are broader than the bottom to allow the removal of the candy without breaking. Perforate the middle of the two ends with small holes and run a string through them, on which the sugar may crystallize. Stop up the holes with a little wax or paraffin. Boil two pounds of granulated sugar with a liberal pint of water to the Thread, or 230°. Pour it into the pans and let stand in a warm room for three or four days. If the crystals are then heavy enough, pour off the remaining syrup and rinse the rock-candy in tepid water and place in a warm room to dry. This may be colored if desired before removing from the fire.

Cough-Drops.—No cough-candy, of course, should be depended upon to more than relieve a slight irritation of the throat. A satisfactory receipt is as follows: Boil a half-ounce of horehound herb with half a pint of water for ten minutes. Strain, and add three pounds of granulated sugar, one-fourth teaspoonful cream of tartar and a half-pint of water. Boil to the Crack; then add—or not, as desired—a half-cup of strained honey and let boil up once. Pour immediately, then spread over it one-half teaspoonful of oil of anise, one-half ounce powdered tartaric acid and one level teaspoonful of flaxseed. A dash of cayenne pepper may be added if liked. Mix thoroughly, with as little handling as possible, and when cool cut in squares, sprinkle a little powdered sugar over them, and keep in corked bottles.

Old-Fashioned Molasses Candy.—Pour into a kettle holding a gallon, one quart of best Porto Rico or New Orleans molasses. Boil for half an hour over a slow fire, stirring constantly. Do not let it burn. Test by dropping a little in cold water. When it hardens quickly and is brittle add

half a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda or baking soda free from lumps. Mix quickly and pour. When cool enough to handle, rub the hands lightly with butter or dust them with flour to prevent sticking and pull over the hook until the desired shade is reached.

Peanut Candy.—Fill a tin one-half inch deep with shelled peanuts without removing the skins. In the usual way boil one pound of sugar to the Crack and pour over the nuts, just covering them. When nearly cold cut into squares.

Peanut Brittle.—Boil one and one-half pounds brown sugar, one-half pint molasses, one-half teaspoonful cream of tartar and one-half pint of water. Just before reaching the Crack add the peanuts without the skins. Boil to the Hard Crack, 310° , and add one-quarter pound good butter. Let it boil up once, then remove from the fire and stir in a heaping teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda dissolved in a little water. As soon as it commences to rise, pour it out and spread very thin. When cold break it up.

Buttercups.—Boil to the Hard Crack one pound of granulated sugar, one-fourth pint of water, a teaspoonful of butter, and after the cover is removed add a quarter-teaspoonful of cream of tartar. At the Feather degree, add a teaspoonful of molasses, then pour.

Have half a pound of fondant warm enough to be rolled into a long, narrow strip. When the sugar is cooked, pour it out, and when cool enough turn up the edges and form it into a long, narrow strip, on which place the fondant. Now fold it in two in the middle, pressing the two sides on which the fondant rests together. Gently roll it into a long, narrow stick. Should it become cold, hold it to the fire a minute. As fast as the foot length is rolled thin enough, cut it off, and before it cools too much mark off in half-inch squares. Chopped nuts, raspberries and different flavorings may be added to the fondant, or the outer cooling tinted with molasses or other coloring.

Soft Italian Nougat.—Cook a pound of sugar to the Feather. Have ready the whites of three eggs beaten to a stiff froth to which has been added one pound of warm, strained honey. To this beat in

the pound of boiled sugar. Then place on the fire and continue boiling to the Soft Crack. Now add another pound of sugar which has been cooked to the Hard Crack, a few pistachio nuts, a pound of blanched almonds or hazel nuts, a few drops of oil of neroli or almonds, or a teaspoonful of orange-flower water. Have a dish lined with wafers, on which pour the nougat to the depth of an inch. Now cover the top with wafers. Cut a thin board to fit the top of the pan and place upon it a weight sufficient to make the top level without hardening the nougat. When cooled enough, cut into inch-squares or pieces two inches long, and wrap in paraffin paper.

Marshmallows.—Dissolve one-half pound powdered gum arabic in a pint of water. Strain it to remove the specks. Add to it one pound of powdered sugar and place this saucepan in another containing boiling water. Stir until a thick white paste the consistency of honey results. Keep stirring until it will form a firm ball in the fingers, then add gradually the whites of six eggs beaten to a stiff froth and flavor with two teaspoonfuls of orange-flower water. When it will no longer stick to the fingers when touched, pour to the depth of an inch in a pan heavily dusted with corn-starch. When cool cut into inch-squares and let stand for twelve hours. Remove, dust with powdered sugar or corn-starch and place in boxes. If cooked too long, the paste will be stiff. It should be soft and spongy.

Chocolate Creams.—Flavor some fondant with vanilla and roll into small balls. Let stand on paraffin paper a few hours to harden. Or instead, the fondant may be melted in a double boiler and run in starch molds, being careful not to spill it over the edges. When cold, loosen by running the fingers gently under the balls, then shake the starch off in a sifter. For both the above methods proceed as follows:—

Melt in a double boiler (or saucepan placed in another containing hot water) a quarter of a pound of best unsweetened chocolate or cocoa paste. Add two table-spoonfuls of cream, a teaspoonful of butter and a few drops of vanilla, and, if desired sweet, a quarter of a cup of sugar. Stir as little as possible until smooth. Keep the chocolate warm by letting it remain

over the hot water. Dip the cream-balls into the chocolate and remove with the wire dipper, giving them a twist to form the screw-top. Place on waxed paper until cold. The cream center may be flavored and colored as desired. Raspberry jam makes a delicate bonbon.

Chocolate is a much-used flavoring for candy; it is, however, one of the most difficult things to procure in a pure state, as it may be adulterated with sugar, arrowroot, and other forms of starch and meal. These substitutes necessitate other additions, and Venetian red, amber, and occasionally highly poisonous metallic salts, are used to give the required color, while lard or tallow supplies the place of the missing natural oil. The buyer should, therefore, be careful to secure the best and most reliable brands. Pure chocolate is prepared by grinding the cocoa-nibs to a paste and mixing with various preparations to give flavor or perfume. The Aztecs used vanilla and spices for this purpose. The chocolate should be a rich red-brown, the surface smooth and glossy, and when broken the grain compact, close and firm. It should melt softly in the mouth, leaving a smooth cool sensation. Adulteration makes it crumbly, and rough when broken, and the gloss is removed by the touch.

Peppermint Creams.—Melt the fondant and flavor to desired strength with essence of peppermint. Drop it in starch molds from a saucepan with a lip, or on an oiled marble or plate. For chocolate peppermints, dip these creams as for chocolate drops. Wintergreen may be used if preferred.

Peppermint Drops.—To a pound of granulated sugar add just enough water to form a stiff paste, that can be dropped. Stir on the fire until the first bubble appears. Remove instantly and allow it to become slightly cool, when either oil or essence of peppermint may be added to suit the taste. Stir this well in. Drop it on oiled tins or paraffin paper, cutting each drop off the lip of the saucepan with a wire. When cold, detach by bending the tins.

Bonbons.—These may be made in a great variety by slightly coloring the fondant different shades appropriate to different flavors, or adding chopped nuts, jams, figs, et cetera.

For white, noyau, vanilla or almost any flavoring may be used. Yellow, flavor with lemon or orange. Pistachio, color with green, flavor with bitter almonds. Pink, color with carmine, flavor with rose-water, et cetera. Individual taste will suggest many combinations. Work the color and flavor in with the hands, then form them into balls or any shape desired and let them stand a couple of hours to harden. They may then be given a coating of another color by dipping in tinted fondant, or crystallized by holding them in a sieve over the steam of boiling water until moist, after which roll them gently in granulated sugar. The confectioner's method of crystallizing requires great care, but may be done at home. Boil to the Thread, without cream of tartar, a sufficient quantity of granulated sugar to cover the bonbons. Pour this syrup over the bonbons while hot and let them remain six hours, being careful that they are neither jarred nor moved during this time. Draw the syrup off and let the bonbons remain in a tray until dry, which will take about fourteen hours.

Caramels.—Put into a pan one pound of granulated sugar and a scant half-pint of cream. Mix it well, then place on the fire and let it boil ten minutes, stirring constantly. Now add a quarter of a pound of good butter. This should then boil to the Hard Ball stage, but as a thermometer cannot be used owing to the constant stirring, test by dipping the finger or a skewer in ice-water, thrust quickly into the syrup and back to the ice-water. When the sugar adhering to the finger slips off in a little lump that will snap when pressed, it is done. Remove from the fire and stir in a teaspoonful of vanilla. Pour on an oiled slab to the depth of about an inch, cut in squares when cool, then wrap in paraffin paper. Raspberry, strawberry, coffee or maple may be made by using these flavors and omitting the vanilla. For the latter use a cupful of maple-sugar in place of the granulated sugar.

Chocolate Caramels.—Boil together one-half cupful of molasses, one cupful each of granulated sugar, of cream and of Caracas cocoa paste or grated chocolate. Stir constantly, and test as for vanilla caramels. Before taking from the fire, add a tea-

spoonful of vanilla and butter the size of an egg. Let boil up once to incorporate the butter, and pour on an oiled slab between iron bars placed close enough together to leave the mixture an inch thick. Cut and wrap in paraffin paper.

Harlequin Caramels.—These are made by pouring a layer of chocolate a quarter of an inch deep. When slightly cool, place on this some white fondant of the same size and thickness. On the fondant pour a layer of maple or any caramel desired. When nearly cold, these are cut in squares and wrapped in paraffin paper.

Sponge Sugar or Honeycomb.—Beat the white of an egg to a stiff froth and add a teaspoonful of fine sugar. Boil to the Soft Crack, without cream of tartar, two pounds of granulated sugar with half a pint of water. Have ready a bottomless frame, say five inches square, or a tin hoop. Place this on a wet marble or plate; it is well to cover the frame, if of wood, with paraffin paper. When the sugar is cooked remove it from the fire and add the sweetened egg and whatever flavor or color is desired. Stir it all together for a minute until the sugar rises in the saucepan. After it rises let it fall. Stir and it will rise the second time. As it does so, pour it into the frame and let it remain until cold. Remove by passing a string or palette-knife under it. Break in pieces. Success depends upon not pouring it out the first time it rises, but doing so while it is rising the second time before it commences to fall.

Burnt Almonds.—Boil one pound of granulated sugar to the Soft Ball with a scant half-pint of water. Now add a half-pound of blanched almonds. Boil to the Hard Ball and remove from the fire. Stir against the sides of the saucepan with a spatula until the sugar granulates. Throw in a coarse sieve, separating any almonds that have stuck together. Sift, and place the sugar that has sifted through in a pan on the fire. When it melts, add the sugared almonds, and stir until they receive a second coating and become crisp. Remove, and separate any stuck together.

Sugared Almonds.—Boil a half-pint of granulated sugar with a little water to the Ball degree. Add a half-cupful of blanched almonds. Remove from the fire and stir until the almonds are covered with sugar. Turn them out before they are all stuck together. Boil another half-pint of sugar as before, and give the almonds a second coating, being careful to remove them before they become a mass. Repeat if they are desired larger.

Wine- and Brandy-Drops.—The boiled sugar is simply mixed with the liquor and flavored water and poured into hollow starch or rubber molds. As the syrup cools, crystallization takes place against the mold and at the top exposed to the air, leaving the interior in a liquid state.

The silver-coated cachous and other candies receive their coating by being rotated while still moist in a globe containing a few sheets of silver-leaf.



THE Woman Question.—The intellectual duel in *THE COSMOPOLITAN* between Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson and Prof. Harry Thurston Peck on that omnipresent and overshadowing problem, the Woman Question, attracted much attention, not only in this country but abroad. Hundreds of letters and manuscripts replying to both writers have been sent to this office, and it has been thought advisable that another word should be said.

The editor has been so fortunate as to secure for *THE COSMOPOLITAN* the most notable literary contribution of this decade on the woman question. Olive Schreiner, the famous South African writer and thinker, author of "The Story of an African Farm," has devoted several years to a comprehensive study of the condition of womankind, from the earliest times to the present day. She has made deep research, taken up the question in all its phases, and has, with brilliant logic, shown what the coming century should have in store for her sex. Mrs. Schreiner's article is entitled "The Woman Question," and will be printed in two instalments, the first in the November number and the second in the December number. There can be no doubt that it will create a world-wide interest and discussion.

CAGLIOSTRO—NECROMANCER, HYPNOTIST AND CHARLATAN.

BY HENRY RIDGELY EVANS.

I.

IN the summer of 1893, a conjurer calling himself "Cagliostro" was astonishing Paris with his feats of fin-de-siècle magic. Being a student of occultism generally, but more particularly of natural magic and legerdemain, I went to see the nineteenth-century necromancer exhibit his marvels. I saw some very

clever illusions performed during the evening, but nothing that excited my especial interest as a devotee of the weird and wonderful, until the prestidigitator came to his pièce de résistance—the Mask of Balsamo. That aroused my flagging attention. The fantaisiste brought forward a small table, undraped, which he placed in the center aisle of the theater; and then passed around for examination the mask of a man, very much resembling a death-mask,

but unlike that ghastly memento mori in the particulars that it was exquisitely modeled in wax and artistically colored.

"Messieurs et mesdames," said the professor of magic and mystery, "this mask is a perfect likeness of Joseph Balsamo, Count de Cagliostro, the famous sorcerer of the eighteenth century. It is a reproduction of a death-mask which is contained in the secret museum of the Vatican at Rome. Behold! I lay the

mask upon this table in your midst. Ask any question you will of Balsamo, and he will respond."

The mask rocked to and fro with weird effect at the bidding of the conjurer, rapping out frequent answers to queries put by the spectators. It was an ingenious electrical trick. Being already acquainted with the secret of the surprising experiment in natural magic, I evinced

no emotion at the extraordinary behavior of the mask. But I was intensely interested in the mask itself. Was it indeed a true likeness of the great Cagliostro, the prince of charlatans; the famous necromancer of the old régime, who foretold the fall of the Bastille; the bosom friend of Cardinal de Rohan, and arch-master of Occult Freemasonry? I repaired to the manager's office at the close of the "soirée magique," and sought an in-

troduction to the magician who had masqueraded under the cognomen of Cagliostro.

"Is monsieur an aspiring amateur who wishes to take lessons in legerdemain from M. de Cagliostro?"

"No!" I replied.

"Pardon! Then monsieur is desirous of purchasing the secrets of some of the little jeux?"

I replied, as before, in the negative.



CAGLIOSTRO (JOSEPH BALSAMO).
(From a painting in the Versailles Historical Gallery.)

The manager shrugged his shoulders, toyed with his ponderous watch-chain, and elevated his eyebrows inquiringly.

"I simply wish to ascertain whether the mask of Balsamo was really modeled from a genuine death-mask of the old-world wizard."

"Monsieur, I can answer that question," said the theatrical man, "without an appeal to the artist who performed this evening. It was taken from a likeness of the eighteenth-century sorcerer, not a death-mask as stated, but a rare old engraving published in the year 1789. Unfortunately, this picture is not in our possession. However, you may be able to pick up one in the antiquarian shops of the quai Voltaire."

I thanked the manager for his information, and returned to my hotel. The story about the death-mask in the possession of the Vatican was simply a part of the prestidigitator's patter, but everything is permissible in a conjuring séance.

Cagliostro! Cagliostro! I was pursued all the next day, and for weeks afterward, with visions of the enchanter. "Ah, wretched mask of Balsamo," I said within myself, "why have you bewitched me thus with your false, oleaginous smile?" I took to haunting the book-stalls and antiquarian shops of the quais, in the hope of picking up some rare prints of the arch-quack. My labors were not in vain. I was fortunate in discovering a quaint little volume, the life of Cagliostro, translated from the Italian work printed under the auspices of the Apostolic Chamber, Rome,

1790. It was entitled "Vie de Joseph Balsamo, Connu Sous le Nom de Comte Cagliostro, . . . Traduite d'après l'original italien, imprimé à la Chambre Apostolique; enrichie de Notes curieuses, et ornée de son Portrait. Paris . . . et Strasbourg. . . . 1791." The frontispiece was an engraved portrait of Cagliostro. Yes, here was the great magician staring at me from out the musty, faded pages of a quaint old chronicle. A world

of cunning lay revealed in the depths of his bold, gleaming eyes. His thick lips wore a smile of Luciferian subtlety. Here, indeed, was a study for Lavater. From an old Norman bouquiniste I bought a brochure, written in English, treating of the career of Cagliostro during the years 1786 and 1787, entitled: "Life of the Count Cagliostro, etc. Sold by T. Hookham, Bond Street, London, 1787." It, too, contained an engraving of Balsamo, with a view of the Bastille, wherein he languished many weary months, preceding the romantic trial of the "Diamond Necklace," a cause célèbre known to all students of French

M É M O I R E P O U R LE COMTE DE CAGLIOSTRO, A C C U S É; CONTRE M. LE PROCUREUR-GÉNÉRAL, A C C U S A T E U R;

En présence de M. le Cardinal DE
ROHAN, de la Comtesse DE LA
MOTTE, et autres Co-Accusés.

M. DE CAGLIOSTRO NE DEMANDE QUE TRAN-
QUILLITÉ ET SURETÉ; L'HOSPITALITÉ
LES LUI ASSURE. *EXTRAIT d'une Lettre écrite
par M. le Comte de VERGENNES, Ministre des
Affaires Etrangères, à M. GÉRARD, Préteur de
Strasbourg, le 13 Mars 1783.*

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TITLE-PAGE OF THE DEFENSE OF CAGLIOSTRO.

history. I was unable to resurrect any other portraits of the charlatan during my sojourn in Paris, though I spent days searching for them in the dark little shops of the quai Voltaire. On my return to America, I visited the splendid library of the Army Medical Museum, at Washington, and came across a number of fine eighteenth-century engravings of the impostor, forming a part of a remarkable collection of portraits of famous physicians of the world. Cagliostro, he it remembered, posed as a wonder

doctor. He accomplished some remarkable cures which are well attested. He made use of hypnotism in his medical practice with great success, being conversant with Mesmer and his theories. Mesmer and Cagliostro, though charlatans, were ahead of their time in the recognition of hypnotism as a curative agent.

The literature on the subject of Cagliostro is not voluminous, consisting mostly of rare brochures in French and German, written by those who had personal acquaintance with him. The Inquisition biography is fairly good.

II.

The arch-enchanter appeared on this mortal scene when the times were "out of joint." It was the latter part of that strange, romantic eighteenth century of skepticism and credulity. The old world like a huge Cheshire cheese was being nibbled away from within, until little but the rind was left to tell the tale. The rotten fabric of French society in particular was about to tumble down in the

sulphurous flames of the Revolution, and the very people who were to suffer most in the calamity were doing their best to assist in the process of social and political disintegration, seemingly careless of the impending storm whose black clouds were slowly gathering. The more skeptical the age, the more credulity extant. Man begins by denying, and then doubts his doubts. Charles Kingsley says: "And so it befell,

that this eighteenth century, which is usually held to be the most 'materialistic' of epochs, was, in fact, a most 'spiritualistic' one." The soil was well fertilized for the coming of Cagliostro, the sower of superstition. Every variety of mysticism appealed to the imaginative mind. There were societies of illuminati, Rosicrucians, alchemists and Occult Freemasons.

And now for a brief review of the career of the most remarkable charlatan the world

has ever seen—a man who "deeply impressed himself on the history of his times. Princes and nobles thronged to his magic 'operations.' They prostrated themselves before him for hours. His horses and coaches and his liveries rivaled a king's in magnificence. He was offered and refused a ducal throne." Goethe and Catherine II. wrote plays about him.

Joseph Balsamo, the son of Peter Balsamo and Felicia Braconieri, both of mean



ENGRAVING OF CAGLIOSTRO PUBLISHED IN 1791.

extraction, was born at Palermo, on the 8th day of June, 1743. He received the rudiments of an education at the Seminary of St. Roche, Palermo. At the age of thirteen, according to the Inquisition biographer, he was intrusted to the care of the Father-General of the Benfratelli, who carried him to the convent of that order at Caltagirone. There he put on the habit of a novice, and, being placed under the tuition of the apothecary,

he learned from him the first principles of chemistry and medicine. He proved incorrigible, and abandoned the convent for a dissipated life in Palermo. He was accused of forging theater-tickets and a will, and, finally, had to flee the city for having duped a goldsmith named Marano of sixty pieces of gold, by promising to assist him in unearthing a buried treasure by magical means. Marano entered the cavern, and discovered, not a treasure, but a crowd of Balsamo's accomplices, who, disguised as infernal spirits, administered to him a terrible beating. Furious at the deception practised upon him, the luckless goldsmith vowed to assassinate the pretended sorcerer, Balsamo, but that ingenious youth got safely to Messina, where he fell in with a strolling alchemist named Althotas, or Altotas, who spoke a variety of languages. They traveled to Alexandria in Egypt, and finally brought up at the island of Malta. There they remained for some time, working in the laboratory of the Grand Master of the Knights of Malta. Althotas having died, Balsamo went to Naples. After that he visited Rome, and married a beautiful girl of the people, Lorenza Feliciani. In company with a swindler calling himself the Marchese d'Agliata, he had a series of disreputable adventures in Italy, Spain and Portugal.

In 1776 he arrived in London, England. He had assumed various aliases during the course of his career, but now he called himself Count di Cagliostro, worker of wonders, especially in medicine. He carried about two mysterious substances—a red powder, known as his "Materia Prima," with which he transmuted baser metals into gold, and his "Egyptian Wine," with which he prolonged life. He foretold the lucky numbers in a lottery and got into a difficulty with a gang of swindlers, which caused him to flee from England to avoid being imprisoned. After wandering in various countries—Belgium, Holland, Germany and Russia—he came to Paris, and set up for a veritable enchanter, and founder of the Occult order of Egyptian Freemasonry, the true form of which was supposed to have been communicated by the Grand Cophta, or High Priest of the Egyptians, to Cagliostro.

These degrees were conferred only upon master Masons, but Balsamo also instituted an order of female Masons, so as not to disappoint the ladies and deprive them of the higher branches of occult knowledge. Power over the spirit-world was promised to those who became adepts in Egyptian Masonry. It is difficult to say where Cagliostro was initiated into the degrees of Freemasonry. I have had some correspondence with Masonic scholars in England and on the Continent, but they have been able to shed no light on the subject. It is asserted that he received the degrees of the Blue Lodge in the month of April, 1776, in the *Espérance* Lodge, No. 369, held at the King's Head Tavern, London; but there is no actual evidence in support of this assertion. His first Egyptian lodge was opened at Strasbourg in 1779. In 1782 he inaugurated the lodge of "Triumphant Wisdom" (*La Sagesse Triomphante*) at Lyons, France, and in 1785 the famous lodge in Paris. Cagliostro is regarded as the greatest Masonic impostor of the world. His pretensions were bitterly repudiated by the English members of the fraternity, and many of the Continental lodges. But the fact remains that he made thousands of dupes. Cagliostro declared that Moses, Elias and Christ were the Secret Superiors of the order. The meetings of the Egyptian cult were nothing more than spiritualistic séances, during which communications were held with the denizens of the celestial spheres.

His sojourn in Paris caused the greatest furor. Prints, medallions and marble busts of him decorated all the shop-windows. He was called "the divine Cagliostro." To one of those old portraits is appended the following verse:

"De l'Ami des Humains reconnaissez les traits:
Tous ses jours sont marqués par de nouveaux bienfaits,
Il prolonge la Vie, il secourt l'indigence;
Le plaisir d'être utile est seul sa récompense."

There were neckties and hats à la Cagliostro. He gave away large sums to the poor and cured their ailments free of charge, much to the disgust of the legitimate practitioners. His house was always thronged with noble guests, who came to witness the strange séances. People went

to sup with the shades of Voltaire, Rousseau, and other dead celebrities, ancient and modern—summoned from the "vast deep" to amuse a frivolous aristocracy. How were these phantoms evoked? Concave mirrors, concealed confederates, and images cast upon the smoke rising from burning incense, constitute the art of phantasmagoria.

Arthur Edward Waite, author of various works on the history of magic and alchemy, while acknowledging the fact of Cagliostro's "transcendental trickery," seems to think the so-called magician was really possessed of occult gifts of some sort which assisted no little his unparalleled rogueries. He says: "Mystical knowledge beyond that of the age in which he lived was undoubtedly his, and though it was still superficial, he had a genius for making the most of it." Speaking of the charlatan's career in Paris, Waite says: "He assumed now the role of a practical magician, and astonished the city by the evocation of phantoms, which he caused to appear, at the wish of the inquirer, either in a mirror or in a

vase of clear water. These phantoms equally represented dead and living beings, and as occasionally collusion appears to have been well-nigh impossible, and as the theory of coincidence is preposterous, there is reason to suppose that he produced results which must sometimes have astonished himself. All Paris, at any rate, was set wondering at his enchantments and prodigies, and it is seriously stated that Louis XVI. was so infatuated with "le divin Cagliostro," that he declared any one

who injured him should be considered guilty of treason. At Versailles, and in the presence of several distinguished nobles, he is said to have caused the apparition in mirrors and vases, not merely of the specters of absent or deceased persons, but animated and moving beings of a phantasmal description, including many dead men and women selected by the astonished spectators."

Perhaps the truth of the matter was that Cagliostro had stumbled upon some of the facts of hypnotism and telepathy, which when exhibited with the proper mise-en-scène produced marvelous effects akin to genuine magic.

An interesting portrait of the enchanter is contained in the memoirs of Count Beugnot, who met him at Madame la Motte's house in Paris. Says Beugnot:

"Cagliostro was of medium height, rather stout, with an olive complexion, a very short neck, round face, two large eyes on a level with the cheeks, and a broad, turned-up nose. . . . His hair was dressed in a way new to France, being divided into several small tresses

that united behind the head, and were twisted up into what was then called a club.

"He wore on that day an iron-gray coat of French make, with gold lace, a scarlet waistcoat trimmed with broad Spanish lace, red breeches, his sword looped to the skirt of his coat, and a laced hat with a white feather, the latter a decoration still required of mountebanks, tooth-drawers, and other medical practitioners who proclaim and retail their drugs in the

V I E DE JOSEPH BALSAMO, CONNU SOUS LE NOM DE COMTE CAGLIOSTRO,

*Extraite de la Procédure instruite
contre lui à Rome, en 1790,*

*Traduite d'après l'original italien,
imprimé à la Chambre Apostolique;
enrichie de Notes curieuses, et ornée
de son Portrait.*

A P A R I S,

Chez ONFROY, libraire, rue Saint-Victor, n^o. 11.

ET A STRASBOURG,

Chez JEAN-GEORGE TREUTTEL, libraire.

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TITLE-PAGE OF THE LIFE OF CAGLIOSTRO.

open air. Cagliostro set off this costume by lace ruffles, several valuable rings, and shoe-buckles which were, it is true, of antique design, but bright enough to be taken for real diamonds. . . . The face, attire, and the whole man made an impression on me that I could not prevent. I listened to the talk. He spoke some sort of medley, half French and half Italian, and made many quotations which might be Arabic, but which he did not trouble himself to translate. I could not remember any more of [his conversation] than that the hero had spoken of heaven, of the stars, of the Great Secret, of Memphis, of the high-priest, of transcendental chemistry, of giants and monstrous beasts, of a city ten times as large as Paris, in the middle of Africa, where he had correspondents."

On the 22d day of August, 1785, Cagliostro was arrested under a *lettre-de-cachet*, and cast into the Bastille, charged with complicity in the "*Affaire du Collier*," as it is called in the musty archives of the French Parliament. Acquitted by the courts, he was banished from France by order of Louis XVI. He went to England, and there, on the 20th day of June, 1786, predicted the fall of the Bastille, declaring that it would be rased to the ground and converted into a public promenade. How this prophecy was fulfilled, history will testify.

Cagliostro had a peculiar seal, upon which were engraved the mysterious letters "L. P. D." These letters are supposed to stand for the Latin sentence, "*Lilia pedibus destrue*," which translated signifies, "Tread the lilies underfoot"—alluding to the overthrow of the French monarchy. Many theosophical writers have placed implicit belief in the mission of Cagliostro as the secret emissary of an Occult Body working for the regeneration of mankind.

Taking this idea for a theme, Alexander the Great—he of the pen, not of the sword—has built up a series of improbable though highly romantic novels about the personality of Cagliostro, entitled "*The Memoirs of a Physician*" and "*The Diamond Necklace*." Verily, verily, Dumas père had an elastic imagination!

After making his prophecy about the Bastille, Cagliostro departed for his old vantage-ground, the Continent. He was

unable to impress the hard-headed, practical English people with his claims to occult powers. The Freemasons repudiated him with scorn, and there is a rare old print, much valued by collectors, which depicts the unmasking of the famous magician at one of the London lodges. The police authorities of the various countries had by this time become fully cognizant of Cagliostro's impostures. He was forbidden to practice his peculiar system of medicine and Masonry in Austria, Germany, Russia and Spain. Drawn like a needle to the loadstone rock, he went to Rome. This was in 1791. He was arrested by the Holy Inquisition and condemned to death as a sorcerer and Freemason, but Pope Pius VI. commuted the punishment to life-imprisonment in the gloomy castle of San Leon, Urbino. Here in a subterranean dungeon he fretted away his life in silence and darkness, until the year 1795, when he died. A French inspector of Italian prisons, who visited the fortress of San Leon, March 6, 1795, reported that he saw a sentence with autograph written by Cagliostro upon the dungeon wall. Cagliostro's wife died in a convent, sincerely repentant of her sins.

III.

Cagliostro's house in the Marais quarter, Paris, still stands—a memorial in stone of its former master. It is situated in the rue St. Claude at an angle of the boulevard Beaumarchais. It was originally the property of the Marquis d'Orvilliers, and was selected and furnished by Cardinal de Rohan as a residence for the Grand Cophta. The somber old mansion has had a peculiar history. Cagliostro vacated it on the 13th of June, 1788, on the occasion of his exile from France. All during the great Revolution the house remained closed and intact. Eighteen years of undisturbed repose passed away. The dust settled thick upon the laboratories, upon the séance-rooms and salons; spiders built their webs upon the gilded ceilings. Finally, in the Napoleonic year, 1805, the doors of the mansion were unfastened, and the furniture and rare curios belonging to the dead conjurer were auctioned off. An idle crowd of quid-nuncs gathered to witness the sale of the retorts,

crucibles, elixirs, et cetera; to pry about, and speculate upon the secret staircases that ran through the walls of the building. In 1855 there were some repairs made. The great salons were cut up into smaller apartments.

People pass and repass this ghost-house every day but not one in a hundred knows that the great enchanter once resided there, and held high court. Like a huge sphinx, it slumbers in the sunlight of the nineteenth century, blissfully unconscious of the bustling world about it, and dreams old-world dreams of love and beauty, of magic and mystery. If those dumb walls could but speak, what fascinating stories of superstition and folly they might unfold to our wondering ears! Yes, in this ancient house, dating back to pre-Revolutionary Paris, to the old régime, the great necromancer known as Cagliostro lived, in the zenith of his fame, powerful as a noble, admired, nay, worshiped by princely dupes. In these golden years of his life, was he never haunted by disturbing visions of the dungeons of the Holy Inquisition, yawning to receive him?

Ah, who can tell! Thanks to the gossip memoir-writers of the period, I am able to give a pen-portrait, composite if you will, of some of the scenes that were enacted in the antiquated mansion.

It is night. The lanterns swung in the streets of old Paris glimmer fitfully. Silence broods over the city with shadowy wings. No sound is heard save the clank of the patrol on its rounds. The rue St. Claude, however, is all bustle and confusion. A grand "soirée magique" is being

held at the house of Monsieur le Comte de Cagliostro. Heavy old-fashioned carriages stand in front of the door, with coachmen lolling sleepily on the boxes, and linkboys playing rude games with each other in the kennel. A rumble in the street—ha, there, lackeys! out of the way! Here comes the coach of my Lord Cardinal, Prince Louis de Rohan. There is a flash of torches. Servants in gorgeous liveries of red and gold, with powdered

wigs, open the door of the vehicle, and let down the steps with a crash. Monseigneur le Cardinal, celebrant of the mass in the royal palace at Versailles, man of pleasure and alchemist, descends. He is enveloped in a dark cloak, as if to court disguise, but it is only a polite pretense. He enters the mansion of his bosom friend, Cagliostro the magician. Within, all is a blaze of light. A life-size bust of the divine Cagliostro ornaments the foyer. Visitors are received in a handsomely furnished apartment on the second floor. Beyond that is the séance-room, a mysterious chamber hung with somber drapery. Wax candles in tall silver sconces, arranged



ENGRAVING OF CAGLIOSTRO IN THE ARMY MEDICAL MUSEUM AT WASHINGTON.

about the place in mystic pentagons and triangles, illuminate the place.

In the center of the room is a table with a black cloth, on which are embroidered in red the symbols of the highest degree of the Rosicrucians. Upon this strange shekinah is placed the cabalistic apparatus of the necromancer—odd little Egyptian figures of Isis, Osiris, vials of lustral waters, and a large globe full of clarified water. It is all very uncanny. Presently the guests are seated in a circle about the altar, and

form a magnetic chain. As the old chroniclers phrase it, to them enters Cagliostro, the Grand Cophta, the man who has lived thousands of years, habited in gorgeous robes like the arch-hierophant of an ancient Egyptian temple. The clairvoyant is now brought in, a child of angelic purity, who was born under a certain constellation, of delicate nerves, great sensitiveness, and, withal, blue eyes. She is bidden to kneel before the globe, and relate what she sees therein. Cagliostro makes passes over her, and commands the genii to enter the water. The very soul of the seeress is penetrated with the magnetic aura emanating from the magician. She becomes convulsed, grinds her teeth, and declares that she sees events taking place that very moment at Vienna, St. Petersburg, Rome and Kamschatka.

Every one present is transported with joy. Monseigneur le Cardinal de Rohan is charmed, delighted, and lauds the necromancer to the skies. How weird and wonderful! Albertus Magnus, Nostradamus and Apollonius of Tyana are not to be compared with the all-powerful Cagliostro. Truly he is the descendant of the Egyptian thaumaturgists.

The séance is followed by a banquet. Rose-leaves are showered over the guests from the gilded ceiling, perfumed water splashes in fountains, and a hidden orchestra of violins, flutes and harps plays soft melodies. The scene reminds one of the splendid feasts of the Roman voluptuaries in the decadent days of the empire. The lovely Lorenza Feliciani, wife of the enchanter, discourses learnedly of sylphs, salamanders and gnomes, in the jargon of the Rosicrucians. The Cardinal, his veins on fire with love and champagne, gazes amorously at her. But he is thinking all the while of the aristocratic Marie

Antoinette, who treats him with such cruel disdain. But Cagliostro has promised to win the Queen for him, to melt her icy heart with love-philters and magical talismans. Let him but possess his soul in patience a little while. All will be well. Aye, indeed, well enough to land the haughty prelate in the Bastille, and start the magician on that downward path to the Inquisition at Rome.

The night wanes. The lights of the banqueting-hall burn lower and lower. Finally the grandes dames and the seigneurs take their departure. When the last carriage has rolled away into the darkness, Cagliostro and his wife yawn wearily, and retire to their respective sleeping-apartments. The augurs of Rome, says a Latin poet, could not look at each other without laughing. Cagliostro and Lorenza in bidding each other good-night exchange smiles of incalculable cunning. The sphinx masks have dropped from their faces, and they know each other to be—charlatans and impostors, preying upon a superstitious society. The magician is alone. He places his wax light upon an escritoire, and throws himself into an arm-chair before the great fireplace, carved and gilded with many a grotesque image. The flames of the blazing logs weave all sorts of fantastic forms on floor and ceiling. The wind without howls in the chimney like a lost spirit. The figures embroidered on the tapestry assume monstrous shapes of evil portent—alguazils, cowed Inquisitors, and jailers with rusty keys and chains.

But the magician sees nothing of it all, hears not the warning cry of the wind: he is thinking of his newly hatched lodges of Egyptian Occultism, and the golden louis d'or to be conjured out of the strong-boxes of his Parisian dupes.





PEARL HART READING OVER HER STATEMENT.

AN ARIZONA EPISODE.

THE evolution of the new woman takes many strange phases. A late and unique one is that of her appearance in the character of Dick Turpin. There have been many female stage-robbers in books and stories, but only one in the flesh. Viewed psychologically, the statement of such a woman is curious. Starting with one of the hum-drum tragedies that are lived in so many lives, the story of her life is told by herself until it reaches the startling climax with which telegraphic reports have made us familiar. Pearl Hart, the woman who "held up" the Globe stage at Cane Springs cañon, Arizona, on May 30th of this year, in company with a male partner, had lived the hard life of the frontier after a disastrous matrimonial experience beginning when she was but sixteen years old. She claims that she was driven to desperation by news of the dangerous illness of her mother. She had no money. She could get none, although she tried in various ways, until, finally, familiar with the exploits of the Western Dick Turpins, she determined to imitate them. She is a small woman, weighing less than a hundred pounds, with features of the most common type. Donning a set of man's clothes and taking the necessary revolver, and securing a male companion, she appeared on the highway. The leveled revolvers quickly brought the coach and its occupants to a standstill. Then, under the cool eye of this bit of a creature, the passengers handed over some four hundred dollars. The attempt to escape, the chase, and the capture that followed—the whole story furnishes an interesting side-light on life in the Southwest.

"WHEN I was but sixteen years old, and while still at boarding-school, I fell in love with a man I met in the town in which the school was situated. I was easily impressed. I knew nothing

of life. Marriage was to me but a name. It did not take him long to get my consent to an elopement. We ran away one night and were married.

"I was happy for a time, but not for long.

My husband began to abuse me, and presently he drove me from him. Then I returned to my mother, in the village of Lindsay, Ontario, where I was born.

"Before long, my husband sent for me, and I went back to him. I loved him, and he promised to do better. I had not been with him two weeks before he began to abuse me again, and after bearing up under his blows as long as I could I left him again. This was just as the World's Fair closed in Chicago, in the fall of 1893. Instead of going home to my mother again, as I should have done, I took the train for Trinidad, Colorado. I was only twenty-two years old. I was good-looking, desperate, discouraged, and ready for anything that might come.

"I do not care to dwell on this period of my life. It is sufficient to say that I went from one city to another until some time later I arrived in Phoenix. I came face to face with my husband on the street one afternoon. I was not then the innocent school-girl he had enticed from home, father, mother, family and friends—far from it. I had been inured to the hardships of the world and knew much of its wickedness. Still, the old infatuation came back. I struggled against it. I knew if I went back to him I should be more unhappy than I was, but I lost the battle. I did go back. We lived together for three years, and I was happy and good, for I dearly loved the man whose name I bore. During the first year of my married life a boy was born to us, and a girl while we were together at Phoenix.

"He was not content. He began to abuse me as of old, and I left him for the third time, vowing never to speak to him again. I sent my children home to my dear old mother and went East, where I supported myself by working as a servant. I heard of my husband occasionally. I tried to forget him, but could not. He was the father of my children and I loved him, in spite of all the abuse he had heaped on me.

"Two years after I had left him the third time, he found out where I was. He came to me and begged me to go back to the West with him, making me all kinds of smooth promises. I went back. I followed him to Tucson. After the money I

had saved had been spent, he began beating me, and I lived in hell for months. Finally, he joined McCord's regiment and went to the war. And as for me—why, I went back to Phoenix and got along as best I could.

"I was tired of life. I wanted to die, and tried to kill myself three or four times. I was restrained each time, and finally I got employment cooking for some miners at Mammoth. I lived there for a while, living in a tent pitched on the banks of the Gila river. The work was too hard, and I packed my goods in a wagon and started to go to Globe. I had to return to my old camp because the horses were unable to pull us through. A man named Joe Boot wanted to go to Globe, too, and we made an arrangement with two Mormon boys to freight the whole outfit to Globe for eight dollars. We camped out three miles from Globe, and next day moved in, and I went to work again in a miners' boarding-house. Then one of the big mines shut down and that left me with nothing to do.

"I had saved a little money. One of my brothers found my address and wrote me for some money to help him out of a scrape. I sent him all I had, and was just about to move on to some other town when my husband appeared again. He had been mustered out of his regiment and had followed me to Globe. He was too lazy to work and wanted me to support him. We had another quarrel and parted. I haven't seen him since and I hope I never shall see him again.

"On top of all my other troubles, I got a letter just at this time saying my mother was dying and asking me to come home if I wanted to see her alive again. That letter drove me crazy. No matter what I had been, my mother had been my dearest, truest friend, and I longed to see her again before she died. I had no money. I could get no money. From what I know now, I believe I became temporarily insane.

"Joe Boot, the man who freighted his goods over to Globe with me, told me he had a mining-claim and offered to go out with me and try to dig up enough metal to get a passage home to Canada. We went out to the claim and both worked night and day. It was useless. The

claim was no good. I handled pick and shovel like a man, and began wearing man's clothes while I was mining there. I have never worked so hard in my life, and I have had some pretty hard experiences, too.

"When we found there wasn't a sign of color in the claim, I was frantic. I wanted to see my mother. It was the only wish I had. Boot sympathized with me, but he had no money and could not get any. He proposed that we rob the Globe stage. I protested. He said it was the only way to get money. Then I weakened so far as the moral part of it was concerned, but said I was afraid to rob a stage. It seemed a desperate undertaking for a woman of my size. Joe finally said it was easy enough and no one would get hurt. 'A bold front,' he said, 'is all that is necessary to rob any stage.'

"Joe," I said, 'if you will promise me that no one will be hurt, I will go with you.'

"He promised, and we made our plans.

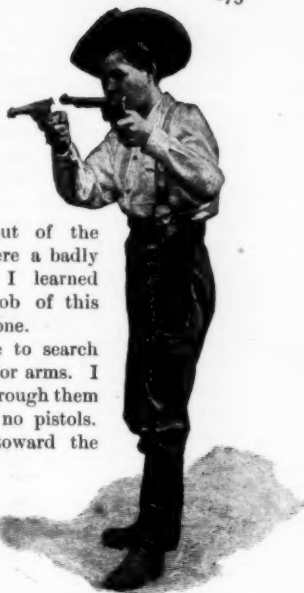
"On the afternoon of the robbery we took our horses and rode over the mountains and through the cañons, and at last hit the Globe road. We rode along slowly until we came to a bend in the road, which was a most favorable spot for our undertaking. We halted and listened till we heard the stage. Then we went forward on a slow walk, till we saw the stage coming around the bend. We then pulled to one side of the road. Joe drew a 'forty-five,' and said, 'Throw up your hands!' I drew my little 'thirty-eight' and likewise covered

the occupants of the stage. Joe said to me, 'Get off your horse.' I did so, while he kept the people covered. He ordered them out of the stage. They were a badly scared outfit. I learned how easily a job of this kind could be done.

"Joe told me to search the passengers for arms. I carefully went through them all. They had no pistols. Joe motioned toward the stage. I advanced and searched it, and found the brave passengers had left two of their guns behind

them when ordered out of the stage. Really, I can't see why men carry revolvers, because they almost invariably give them up at the very time they were made to be used. They certainly don't want revolvers for playthings. I gave Joe a 'forty-four,' and kept the 'forty-five' for myself. Joe told me to search the passengers for money. I did so, and found on the fellow who was shaking the worst three hundred and ninety dollars. This fellow was trembling so I could hardly get my hand in his pockets. The other fellow, a sort of a dude, with his hair parted in the middle, tried to tell me how much he needed the money, but he yielded thirty-six dollars, a dime and two nickels. Then I searched the remaining passenger, a Chinaman. He was nearer my size and I just scared him to death. His clothes enabled me to go through him quickly. I only got five dollars, however.

"The stage-driver had a few dollars, but after a council of war we decided not to rob him. Then we gave each of the others a charitable contribution of a dollar apiece and ordered them to move on, Joe warning them all not to look back as they valued their lives.



PEARL HART "HOLDING UP" THE STAGE-COACH.



THE FEMALE BANDIT AND HER PET WILDCAT.

"Joe and I rode slowly up the road for a few miles, planning our future movements. We turned off the well-traveled road to the right. We sought the roughest and most inaccessible region that we could find. We passed at right angles over cañons, and repassed those same cañons the same day, to cover a trail that we knew would be a hot one before many hours. This undertaking, to throw the officers off the track, was most hazardous, and as I look back upon that wild ride, that effort to escape from the consequences of our bloodless crime, I marvel that we did not lose our lives. As it was, we had many very close escapes. Our horses were likewise in perilous positions several times. It seems to me now that nothing but the excitement of the hour could have carried me through this awful ride, over the perilous trails and the precipitous cañons. To-day I cannot tell how we ever got through the ride that day. Many noises in the great mountains and cañons led us to believe that our pursuers were at hand, but these turned out to be the workings of our guilty consciences.

"Just at dark that night we came out on the road near Cane Springs. Here Joe left me to take care of the two horses, and went to see if the road ahead was clear. He reported things all right. We then rode toward Riverside, passing that place in the dark about ten o'clock. We continued on for six miles, then crossed the river and camped for the rest of the night and the next day, hobbling our horses as soon as it became dark. We started for the railroad. Our horses were much worn, but in the night we came to a big haystack and got a small feed for each of them, then pushed to within six miles of Mammoth. We were well known there

and had to be very careful. We first lay down in the bushes, but we heard wagons pass, and, afterward, men on horseback, which made us very uneasy. We kept quiet until the sounds ceased, then crawled and walked up the side of a big sandstone hill where there were many small caves, or holes, of a circular shape, not much larger than a man's body.

"Upon reaching this spot of safety we found it to be the home of wild or musk hogs, which abound in this locality. These hogs will fight if they have to. However, our peril was so great that we could not hesitate about other chances, and we selected a hole into which we could crawl. Joe started in and I followed. Of course, we had to look out for rattlesnakes, too, which made our entrance very slow. After we had crawled about twenty feet, Joe stopped, saying he could see two shining eyes ahead and was going to take a shot.

"I confess I felt very creepy, but we were between the devil and the deep sea and I listened to hear Joe, from his point ahead of me, tell of his success. The animal was shot and killed, and proved



AS SHE APPEARS IN THE JAIL-YARD.

to be a big musk-hog. We soon found the powder-smoke annoying, and as we could not turn around we backed to near the entrance for fresh air. We stayed there all day, and what a long day it was!

"When it got dark we saddled our horses. Joe stole into Mammoth for food and tobacco, and got back without arousing suspicion. After passing Mammoth, we crossed the river and went as far as the school-house, where we hid ourselves and the horses in the bushes at the farther end of a big field. We secured feed for our animals here, and filled a cotton bag with straw to carry. Tired out, we forgot our troubles and slept soundly. At daylight

Joe got some food, and we started on; but after going ten miles our horses showed signs of distress, and I realized how much depended on our animals and would have done anything to secure rest and food for them. I remonstrated with my partner about the condition of things, proposing to put our horses in a field and capture others; also to abandon the horses and walk, or to separate for our own safety. His answer was a peremptory No and we pushed on, passing a Mexican squatter's settlement and coming to a wide ditch. My horse jumped across, but Joe's horse fell in, and for a while I thought they would both be drowned. They finally got out. I sat in my saddle perfectly helpless during the struggle.

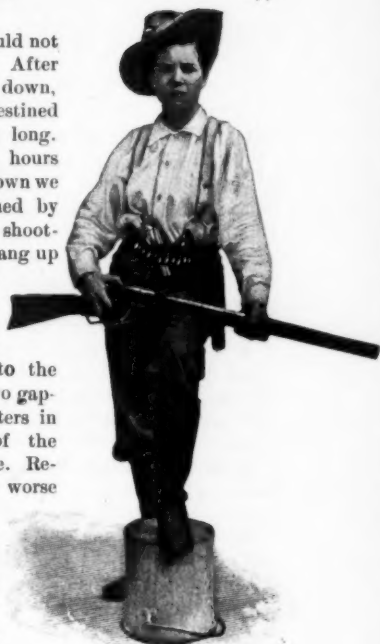
"This day, which proved to be our last day of freedom, at least for a while, we spent sleeping and cooking. The rain fell in torrents and we were very uncomfortable. At night we again started, and rode until five o'clock in the morning. Just after daylight we came across a mountain lion and gave chase for two

miles, but could not get a shot. After this we lay down, but were destined not to sleep long. About three hours after lying down we were awakened by yelling and shooting. We sprang up and grabbed our guns, but found we were looking straight into the mouths of two gaping Winchesters in the hands of the sheriff's posse. Resistance was worse than useless, and we put up hands. At the time of our capture we were within twenty miles of

Benson, the railroad station we were making for. Had we reached Benson, I believe we should have escaped.

"We were taken as prisoners first to Benson, thence through Tucson to Casa Grande by rail, and then to Florence. We were kindly treated. The worst thing we suffered was from the curious who came to look at and make fun of us. It would have given me pleasure to meet some of these curious fellows as we met the men in the stage, just to see what they were made of.

"On the 20th, I was transferred to the Tucson jail, as the accommodations here were better adapted to a woman, but I did hate to leave Joe, who had been so considerate of me during all the ups and downs of the wild chase we had been through. His entire trouble was brought on by trying to get money for me to reach mother. We took an oath at parting never to serve out a term in the penitentiary, but rather to find that rest a tired soul seeks. It is, of course, public that I tried to kill myself the day they separated me from Joe at Florence, and to-day I am sorry I didn't succeed."



GUARDING CAMP.



PEARL HART IN WOMAN'S ORDINARY ATTIRE.

WHAT WORK IS.

BY CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

WE lived on the face of the earth a long time without any knowledge of geography.

We lived in the human body a long time without any knowledge of physiology.

We have lived for a long time in the daily performance of those large industries by which society is maintained, without any knowledge of Social Economics.

And, just as we believed strange myths about the earth and about the body, before knowledge came to dispel superstition, so we have believed strange myths about Work.

Work is the social process, the economic basis of all human life, a word of supremely human significance.

Men work, and make their cattle work, but a free and independent lower animal does not work. He expends energy in pursuit of his dinner, but we do not call it working.

The only subhuman creatures we call workers are the ant, the bee and the beaver. "He works like a beaver," we say; "As busy as a bee," and, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard!" Birds spend a great deal of energy in building a nest, but we do not say, "Working like a bird."

The reason for the distinction is clear: the bee, the ant and the beaver exert themselves not each for each, not merely parent for child, but all for all. They have common interests and make a common effort to serve those interests; with the result of developing a high degree of prosperity, and also of ability and intelligence.

The ant stands next to man in social development, far higher than the bee; because the ant not only labors collectively for the common good, but has specialized his labor to a greater extent than the bee.

The bee is a mason, and a nurse, besides pursuing the primal business of food-getting; but the ant keeps cattle, makes war, holds slaves, digs tunnels and builds roads; has a wider range of industry than any other animal below man—the ant works.

We now begin to see what work is. It is not an individual process but a collective

one. It involves division of labor and exchange of products. It is something you do for others while others do something for you. It is practical, profitable altruism.

It is most distinctively human because human interests are most interdependent. We cannot be human at all without common effort for the common good.

That degree of safety and prosperity which can be secured by one man's efforts for himself, is below the grade of development which we call human. When we find those lowest of savages who build no shelter, make no coverings, have hardly a weapon or a tool, we say "they are scarcely human."

We cannot be human without work.

The very first step in social development required some sort of exchange of labor; and every step upward has brought with it wider dependence on each other.

The first and most essential feature of work is this mutualism; and, growing naturally from that, the second is division of labor. People who can only do the same thing and do it equally well, are still benefited by working together; but there soon results a greater benefit.

As the work is divided, part given to one and part to another, the man who does one thing continually develops a special skill in that line; and we begin to enjoy the fruits of that second distinction of human work—specialization.

Houses, for instance, when built by each man for himself were necessarily small and crude. Many men uniting could build bigger ones, and build them quicker; but the evolution of the house requires the evolution of the mason, the carpenter, the plasterer, the plumber, the glazier, the locksmith and the painter and decorator; and the further furnishing of that house requires many more of such specialists, each man doing one kind of work.

This tendency to specialize we see in simple form among those gregarious beasts where one watches while the others graze;

and in us, as more gregarious, it is more highly developed.

It has its danger of excess, of course, as have all natural tendencies when not balanced by others; but within right limits it is a most valuable factor in work.

The human animal enters upon his line of social development with this new law upon him: that his individual interest is best served by his serving the interest of others; and that the common interest is best served by an increasing degree of specialization in labor. It is here that the organic nature of our social relations becomes plainly apparent, and work is shown to be a distinctively social function.

The confusing features in its orderly development are not difficult to account for. Our physical functions were strangely interfered with while we were ignorant of physiology—they are still, by those still ignorant. And our social functions are also strangely interfered with while we fail to understand the principles of sociology. We overestimate some, underestimate others, and misestimate nearly all, because we do not know the laws of the game!

Social evolution steadily forces us on, making us do that which is necessary for social progress whether we know it or not, but as far as our individual grasp of the subject goes we have blundered most gravely. This immense and basic process of social life, work, is obscured in our minds by centuries of falsehood and prejudice.

It is apparent to any one that the mere existence of society depends on work, that the nature of a given society depends on the nature of its work, that the further progress of society depends on the progress of its work; and, also, that the individual finds his best happiness in his best work—his worst punishment in uncongenial, forced labor, or that last horror—forced idleness; and in the face of these facts we still "labor under a misconception."

Our main error is in thinking that work is done to gratify our own desires—see the "want theory" in existing systems of economics. No expression of energy of sufficiently high grade to be called "work," is done to gratify oneself. In

its very nature as work it is done for some one else.

The individual may be led to do it by self-interest, drawn into the social service through his subsocial desires; but the work is for others.

We are urged to seek food through the irritation of an empty stomach called appetite, but the processes of nutrition are not for the gratification of appetite, but for the nourishment of the body. The appetite is only a means to an end.

The industry of ship-building was not evolved as a means of feeding ship-builders. Ship-builders were evolved to build ships, because ships are a means of transportation, and transportation is an economic process in social evolution.

The work of teaching school was not evolved to feed school-teachers. The school-teacher is a functionary in the social process of education. "The times make the man" always. It is the social need which demands the work—not the personal desire; work is an organic function of society.

The organs in the body work. The lungs and heart and brain do work which would be inconceivable if they were existing separately; indeed, the organs are inconceivable separately.

They receive nourishment as parts of the body, but they do not profit directly by their own work, save in the pleasure of exercise.

The brain is not fed by its thinking, it is fed by the blood brought to it through the circulation.

To be sure, the thinking of the brain enables the man to secure more food whereby to replenish the blood; but the brain gets only a share in that nourishment.

The smith is not fed by the horseshoes he makes, but by the corn raised by the farmer—carried by the carter, baked by the baker. Of course, the individual ultimately profits by the social gain; but it is no more reasonable to hold that the vast structure of organized society exists to keep the individual alive, than to hold that a human body exists to keep its heart and lungs alive.

We unconsciously recognize the social duty involved in work by honoring the

man who is faithful to his task even to his own disadvantage; what we call "honesty" in the workman and "honor" in the soldier are really the same thing—faithful service to society.

If work were done for individual ends, why should we not impose on one another? It is because of our false notion that it is a personal matter, done for personal gratification, that we see everywhere the private interest working against the common interest; and the world is clogged and injured by bad work, and it is because of this same false notion—that work is something you do for yourself and would not do if you did not have to—that we so foolishly misjudge work and the worker.

Change it, see that work is social service, that it is not a process of taking care of oneself, but a process of taking care of one another—and our ignorant scorn will give place to wise respect.

Another radical error as to the nature of work comes from our view of life as a condition of reception. We think the pleasure of living is in receiving sensations—a most mistaken and limited idea. The main pleasures of life come through expression rather than impression. It is more pleasure to paint a picture than to look at it—to sing than to hear.

Supplied with every conceivable means of gratification, a human being soon exhausts the pleasure of having things; but given right avenues to employ his energies, he never exhausts the pleasure of doing things.

The receiving power of an organism is not so great as its giving power. Expression is greater than impression. We fondly imagine that it is better to have things than to do them—an error carried to its natural height when the Shah of Persia gazed in wonder at English ladies and gentlemen dancing. "Can they not hire persons to do it for them?" he said. He supposed that to look at dancing was more pleasurable than to dance. He was wrong.

Acting under this mistake, we seek to avoid work, and look down upon the worker. The experience of centuries to the contrary does not shake this sublime fallacy. We all know the delight which

every skilled professional takes in his own performance; and the distress and disease which follow those who do not work at all.

We know these facts, yet argue nothing from them; failing to see that each man is a part of the social organism, that work is his organic function, and that an organ debarred from its function is necessarily sick.

Accompanying these radical errors as to the nature of work, is a sort of collateral prejudice with a historic basis. When the race of animals from whose interrelation humanity was to grow, began to enter into that relation, they were as frankly individual as any other beasts.

They were incapable of the wide vision of a common good to spur them to a common effort, and they had not developed the special capacity which makes work a pleasure in itself.

The only force they acted under was self-interest, and that self-interest, waxing stronger as the race began to rise, caused one man to enslave another.

The first human laborer was the slave, and most reluctantly did he enter upon his social duties. Only the fear of death drove him to it; only the constant presence of superior force and impending punishment kept him at it; and in his unpleasant position he naturally acquired a strong dislike to labor.

The master, despising the slave, as naturally despised his condition; and this contempt for work, still extant in a free society to-day, dates back to the earliest status of labor, that of chattel slavery.

Later, in the period of feudalism, when labor was performed by the serfs who belonged to the soil, if not to the owner in person, the noble lord who headed the little state, protecting the peasant while the peasant fed him—both factors in a low form of social life—despised the humble serf, and considered fighting noble and working base. It was merely ignorance on the part of the noble lord. As the economic processes of society have grown and widened and become dominant, as "the sinews of war" have come to be more important than its claws and scales, the fighter has become relatively less valuable, and the worker more valuable. The power

to make and distribute things is more important to-day than the power to destroy them; the vital strength of modern society is in its productive, not its destructive, processes.

But our mental concepts are always behind our conditions. Our opinions of work and workers still rest on the feudal idea, and back of that on the more primitive slave idea. This is pure prejudice, needing honest recognition as such, and forcible ejection from the human mind.

In those civilizations affected by the Hebrew religion we have a reinforcement of this primal error with the tremendous sanction of revelation. While still in the stage of slavery the early Semitic mind justified its views of work by the theory that it was a "curse," a penalty imposed on man for disobedience.

This expression of feeling was as natural as the Greek myth which accounted for all the troubles of the world by naughty Pandora's letting them out of the forbidden box—and as true.

The whole Christian world has inherited this misbelief. Workers are rated falsely owing to the general prejudice and misconception above described, and women as workers are rated more falsely still, owing to additional prejudice and misconception on sex lines.

Accustomed for many years to see women working mainly for their own children, we have grown to consider the work of women as a part of motherhood.

We do not call it "work," and therein we are right, as work involves other interests than those of maternity; but when the woman does "work"—i.e., specialize her labor and exchange with others—this seems to us an alienation of mother-love from its object, and a neglect of the child. To care for one's own children directly is not "work"; it is but the fulfilment of the animal instinct of the parent, and involves no social relation whatever.

The father might personally do things for his children at home, and we should not call it working; indeed, we should consider it rather a waste of time. He best cares for his children by "working"

for others, and giving to his children part of the greatly multiplied common product. It is not neglect, but the best paternal care. He enters the social relation of economic interservice and exchange, and his children profit by it. But the mother is held to neglect her family if she "works"; and this gives us a strong specific prejudice against the industrial advance of women. Following this and closely allied to it is the mental effect of the second stage of woman's labor, the service of the husband.

The wild-beast mother serves her young, but is of no economic advantage to her mate. Very early in savagery, however, the industrial value of the woman was recognized, and wife and slave were practically synonymous terms. The wives served as slaves unless the common master could amass enough women to discriminate somewhat; and the slaves served as wives in an equally felicitous manner.

This habit is slow in passing, and has associated women's work with wifely fealty, so that the wife who works in an extra-domestic relation is vaguely held as disloyal.

She may work for her husband if driven by necessity, but to want to work, to wish to develop special talents and use them for the common good, this is deemed quite false to the ideal of womanhood. Her purposes and methods are all measured by the family relation; and any desire for social relation is thought to smack of some questionable feeling.

This adds the marital prejudice to the maternal prejudice—a heavy combination. But there is a third, more general still.

The economic processes by which humanity exists and civilization develops have been thus far carried on almost exclusively by men.

By the law of associate idea we have grown to consider those processes as peculiar to men—as being masculine functions.

Therefore, it was most natural that we should consider the entrance of women upon this field of action as an assumption of masculine function; and so as revolting and wrong.

When analyzed by a clear thinker who is able to detach one idea from another and

judge them separately, there is seen to be no logical basis for this feeling.

When men taught school and women did not, "teacher" was a masculine noun; now it stands nine to one feminine in America. "Doctor" Smith no longer conveys instant assurance of masculinity. We are learning by continued contact with established facts to recognize that racial functions are one thing, and sex functions quite another; and that the essential activities of organized society are Human—and neither male nor female.

But while the facts are working their slow way through the resisting mind, prejudice remains in full action long after its foundations are removed; and woman's work rests under no stronger deterrent force than this deep-seated conviction that "work" is masculine.

Thus, we see how natural it is that work is so radically misunderstood by the world in general and by women in particular; that such misunderstanding is not only excusable, but inevitable.

We require fearless and honest thought and careful study of this basic social relation; and the power to recognize and suppress ancestral prejudices. We require a new conception of the nature of work, and of our right attitude toward it; a clear perception of the main lines of error in our thought is a safeguard on that side; and the proof of the new view lies ready to hand—the sure test of practical experiment.

We all see something of the value of work in its material products; but that value rises immeasurably as we study the

effect of our material environment upon human character and progress. We all see something of the good effect of true work upon the worker, the ill effect of wrong work or overwork, but we do not begin to see how closely our personal happiness, health and growth depend on our doing our own right work.

But the dominant fact, the organic social nature of work, we have scarcely more than dreamed of; that it is an essential function of social life and progress, and that not to work is not to be a member of society.

We have not seen the full force of the deep-seated social impulse that calls the human being to his special place in society; and the world is full of thwarted, wasted lives where "the round peg is in the square hole," to the misery of the peg and a dead loss to society.

Most of all we have not seen that this applies to woman as to man; that she too is a member of the social organism, and must fill her place therein to know the full joy and power of life.

Held back by all these age-long errors, she in turn holds back the wheels of progress, and the economic confusion and unrest of this time marks a period which the later sociologist will see to be largely due to this one fact—that half the world is doing its half of the work under the most primitive ignorance.

Recognition of the true nature of work by all of us, and most especially by women, with a glad acceptance of its noble responsibilities, will lift us fast and far out of these discreditable difficulties.



A PLAN FOR THE ORGANIZATION OF A NATIONAL CLEARING-HOUSE BANK.

PROPOSED BY JOHN BRISSEN WALKER.

THE question of the transmission of money in small amounts has become one of vital importance to the interests of trade in all parts of the United States. The present methods are crude, cumbersome and costly to the utmost degree. They have a tendency to curtail and harass the natural operations of commerce, and are utterly unworthy of the organization which has been brought into business methods of the present day. About two years ago, the author of the suggestions here made submitted to the bankers of New York a plan for a National Clearing-House Bank.

cisms were of a favorable character. In no case was there specific objection to the plan itself.

The first paragraph of this plan read as follows: "It is estimated by two of the most conservative bankers of New York, that the cost of collecting country checks exceeds \$1,300,000 per annum for the New York banks alone. The difficulties involved in the present system for small exchanges are even more costly for commerce than for the banks."

This aroused the New York Clearing-House to a consideration of the subject. I

No. 1.

\$..... New York,.....189....

Received of Depositor Number.....

Name.....Address.....

By Check No..... on **National Clearing House Bank,**

the sum of.....Dollars,

with instructions to pay to.....

of City of.....State of.....

which said payment we agree to hold subject to order of said payee.

THE NATIONAL CLEARING HOUSE BANK.

Per.....

RECEIPT VOUCHER.

He had previously urged upon bankers and merchants the importance of a government plan similar to that so successfully adopted by the Austro-Hungarian government, with some modifications making it suitable to the United States. The determined opposition which met every suggestion of government control finally induced him to prepare a second plan not likely to meet with such opposition. This plan is quoted below exactly as circulated at the time in pamphlet form. It was submitted to Secretary Gage and many leading bankers of New York and other cities. The criti-

should be glad to say that they took it up in a broad-minded and liberal way and worked out a plan calculated to relieve the commerce of the country from such an unnecessary and distressing tax. On the contrary, the consideration of the subject only resulted in the levying of a tax of 10 cents on each country check entering New York.

This tax has now been in operation for some months. The opposition to it has become daily more determined, and it is only a question of time until the great interests involved will combine in a plan

No. 4	
Date.....	
Cash on hand,	\$
Amount of this Check,	\$
Balance,	\$
Check payable to.....	
Street.....	
City.....	
State.....	
On account of.....	

No. 5	
To the National Clearing House Bank, \$	
Dear Sirs,	
We hold a check for \$	
in favor of.....	
of Street.....	City..... State.....
which amount will be paid to you upon identification in person or through your bank.	
Depositor Number.....	
Name.....	Address.....
Retrieved the above.....	

PAGE FROM

to relieve themselves of a tax which strikes directly at a large and important part of the business of New York, and which, in some cases, is so heavy as to be almost ruinous. Some way out must be soon found, and it is in view of these conditions that the National Clearing-House Bank plan is again presented, as follows:—

**CAPITAL STOCK,
\$500,000.**

The National Clearing-House Bank shall have a capital of \$500,000, to be invested in government 3 per cent. bonds and subscribed with the agreement that no more than 10 per cent. dividends shall ever be paid. All profits above that sum shall be placed in a sinking fund (also to be invested in United States bonds). When this sinking fund shall reach \$1,000,000, the capital stock shall be refunded to the subscribers.

**THE GOVERNMENT
OF THE BANK**

Shall be in the hands of a President and Board of twelve Directors. The President alone shall be a salaried officer. The Board of Directors shall serve without compensation. Nine of the Directors and the President, making ten in all, shall be presidents of leading banks. The Secretary of the Treasury shall be entitled, ex officio, to a seat in the Board of Directors.

CONDUCT OF BUSINESS—DEPOSITORS.

No one shall be allowed to open an account until he shall have been properly vouched for and shall have placed at least \$50 to his credit with the National Clearing-House Bank.

Upon the payment of an additional \$3.80, there shall be mailed to the depositor, postage prepaid, a book containing

one hundred checks and one hundred deposit slips.

The checks in this book shall be printed with three stubs, one of which shall remain in the book, to record the depositor's transactions. The other stubs shall consist: first, of a receipt stub, and secondly, of a stub which shall constitute the bank's voucher.

METHODS.

To illustrate their use: A. A., a depositor in Los Angeles, California, desiring to pay the sum of twenty dollars to B. B., in Portland, Maine, fills out the check and its various stubs and addresses.

Instead of forwarding the check to B. B., in Portland, he incloses it in an envelope addressed to the National Clearing-House Bank, New York.

The National Clearing-House Bank, upon receipt of his check and stubs at its main office in New York, tears off stub No. 1 (which is printed in the form of a postal-card) and returns it, with a one-cent stamp, to the sender; and this stub, so remitted, shall constitute a voucher as against B. B., in Portland, Maine.

Stub No. 2, which is the check proper, is filed at the New York office of the National Clearing-House Bank and becomes a part of its permanent records.

Stub No. 3, which is printed in the form of a receipt from the payee, is made up with a package of other similar stubs and forwarded to the branch of the National Clearing-House Bank at Portland; the list of these checks, forwarded each day, constituting the credit to which the branch bank is entitled from the central office.

After receiving this stub No. 3, which is also printed in form of a postal-

No. 2	
\$.....	City of..... Date..... 189.....
National Clearing House Bank OF NEW YORK	
Pay to.....	
of No.....	Street.....
of City of.....	State of.....
the sum of..... Dollars, and charge to acc't of.....	
Check Number.....	

A CHECK-BOOK.

card, the Portland agents forward it as a postal-card to B. B. in Portland. He can either call and get his money, or, after indorsing his check stub, deposit it with his own bank for collection; or, if he is a depositor of the National Clearing-House Bank, he may pass the stub to his account with that bank.

THE COST OF THE TRANSACTION

Will be for A. A. 3 8-10 cents —as against any of the methods now employed to remit money securely by express or post-office order, costing from three times that amount upward.

THE COST TO BANK

Will be: First, the cost of printing a check and handling. Second, the cost of entering names in ledgers and on lists to be forwarded to the branch bank, and incidental bookkeeping expenses. Third, one cent for postal stub notifying payee of the transaction. Fourth, one cent for postal stub constituting receipt to payer. The whole will approximate 3½ cents.

EXPENSES OF BRANCH BANKS.

In each city, town and village the strongest and most conservative bank shall be selected as the representative of the National Clearing-House Bank.

Its services shall be given without compensation other than that derived from the advantages obtained: First, from the prominence given by being the chosen representative of the National Clearing-House Bank and in the intimate relations established in this way with a large number of business men. Second, from the profit derived as being the local depository of the funds of the National Clearing-House Bank.

SECURITY FOR FUNDS OF THE DEPOSITORS.

No money shall be lent by the bank to individuals, but shall be deposited: one-third with the eighty Clearing-House Banks of New York city and two-thirds with the local banks representing the National Clearing-House Bank, all of the banks paying one-sixth of one per cent. per month upon the average amount so deposited with them for the month.

In Austro-Hungary, the deposits of a similar institution, conducted by the government, average more than one hundred million of dollars. It is to be presumed that the average deposits of the National Clearing-House Bank will much exceed this sum, but supposing, for purpose of analysis, that they amount to no more than one-tenth of this amount, we should then have \$200,000, in addition to the sum of 1 8-10 cents on each check over and above the postal-stamp, to cover the salary of the President, and incidental expenses.

SECURITY TO INVESTORS.

The capital stock of \$500,000 shall be divided among the eighty Clearing-House Banks of New York city, ranging in amount from \$2,000 to \$10,000, according to their average deposits. These investors would have the maximum of security, inasmuch as all money of the Bank would either be invested in government bonds or scattered, on call, among many thousands of the strongest and most conservative banks of the country—if possible, under some special form of security given by said banks.

ADVANTAGES.

The present very cumbersome form of remitting money safely involves one of three methods:

No. 1	
\$.....	New York..... 189.....
Received of Depositor Number.....	
Name.....	Address.....
By Check No..... on National Clearing House Bank,	
the sum of..... Dollars,	
with instructions to pay to.....	
of City of.....	State of.....
which said payment we agree to hold subject to order of said payee.	
THE NATIONAL CLEARING HOUSE BANK.	
Per.....	

First—Transmission by the Post-Office Department.

Second—Transmission by the express companies.

Third—Transmission by the banks.

To transmit money by either of the first two methods involves a fee three or more times as great as that proposed to be charged here. But, more serious still, it involves, to the average man, a personal visit to the post-office or express-office, with loss of valuable time—greater, even in the case of a poor man, than the fee charged.

With the third method of transmission, this loss is almost as great, although it largely falls on the banks. An officer of a

average and the organization has been reduced to a minimum of effort. But should 3 8-10 cents prove to be too low a figure, it can be quickly advanced.

BENEFICIAL EFFECTS TO COMMERCE.

Not only would the banks benefit immensely by having the item of the costly country check eliminated from their expenditures, but the mercantile world, which is now compelled to handle tens of millions of country checks, would have existing burdens removed from its shoulders. Incidentally, the item of worthless checks may be referred to as one which, under this system, would disappear from among the annoyances of trade. The burden act-

NO. 2.

\$.....	City of.....	Date.....	189.....
National Clearing House Bank			
OF NEW YORK.			
Pay to.....			
of No.....		Street.....	
of City of.....		State of.....	
the sum of.....		Dollars, and charge to acc't of.....	
Check Number.....			

CHECK PROPER.

single New York bank has estimated that it costs his bank above \$30,000 a year to collect country checks. At that rate, ten banks are to-day paying a sum that would be equal to the entire sum required to remove from the banks of the country, once and for all, the nuisance and cost of collecting country checks.

REMEDIES FOR UNDER- ESTIMATE OF COST.

Inasmuch as many years' experience in Austro-Hungary has demonstrated that 1 4-10 cents more than covers the cost of printing, distributing, collecting and accounting each check, it is believed that 3 8-10 cents is a figure larger than will be required after the deposits reach their

usually lifted would go up into the millions.

WOULD THE BANKS LOSE DEPOSITS ?

At first view, it might appear that such a bank would interfere with existing institutions. It is necessary, however, only to examine the causes which operate to bring deposits to the banks, to show that this fear is entirely without foundation. The average depositor seeks a bank with one of two objects—either to secure a rate of interest on his deposit or, over and above the convenience of being able to check, he wishes to have the opportunity to borrow upon the commercial paper passing through his hands. Both of these causes operate in the direction of requiring the depositor

No. 3.

To the National Clearing House Bank,

\$.....

*Dear Sirs:**We hold a check for \$.....**in favor of.....**of Street.....City.....State.....**which amount will be paid to you upon identification in person or through
your bank.**Depositor Number.....**Name.....Address.....**Received the above.....*

RECEIPT FROM PAYEE.

to keep his balance with the bank at a maximum. In addition to this, we have the experience of the Austro-Hungarian bank, demonstrating that the operations of the regular banks are in no wise interfered with.

A report on this subject was made by Hon. Bartlett Tripp, United States Minister to Austro-Hungary, and was issued by the Comptroller of the Currency in 1896. It reads as follows:—

“The postal deposit and savings bank is a government institution under the control of the postal department, with a general office in Vienna and branch offices at every post-office throughout the monarchy. On opening an account the depositor is assigned a certain number, which, together with his name and address, appears upon all checks, deposit receipts, statements of account, and all papers relating to the

transactions of such depositor with the bank. The depositor purchases from the bank a check-book costing about one dollar per hundred checks, a book of deposit blanks, costing forty cents a hundred blanks, the name, address and number of the depositor being printed on each check and deposit blank; in addition to these the depositor is furnished with special envelopes addressed to the general office of the bank in Vienna, at a cost of about ten cents per hundred. The depositor uses the postal bank . . . also as a means of paying all bills and collecting all indebtedness in every part of the city or

No. 4.

Date.....

Cash on hand, - - - \$.....

Amount of this Check, - \$.....

Balance, - - - \$.....

Check payable to.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....

On account of.....

STUB THAT REMAINS IN BOOK.

country, free of all postage or charges to the depositor. The system in vogue, which is both simple and practical, is briefly as follows: If a depositor wishes to pay a debt to a creditor in any part of Austria-Hungary, he simply fills out a postal check to the order of his creditor, with the address of same together with date and amount, incloses it in one of the special envelopes addressed to the general office in Vienna, and the post-office authorities find the payee, pay the amount, and take his receipt for same. Within twenty-four hours the depositor receives through the post-office, from the central office of the bank in Vienna, a statement showing the transaction. It contains date, name of depositor, number of the check, amount and name of post-office where it has been paid; also cash balance of the depositor. These statements reach the depositor after every transaction. . . . The depositor is thus kept informed as to the condition of his account every twenty-four hours, provided he has drawn or made a deposit during the previous day. The check of the depositor, forwarded as above, thus becomes a post-office order without incurring the trouble, time, and expense which the latter system involves. The depositors pay all their bills in this manner, whether in the same city or in different parts of Austria-Hungary. The receiver of the money sends his usual receipt by mail to the payer, and in addition the latter has the daily statement from the postal bank that such a numbered check for such an amount was paid on such a day. Furthermore, if the creditor, to whose order the check is paid, is also a depositor in the postal bank, as it is the custom for all business houses who are depositors in the postal bank to have their deposit number printed on all their bills, statements, receipts and business cards, the debtor fills in the check with the name and deposit number of his creditor, forwards it in same manner free of postage to the general office in Vienna, and the creditor receives his daily statement that his account has been credited by so much from depositor No. — (giving number of debtor) and likewise the debtor or issuer of check receives his daily statement that his account has been

debited by a like amount paid to account of depositor No. — (giving the number of creditor). Thus an enormous amount of transactions take place without the cash being withdrawn from the bank. The deposit blanks consist of two parts, each containing the name, address, and number of depositor printed on their face, in addition to which each blank contains its special number in its order in the book, which number appears on both divisions of the blank. The blanks are used in two ways: If a depositor wishes to make a cash deposit, he fills in a blank with the amount and date, presents it with the cash in person or otherwise, at the nearest post-office (there are one hundred and twenty post-offices in Vienna alone). The postmaster or his deputy receives the deposit, places the date stamp of the post-office on both portions of the blank, separates the latter, affixes his signature to one portion, which he gives to the depositor as a receipt. The other portion is turned into the general office with the cash at the end of the day. Within twenty-four hours the depositor receives his daily statement, showing his account credited with the above transaction and inclosing the other half of the deposit blank. If a depositor sends a bill to one of his debtors he usually incloses one of his deposit blanks; the person receiving the bill fills in the amount of the bill on both portions of the deposit blank, adds his name and address, and presents it or sends it with the money to the nearest post-office, receiving half of the deposit blank, signed and stamped as above, which he attaches to the original bill as a receipt. When the depositor receives his next daily statement from the bank, he sees at once that his account has been credited by the amount of the bill he has sent to his debtor, and with the statement he receives the other half of the deposit blank which was presented by his debtor at the post-office when the latter made the deposit in his favor. In order that the depositors may enjoy all of the above privileges and conveniences, together with free postage and two per cent. interest on deposit, each depositor is required to keep a constant balance of one hundred florins on deposit unless he desires to close up his account."

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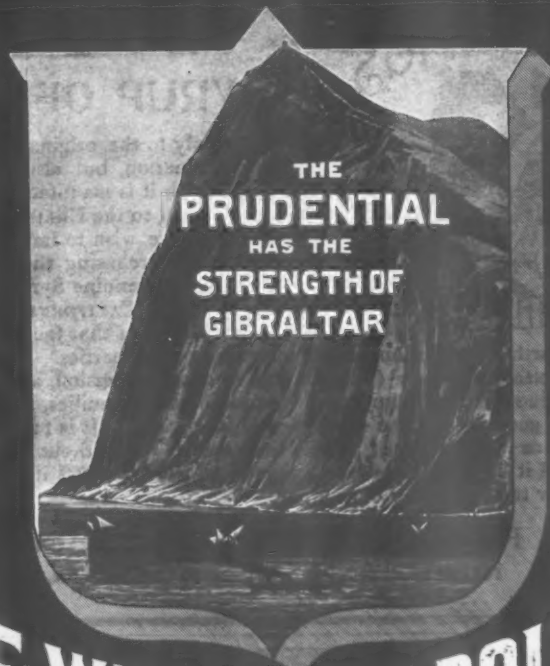
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your gray
hair and add
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why have
such short,
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Better help
your hair a
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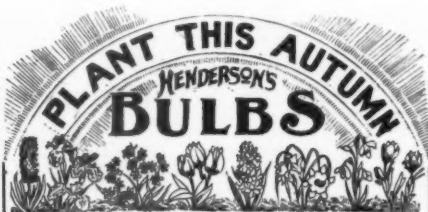
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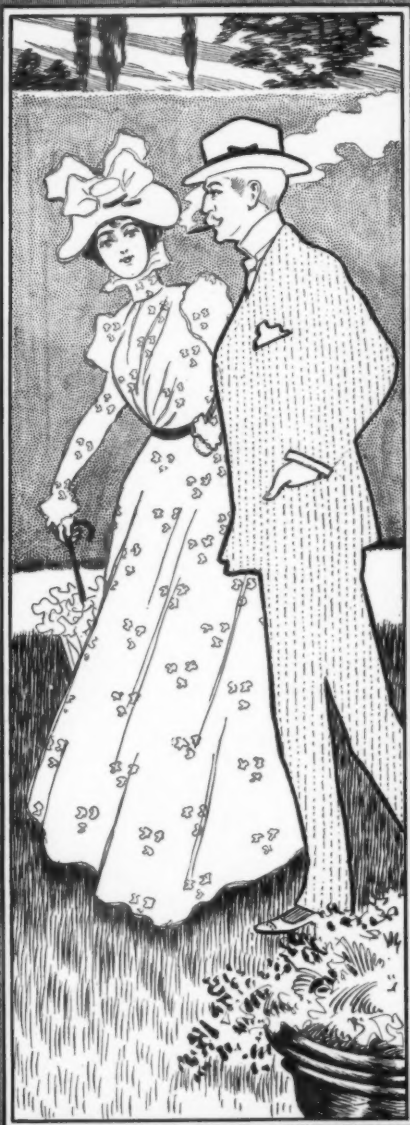
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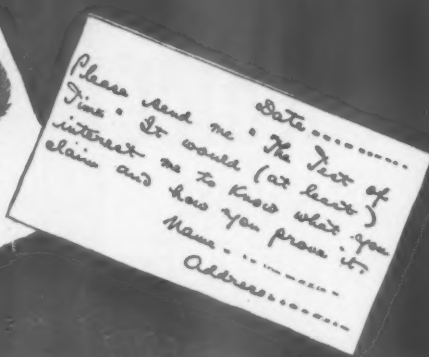
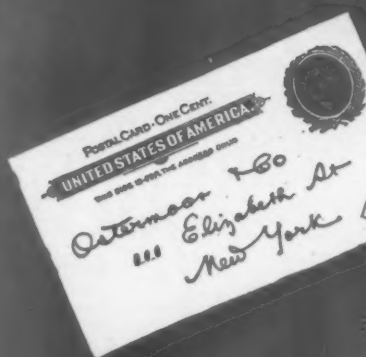
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OCTOBER, 1899

Frontispiece. The Young Mother.....	570
English Court Beauties. <i>Illustrated.</i>	
T. CUNLIFFE-OWEN.....	571
A Horse-Swapping Convention. <i>Illustrated.</i>	
WILLIAM M. BREWER.....	581
Christian Science and the Book of Mrs. Eddy.	
MARK TWAIN.....	585
The Dead. (POEM.) J. A. EDGERTON.....	594
Lady Mary's Mistake. <i>Drawings by R. J. Campbell.</i>	
MAARTEN MAARTENS.....	595
The Parting. (POEM.) JOHN VANCE CHENEY.....	598
Great Industries of the United States.—Zinc-Mining.	
<i>Illustrated.</i> FRANK EBERLE.....	599
The Stage in Mexico and Its Favorites. <i>Illustrated.</i>	
THOMAS BROWN.....	605
The Grape-Gatherers. <i>Illustrated.</i>	
NINETTA FAMES.....	612
The Care of Young Children. (Prize Article.)	
HELEN O. ANDERSON, M.D.....	618
The Lady in the Box. <i>Illustrated by Vincent A. Svo-</i>	
<i>boda.</i> FRANK R. STOCKTON.....	625
Out of the Shadow. <i>Drawings by R. J. Campbell.</i>	
ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE.....	642
The Bonapartes of To-Day. <i>Illustrated.</i>	
PRINCE FABIEN COLONNA.....	649
Candy-Making at Home.	
MARION R. LEE.....	657
Cagliostro—Necromancer, Hypnotist and Charlatan.	
<i>Illustrated.</i> HENRY RIDGELY EVANS.....	665
An Arizona Episode. <i>Illustrated</i>	673
What Work Is. CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.....	678
A Plan for the Organization of a National Clearing House	
Bank. <i>Illustrated.</i>	
JOHN BRISBEN WALKER.....	683
Some Examples of Recent Art.	

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VOL. XXVII

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NUMBER 6

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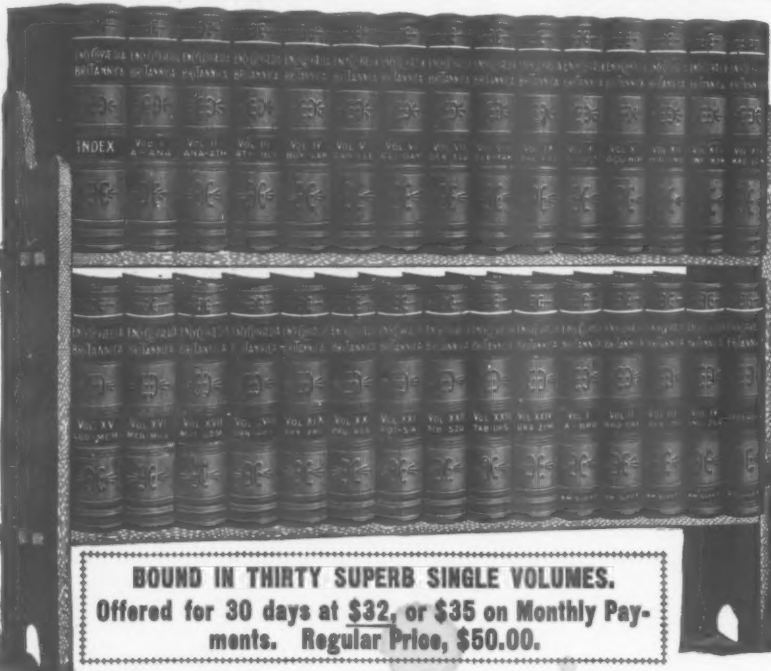
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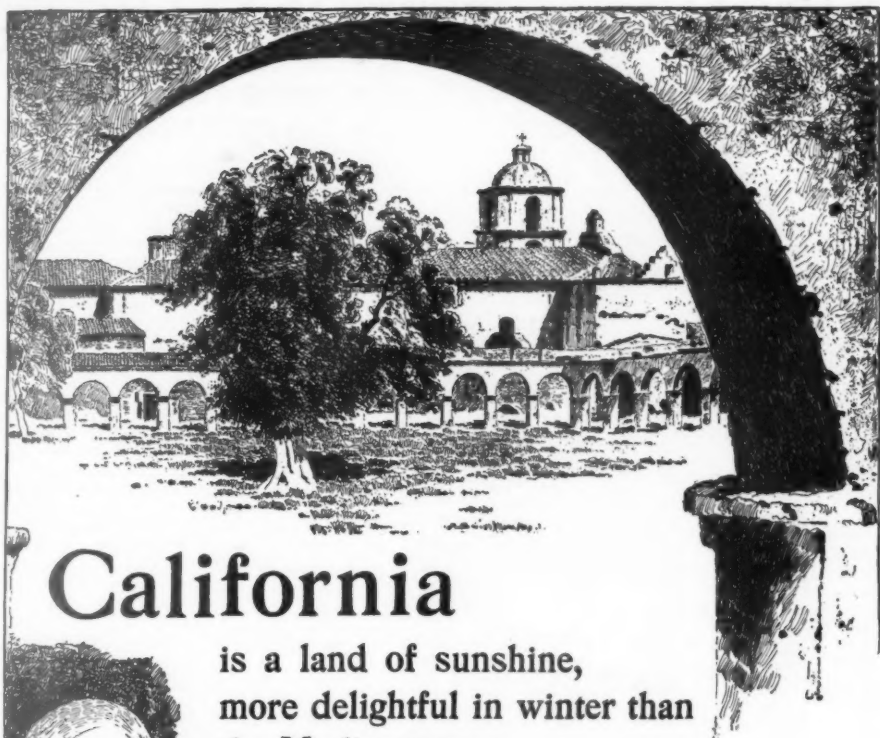
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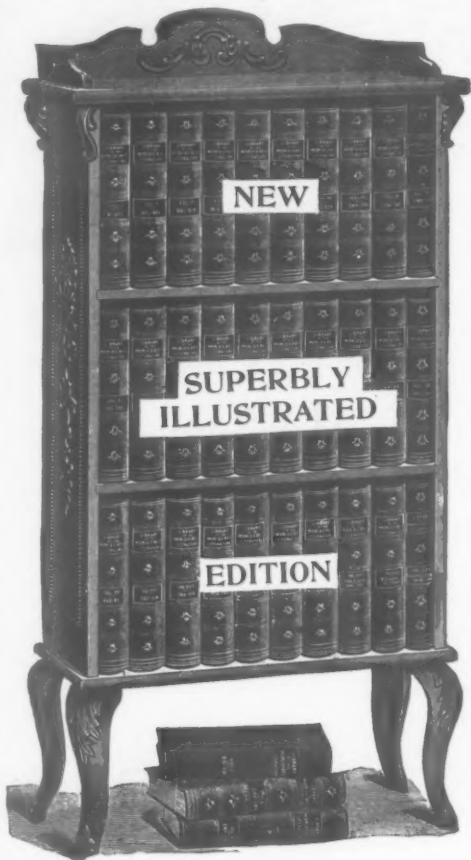
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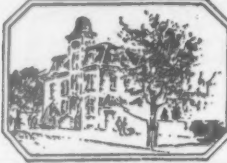
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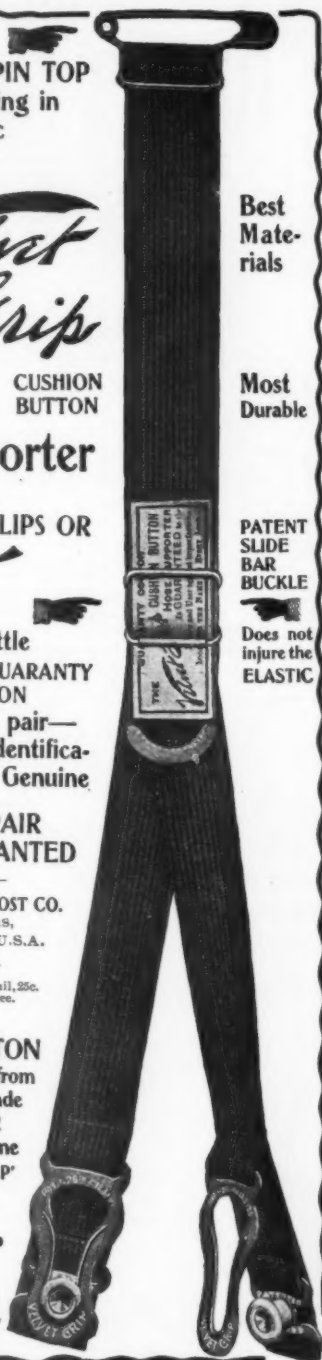
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no matter how or when you wear them. A rainy day is a good test of the wearing qualities of any shoe.

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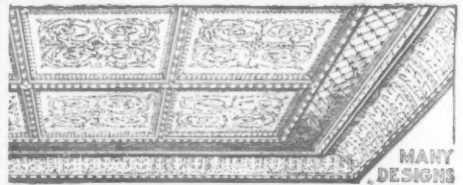
FOR MEN AND WOMEN CHILDREN

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the fashion report for Autumn and Winter, sent to those who ask....Write care
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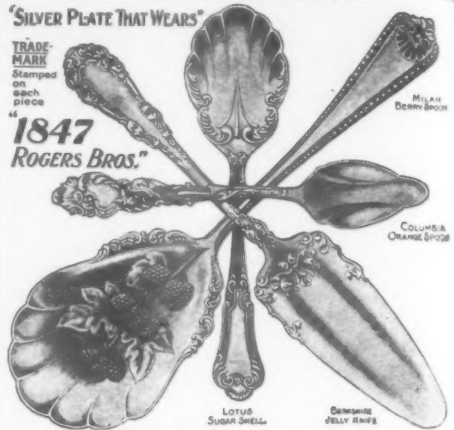
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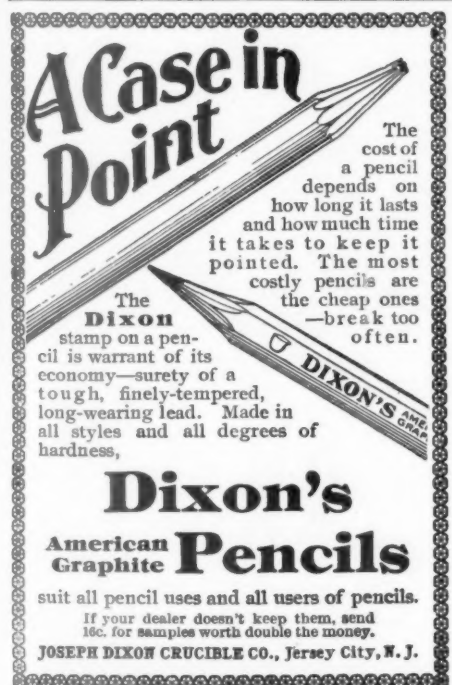


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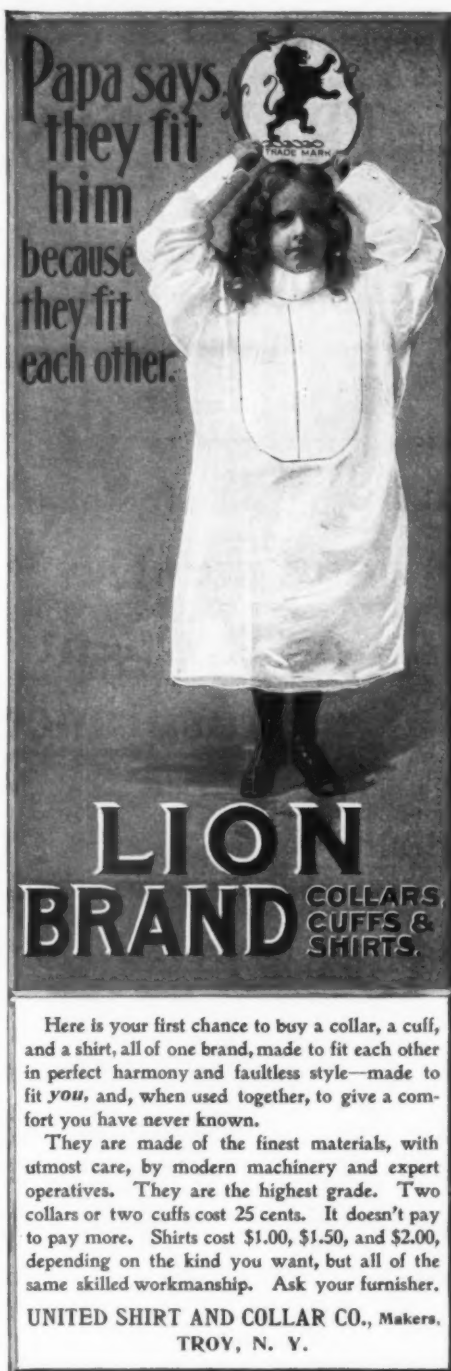
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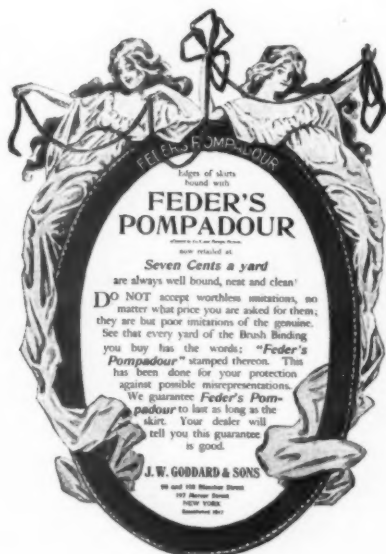
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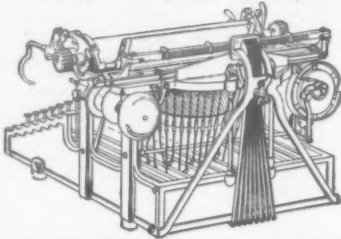
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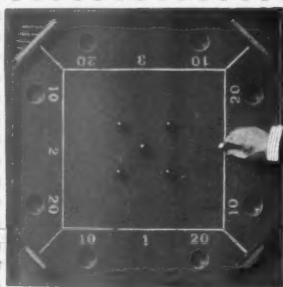
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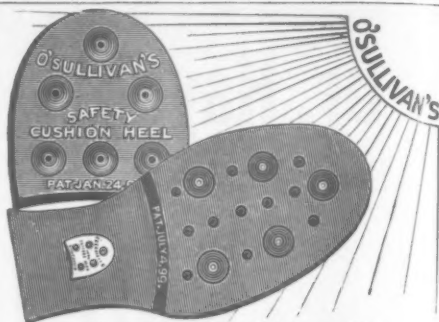
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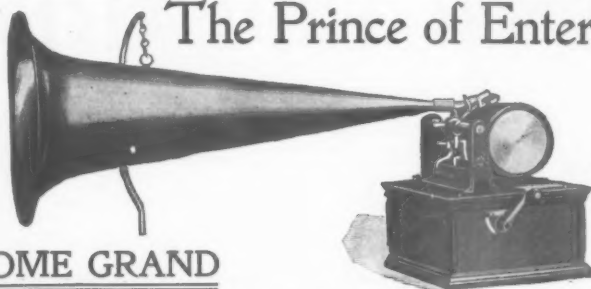
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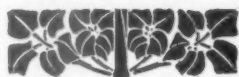
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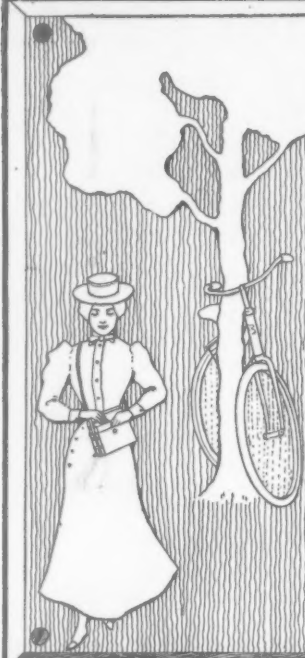
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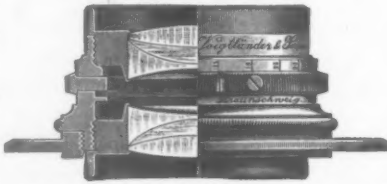
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Physicians recommend it for a cure of La Grippe, Colds, Liver, Kidney, Blood and Skin Diseases, Rheumatism, etc. Every disease can be cured or benefited.

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INDIGESTION, HEARTBURN, and all Stomach Troubles relieved in five minutes, cured in one day. No waiting for results. One dose of FLORAPLEXION promptly kills the germs and neutralizes the gases which cause the trouble. I guarantee a cure in all cases. Thousands of testimonials. Many write "It is worth its weight in gold." Sample bottle free by mail.

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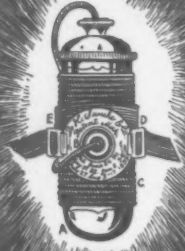
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provides a natural cure for all disease. By merely placing the body in a condition that compels it to absorb large quantities of Oxygen, disease is reversed, and vigorous health is the result. If you are tired of being sick—if you are tired of taking drugs, and hoping against hope, send for our book "Grateful Reports" containing hundreds of letters from persons in all walks of life, who have cured themselves. You will be convinced.

Mrs. O. W. BIGGLES, 33 Roslyn Place, Chicago, Ill., writes March 8, 1895:

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Imitations of Oxydonor are dangerous to use. Refuse to accept them. Dr. Sanche is the inventor and originator, and has obtained final decision in Supreme Court in Washington, D. C., against imitators.

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We want persons in all sections of the country to sell our productions. Liberal discounts. Many, giving only part of their time, are making \$300 to \$400 per month. Others, giving all their time, much more. Address,

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We are going to give away barrels and

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If so, why not reduce your weight and be comfortable? Obesity is a disease and predisposes to Heart Trouble, Paralysis, Liver disease, Rheumatism, Apoplexy, etc., and is not only dangerous but extremely annoying to people of refined taste. We do not care how many reduction remedies you may have taken without success, we have a simple treatment that will reduce weight as thousands can testify. The following are a few of the thousands who have been reduced in weight and greatly improved in health by its use.

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EASY when you try
JOHNSON'S DIGESTIVE
TABLETS.

IN BLUE BOTTLES.

A Peculiar Remedy

SOMETHING ABOUT THE NEW DISCOVERY FOR CURING DYSPEPSIA.

(From Mich. Christian Advocate.)

The Rev. F. I. Bell, a highly esteemed minister residing in Weedsport, Cayuga Co., N. Y., in a recent letter writes as follows: "There has never been anything that I have taken that has relieved the Dyspepsia from which I have suffered for ten years except the new remedy called Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. Since taking them I have had no distress at all after eating and again after long years can sleep well. Rev. F. I. Bell, Weedsport, N. Y., formerly Idalia, Colo."

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets is a remarkable remedy, not only because it is a certain cure for all forms of indigestion, but because it seems to act as thoroughly in old chronic cases of Dyspepsia as well as in mild attacks of indigestion or biliousness. A person has dyspepsia simply because the stomach is overworked, all it wants is a harmless vegetable remedy to digest the food and thus give it the much needed rest.

This is the secret of the success of this peculiar remedy. No matter how weak or how much disordered the digestion may be, Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will digest the food whether the stomach works or not. New life and energy is given not only to the stomach but to every organ and nerve in the body.

A trial of this splendid medicine will convince the most skeptical that Dyspepsia and all stomach troubles can be cured. Send for little book on Stomach mailed free by addressing F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich. So popular has the remedy become that Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets can now be obtained at any drug store at 50c. per package.

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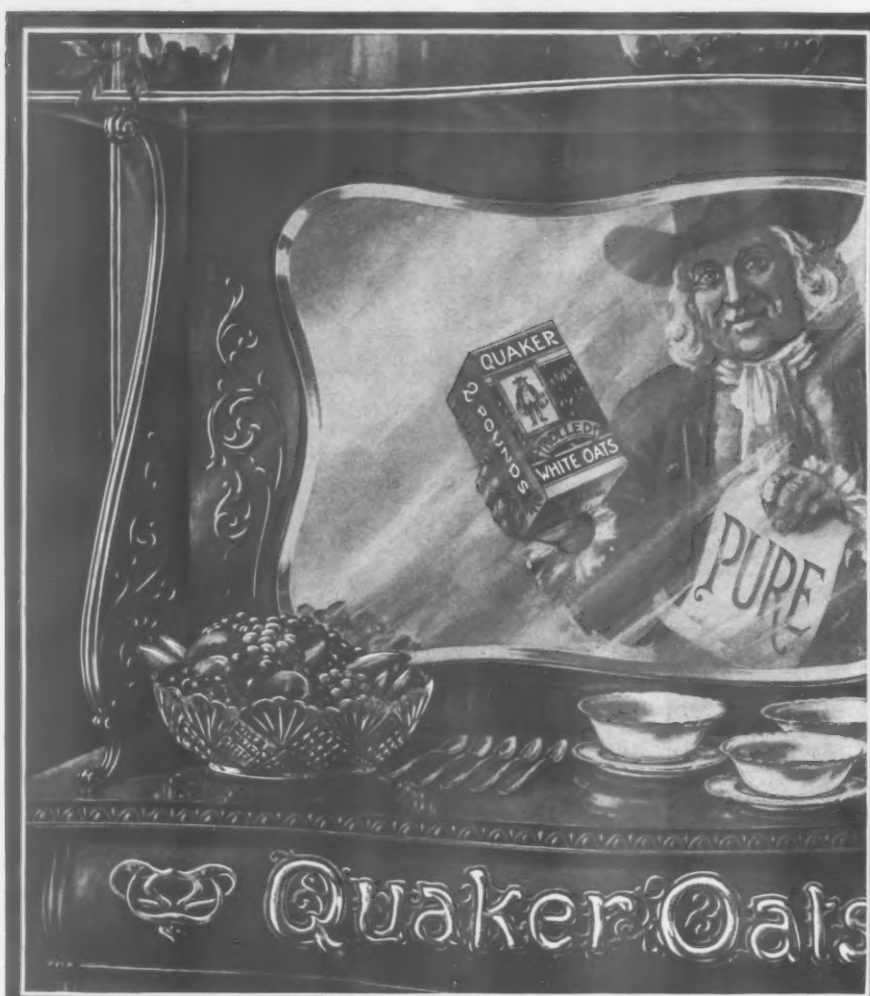
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**Quaker
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LESS MEAT

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QUAKER OATS makes not only the best breakfast porridge in the world, but also delicious and wholesome **bread, muffins, cakes, soups and puddings.** Write for our *Cereal Cook Book*, edited by Mrs. Rorer.

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**Quaker
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WITH FRUIT

PAUL DERRICK ADG'S AGCY

A Revelation to Soap Users.



**Made from the Fresh Green Leaves of
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**SPECIAL
MAIL
OFFER**

We have prepared 500,000 large sample cakes which we will mail free on application, if you will enclose a 2c. stamp to pay the postage. It will delight you.

Perhaps you have not given it a thought, but there has never been but one way of making soap: the base of all, from the commonest washing to the finest toilet, has always been the same—fats, grease or oil combined with an alkali. To be sure, different grades of these materials are used, delicate perfumes and medicament of some kind often added, but nine-tenths of every cake of soap made is composed of the above ingredients. In fact, it has always been thought that soap could not be made in any other way, and for this reason no physicians have ever recommended the use of any soap for the skin. As a general thing they are made from cheap fats and grease collected by street scavengers, and thrown out from houses in which all kinds of disease is prevalent; however, of late most of the oils used come from incinerating plants now erected near all large cities where is burned the refuse collected from private houses, hotels and restaurants. Thousands of gallons are produced in this way every year, and being too cheap for other uses, is purchased almost exclusively by soap makers. It is claimed that the heat used destroys all the germs of disease; but the medical profession assert the contrary; and state that the use of cheap soap accounts for most of the blotched and pimpled faces we see daily. One thing, at least, has been proven conclusively—that the dry and scaly skin with which so many persons are troubled is due to the use of alkali in soap. However true this may be, the thought of using such products daily is not a pleasant one, and the discovery of a method by which soap can be made without these dangerous ingredients will be hailed with delight by all.

Hyomei Antiseptic Skin Soap

is the most perfect Toilet and Medicinal Soap ever known and the first one to be manufactured by the new process. Made from the fresh, green leaves of the Tasmanian Blue Gum Tree, and containing all its fragrant, well known healing and antiseptic qualities, this soap will be a revelation to users. As a skin food it has no equal. It acts not only as a cleanser and preventative against disease, but cures all cutaneous affections in a short time. It gives a rich creamy lather, an invigorating and refreshing odor, and leaves the skin soft, white and velvety. HYOMEI ANTISEPTIC SKIN SOAP is sold by all druggists. Price, 25c.

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Kept in the larder, solve a most important problem for the housewife, since good soups are beyond the skill of the average cook. Heat in can before opening.

Best Grocers will supply you.

CURTICE BROTHERS CO., Rochester, N. Y.

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Libby's Condensed Mince Meat

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Drop postal for book, "How to Make Good Things to Eat."

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CUSTARD**



1 CENT A CUP.

A 10-Cent Package of

BURNHAM'S CREAM CUSTARD

will make Ten Cups of Custard or Two Quarts of superior Ice Cream. Only milk to be added. No Cooking. Prepared in a Minute.

If not yet in the stock of your grocer, send us his name and 10 cents, and we will send you a package. Every package contains instructions how to obtain, free, our beautiful Souvenir of the Spanish-American War, and recipes for different custards.

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Wholesome.
Delicious.
Appetizing.

Seville Packing Company
EXCLUSIVISTS IN OLIVES AND OLIVE PRODUCTS.

New York.
AT ALL DEALERS

**FORK WITH
EACH BOTTLE**

**LOOK
FOR Trade
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The Knowing Girl Knows



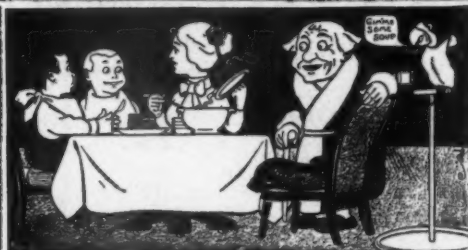
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Chocolates and Confections

to be most daintily made, most deliciously flavored,
most temptingly boxed. Sold everywhere.

WHITMAN'S INSTANTANEOUS CHOCOLATE
If made instantly with boiling milk, is perfect in
flavor and quality, delicious and healthful.

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Diamond Condensed Soups *Are Not Canned Soups.*

To discover exactly what they are, why they are the most palatable, nourishing and easiest of preparation, send a two-cent stamp (and your grocer's address) for a **FREE SAMPLE**, sufficient to make a half pint of either variety: Cream of Celery, Tomato, Green Pea, Beef and Onion, German Vegetable, Bean.

They are better than any other prepared soup with which you are familiar. No tin. No water. In paper cartons, each making a full quart of purée or two quarts of thin soup. Keep perfectly in any climate.

THE MAXIMUM OF EXCELLENCE; THE MINIMUM OF COST.
DIAMOND SOUP COMPANY, Chicago.
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ESKAY'S

FOOD

SHE GOT IT
AND
HER MOTHER WRITES

"We tried almost every Food for our infant daughter. Some of them she did not like, and others did not agree with her. At last we tried ESKAY'S FOOD, and she not only liked this Food, but grew fat upon it. When we began using ESKAY'S FOOD she weighed 8 pounds, and now, a year old, pulls down the scales at 23½ pounds."

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Nicelle Olive Oil

is a pure, nutritious, perfectly flavored olive oil. It is made from "sound" olives and from nothing else. It makes a perfect dressing for perfect salads. Try a bottle and judge for yourself.

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Kim-Olas **Baby Kim-Olas**
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ye Ladie Shopping in olden times purchased & liked Calder's Dentine

Sold at ye Apothecary's in all Towns & Cities
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A sample on request

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at the smallest price is what you buy in

Van Camp's

CONCENTRATED SOUPS.
Mock Turtle, Bouillon, Chicken, Ox Tail, Vegetable, Tomato.

No water in the can to make additional bulk and increase the price. Ten cents buys sufficient "stock" for a quart of delicious soup, whichever kind you prefer. Dealers sell them. A sample can sent for six cents in stamps. Recipe book free.

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Van Camp's Macaroni and Cheese, prepared with tomato sauce, is of little cost, yet great in satisfaction. Sample can sent anyone for six cents in stamps.

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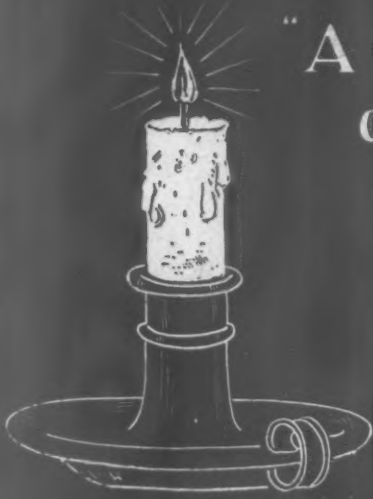
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